THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1930

And the Yearbook of the American Short Story

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EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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TO

CAROLINE GORDON

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I shall be grateful to my readers for corrections, and particularly for suggestions leading to the wider usefulness of these annual volumes. In particular, I shall welcome the receipt from authors, editors and publishers of stories printed during the period between May, 1930, and April, 1931, inclusive, which have qualities of distinction and yet are not printed in periodicals which are brought regularly to my attention.

Communications may be addressed to me *Care of Dodd, Mead and Company, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

E. J. O.

INTRODUCTION

I

THE most interesting fact which my study of the American short story during the past year has educed is that the best stories which have been published in magazines are for the most part the work of hitherto unknown writers. It has been obvious for some time that we were in the midst of a period of literary transition. This transition has been relatively difficult to define. While the period has been marked by a great deal of bold experimentation, it has not seemed altogether clear hitherto that this experimentation was taking over from the past any substructure of tradition. We were not always satisfied that it had sufficient roots in the past to assure a healthy life in the future. Traditional writing had, of course, continued, but the greater part of it appeared to be sterile and inbred.

The year which has just closed, however, offers us no little reassurance as to the future. The more hectic experimentation of the past few years may now be seen in retrospect as not altogether unhealthy. The mood of post-war disillusionment which led to it is beginning to settle down, and American writing finds itself already rid of much useless baggage. So far as experiment has revealed and developed new forms, what is good in these forms is shaping creatively the older traditional structures, and more conservative writers to no little degree are responding to the challenge and stimulus of the bolder younger men.

The period of ferment is over. The period of integration has begun.

The credit for all that is good in this change is due to the small magazines. The younger writers who represent the future, finding that the older magazines were not open to them except upon terms which they decline to accept, founded magazines

of their own. It is in these magazines that the best short stories are being published.

In conversation the other day with Mr. Edward Garnett, I had occasion to remark that an English observer, who sought to discover what the significant American note of the new generation was like, would do well to turn his attention to three periodicals of small circulation published in the Middle West, —*The Midland*, *The Prairie Schooner*, and *The Frontier*. In these three periodicals most of the significant new American prose writers first appear. It is in these pages that you will find the significant American novelists and short story writers of the next twenty years, so far as these writers are indigenous and spring from the soil.

If you wish to discover the more interesting experimental writers of the future, those who are more cosmopolitan in their interests, you will do well to turn to another group of small magazines such as *The Hound and Horn*, *The Miscellany*, *Pagany*, *This Quarter*, and *U. S. A.*

I should also like to draw attention to an interesting experiment made by a group of American writers during the past year. These writers had a common purpose and something worth while to say. The well-known magazines were closed to them, and they hit upon the plan of publishing quarterly a small mimeographed periodical called *The Gyroscope*. In the four issues of *The Gyroscope* which appeared, I found six of the best stories of the year. Any group of writers can afford such an experiment for a short period, and one of the more tangible results of this particular experiment is that it has opened to its contributors more than one of the larger magazines.

The time has now come when the established literary monthlies must consider seriously how to adapt themselves to a new generation of readers. The death of *The Century Magazine* is not without meaning. The public is now quite ready and indeed eager to read the better younger writers, but it is being put off at present with the most competent second-best. *Scribner's Magazine*, it is true, is aware of the new wind on the uplands, and is cautiously printing two or three of the more prominent younger writers who appear to be safely canonized.

The true remedy for this lagging behind of the better monthlies

is probably the establishment of a new national monthly in the Middle West which is nearer the present centre of population. If I may venture a suggestion, I think the time is now ripe for *The Midland* to pool its interests with *The Prairie Schooner, The Frontier,* and perhaps one or two other regional periodicals such as *The Southwest Review,* and to issue a full-grown national monthly of belles-lettres in which short stories, poems, and essays should be given pride of place. The significance of such a new national periodical would depend very largely upon its interest in discovering new writers rather than in depending upon old ones.

If *The Midland* chooses to take the lead in this matter, I am convinced, after many years' reflection, that it has the same opportunity to crystallize the best expression of contemporary national life that *The Atlantic Monthly* was able to seize upon its foundation, and that *Harper's Magazine* enjoyed a generation ago. Two generations ago Boston was the geographical centre of American literary life, one generation ago New York could claim pride of place, and I trust that the idea will not seem too unfamiliar if I suggest that the geographical centre to-day is Iowa City.

II

To repeat what I have said in these pages in previous years, for the benefit of the reader as yet unacquainted with my standards and principles of selection, I shall point out that I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction, which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best American work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which American writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, subtance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and

bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from June, 1929, to April, 1930, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the magazine stories published by American authors those which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every act of creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or group of facts in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms them into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis, is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form by skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

The short stories which I have examined in this study, as in previous years, have fallen naturally into four groups. The first consists of those stories which fail, in my opinion, to survive either the test of substance or the test of form. These stories are listed in the yearbook without comment or qualifying asterisk.

The second group consists of those stories which may fairly claim that they survive either the test of substance or the test of form. Each of these stories may claim to possess either distinction of technique alone, or more frequently, I am glad to say, a persuasive sense of life in them to which the reader responds with some part of his own experience. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by a single asterisk prefixed to the title.

The third group, which is composed of stories of still greater distinction, includes such narratives as may lay convincing claim to a second reading, because each of them has survived both tests, the test of substance and the test of form. Stories included

in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by two asterisks prefixed to the title.

Finally, I have recorded the names of a small group of stories which possess, I believe, the even finer distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that these stories may fairly claim a position in American literature. If all these stories by American authors were republished, they would not occupy more space than a few novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply the critical belief that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of a few volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. These stories are indicated in the yearbook index by three asterisks prefixed to the title, and are listed in the special "Roll of Honor." In compiling these lists, I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice to influence my judgment consciously. Several stories which I dislike personally are to be found on the "Roll of Honor." The general and particular results of my study will be found explained and carefully detailed in the supplementary part of this volume.

Edward J. O'Brien.

Locarno,
June 18, 1930.

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1930

ALONG A SANDY ROAD[1]

By ELLEN BISHOP

(From *The Prairie Schooner*)

JO, who was five, small for her age and blond, with eyes like forget-me-nots, and Wita, who was darker and almost seven, were on their way home.

The sun was hot. The rim of craggy, broken country past the sumac and plum brush was a rippling wave of heat. The children's pinafores hung limply, clinging in moist grooves to their soft, little bodies. Their lagging footsteps kicked up a constant smudge of dry lime dust that stung their eyes and filled their nostrils. It choked them and made them cough. The blue shadow of each tree drooping along the way was a haven of comfort, and they stopped and buried their bare feet, seared from contact with the scorching sand of the open road, in the cool depths of the sand in the shade.

Their mother had sent them to the store that stood on a flat stretch of ground a mile down the canyon. The next day company was coming. How nervous and exacting their mother became when company was coming! How the children flew to obey her orders! All morning she had been cooking and brewing, sending first Wita and then Jo after wood from the wood pile, water from the pump at the mill—it was Wita who did the pumping, as Jo could not reach the handle—things from the spring-house, butter, milk or cream. These last were Jo's errands. She was horribly afraid of the spring-house, as she'd once, with a basket of eggs, opened the trap-door leading out, and a sand adder from the ledge above had fallen on her wrist and bitten it. Not until after her whipping for breaking the eggs had her mother discovered that she was bitten.

Around noon of this day the mother, upon noting that there

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was no sugar for her pies, had called Wita to her, given her money, cautioning her not to lose it, and sent her, with Jo, on her errand. The woman had stood, her gaunt figure framed in the doorway, and watched them go, calling warnings to them about the Big Bluff—if they should go too near . . .

And now the little girls were on their way home. It was Wita who dropped the sugar. The sack was thin and caught on a bramble, which cut a deep, jagged hole in the paper and jerked it out of the curve of her arm. As it dropped, it mashed into the sand of the road and spilled perhaps a cupful out of the hole. She picked the sack up, and more sugar poured out. It formed white stripes in the road, giving the sand the appearance of marble.

The children became frightened. Turning the sack over, they scooped the surface sugar off the ground and poured it back into the hole. Sand was mixed with the sugar.

Between them they carried the sack to the nearest shade and sat down. The sugar poured out again. They watched, fascinated, the little mound it made, and Jo, with an eye for pretty things, snatched the sack and with a giggling cry of " 'Ook, 'Ita!" tilted it hole downwards so that a stream of white flowed forth.

Wita was horrified. She seized the sack and once more tried to fill the hole, but Jo, cooing with delight, knocked it out of Wita's hands and jumped on it until the sugar spurted through the seams. At this Wita also entered into the fun and aided her sister in dumping the remaining contents out on the sand.

They were thrilled at their daring and for a few moments did nothing but gasp and stare at each other. It was so hot even in the shade of the trees that they lay on their sides like tired puppies, kicking idly at the heap of sugar with their feet, resting from the climb up the hill. Fifty rods away, along the left of the road, lay the rim of the Big Bluff, quiet, slightly irregular, the line of it gently flowing. Here and there a bit of sumac drooped oddly toward the sky-line—a horizon brought close somehow, with a faint vista of earth beyond, as though seen from a great distance. Crows circled above the bluff to dip suddenly down out of sight. The children watched them lazily.

By and by Jo rose to a sitting posture and began to make a corral for the cows like the one her father had built at home, first

mixing the sand and sugar thoroughly. The other child observed her maneuvers with tolerant interest, her small, dark face cupped in her hands, her elbows digging in the dirt. She lay watching for a time. Then she rose and pushed Jo out of the way. She would build a corral. It would be bigger than the one at home, bigger than any anywhere, bigger than any other in the whole world. This corral would have two gates—a front and a back gate. The cows that gave all their milk would get to go out the front gate and eat all the clover they wanted, but the cows that didn't would have to go out the back one and not have anything but shale rocks to eat.

Jo got her face, which was sunburned the color of a wild rose petal, as close as possible, gave suggestions and kept getting in the way. She smashed down the front gate and made a track to the side of the corral. This gave Wita the idea for a third gate. She sent Jo after fence-posts, and the child ran far up and down the road returning all out of breath with dried sticks, which her sister broke into various lengths and stuck about the ring of sandy sugar.

After Jo had tired of gathering sticks she came to watch Wita, who promptly scooped up a handful of sugar and piled it in front of her, telling her to build a corral. She sat cross-legged before it, took some in her palm, ran out her tongue and tasted it. It was gritty but sweet; so she played it was candy. Presently Wita noticed her and slapped her across her sand-smeared mouth.

In a short while the place where they were playing became sunny and they moved up the road into the shadow of a larger tree. They would build the biggest, nicest corral of all here. Wita let Jo have little to do with the building of this one, but Jo, sitting at a close distance, enjoyed handing her sticks and sugar at the time needed.

The sun was gradually creeping toward the new spot when they saw their mother striding down the road. Round-eyed and somber-featured, they watched her advance. She was concealing something behind the folds of her grey apron. As she drew nearer, Jo, her face blank with apprehension, sat down over the ring of sugar and pulled her pinafore out on each side. Wita stood up, tremulous, expectant.

She came on. They could see the cords of anger standing out

on her forehead and neck. She had walked swiftly all the way and her face was livid and splotched from the heat. Her dark eyes seemed to loom in their sockets like caverns. She reached Wita and caught her by the shoulder, raising a red-willow branch above her head menacingly. The child cringed and drew back.

"Jo—!" she cried, "Jo did it!"

Jo leaped to her feet and started running down the road. Her short little legs tangled and she stumbled as her mother reached her. The woman gripped her by the nape of the neck, swung her slight body clear of the ground and lashed her furiously across the back and shoulders with the willow. It cut into the flesh and made a thudding sound like the flying hoofs of a horse. The child writhed in pain and uttered frantic, piercing screams.

Soon the woman stopped beating her, let her drop, and bore down upon Wita who stood sullenly upright, waiting.

She drove the two children before her up the hill toward home, slashing them again and again. On they went, all fairly running, Wita, marching, her head high, her brush of black hair in tangled confusion about her face; but Jo, faltering, her eyes wide and heedless like a tortured, timid animal's. Suddenly the latter sprang away from the rain of blows and darted off the road to the rim of the bluff where the crows circled. As she reached it she fell and rolled over, leaving a vacant place against the sky.

The gaunt woman stopped. The threats died in her throat as though a hand were placed there, choking them back. For a number of seconds she lingered at the roadside, clutching the red willow that now, along its supple length, carried darker stains. Then, dragging Wita by the arm, she went slowly to the edge of the bluff, shaded her eyes with her hand and peered over. At first she saw only a scrap of clothing hanging loosely on a snag halfway down the face of the cliff. She fell to her knees and sensed rather than saw, for her vision was blurred, the figure of the child far below, naked except for wisps of clothing, flattened against a shale ledge, her face toward the south with her arms curved up over it like a cherub worshipping the sun. The breeze of the cliffs had caught in the fair hair, ruffling it. Aslant across her back were bright streaks.

The crouching woman became an inanimate thing, gnarled, mis-

shapen, peering over the edge of the bluff. Her ashen lips were loose, forming silent phrases.

After a while the defiant little girl, now crying in a strained, whimpering staccato, took the woman by the hand and started leading her down the hill. These two, who were suddenly of the same age, went back along the road, past the ring of sandy sugar from which the curious magpies rose and flew away.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN[1]

By CLIFFORD BRAGDON

(From *The Midland*)

SARAH BELLE was the only child of Doctor Ernest Carleton and Nellie Waldron Carleton of Vicksburg, Mississippi. Her birth was a great misfortune to the Carletons, for they were just beginning to live when their child descended upon them. By her mere presence in this world she deprived them not only of their dreams, but even of their present joys. Indeed, Sarah Belle was so great a disappointment to her father and mother that she cost the one what pale spirit he possessed, and the other her health and charm. Sarah Belle lay heavily upon her parents' hearts, for a child, even as beautiful as Sarah Belle, is a disturbance.

It has to be admitted that the Carletons, during the years that followed their daughter's appearance, did whatever they decently could to evade their misfortune. It has also to be admitted that their success was remarkable. Doctor Carleton became a very busy man in sundry pointless matters, and his wife had the misfortune to grow so chronically indisposed as to regard her daughter, when at all, only through a thin veil of regret. Mrs. Carleton had once been a beautiful woman, but she ceased to attend to her beauty now; there was no money and no incentive. Existence took all her force.

It is small wonder, therefore, that Sarah Belle grew up in uncommon freedom. When she was a tiny child, she played with the Negro children in the fields and with her own imagination. Because the Negro children were her friends and because her imagination was as innocent as it was vivid, Sarah Belle found the world a very fresh and a very glorious place.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the peculiar nature of Sarah Belle's environment, her girlhood was happy. She found in her

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world nothing that was not pleasant. This was so for the reason that her world in no way resembled the world of all the large people who looked at her strangely and spoke to her loudly. Her world, up to the time she was twelve, was made up of such qualities as rain and sunlight, Negro children and laughter, little wordless voices and the wind's fingers.

If it is true that Sarah Belle was unconscious of the heavy world that nudges and paws the most of us, it is equally true that this world was unconscious of her—of the real Sarah Belle, that is, whom her one dear friend was later to know so delightfully. None other ever was to see that this girl was straight and tall, that she moved as if already released from this earth in flesh as in spirit. That her eyes were large with a light in them not of this earth, that her mouth was sweet because it knew no hurt, nor any doubt, none other ever was to see. An atmosphere of innocence that was not vulgar comeliness surrounded her. But the friend who was later to understand these things was not yet known to Sarah Belle.

When she was fourteen, there came a great change into Sarah Belle's world. General Grant having been reported shuffling toward Vicksburg, the Carletons, along with many other families, risked the Mississippi to New Orleans. Unfortunately the success of the Doctor in this new city was meager. In fact, the family came to such perilous straits that Sarah Belle had to be sent to the Convent School of Our Blessed Mother. It must not be felt that the temporary loss of their child was a killing sorrow to Doctor and Mrs. Carleton. The fact that there was no charge at the Convent for the accommodation of children up to the age of sixteen mitigated somewhat the pain of separation.

As soon as Sarah Belle got over her longing for all the little black children who had shared her world, she regained her happiness. Indeed, by the end of a week, she was happier than any but the saints deserve to be. There was a reason for this, of course, beyond mere childish resiliency. Sarah Belle had found her dearest friend. She had found God.

All the time the other children were singing and praying to their God, all the time they were walking sedately about with their arms around one another's waists, Sarah Belle was making friends with God. She learned first to listen to Him in the cool

voice of the priest, to see Him in the unmoved flame of the candles on the altar, to touch Him in the cross next her skin. In a surprisingly short time, Sarah Belle learned to know God better, more personally, until by the end of the first month, He was her dearest friend, every bit as devoted to her as she to Him. This was the great change that came into Sarah Belle's world.

All the time that she was in chapel or in classes, Sarah Belle lived in anticipation of the evening. The sisters thought her a very dull child, and the children thought nothing of her at all. The truth is that Sarah Belle had her being somewhere else. She went through the service worshipping the convent God, but her heart was waiting for the evening in the suite which she occupied in God's enormous, heavenly hotel. There were so many marvelous attributes of this hotel that it would be tedious to give account of them all. Let it suffice to say that Sarah Belle's little, bare room in the convent school was really a suite with diamond chandeliers, topaz knobs to the doors, and thick green rugs on floors of pure gold.

No sooner was Sarah Belle alone in her room of an evening than a light tap would sound on her door, and God would enter, smiling.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle," He would say, bowing politely, "I hope everything here is as you would have it."

The little girl would of course reply that it was; whereupon the two of them would sit down and chat until God picked Sarah Belle up, ever so tenderly, and placed her in the great bed with the satin canopy. Then for a little time He would sing songs to her in a beautiful voice. When she was asleep, He would get comfortable in a deep chair and read some great book beside her bed until morning. Sarah Belle was ecstatically happy. The sisters said that she was an idle little feather-brain, but obviously this was not so.

It was thoroughly delightful in the convent, but then it could not go on forever. Before Sarah Belle realized that she had known God for five minutes, she was sixteen years of age and dismissed from the convent, educated.

Sarah Belle returned to the world outside. At first it was like waking up in the morning with a hot sun staring on her face

through the window, but eventually she became accustomed to it. She avoided as much of the glare and heat of ordinary day as she was able. This was not a hard thing to do, for the reason that her father was making so little money, and her mother was so constantly indisposed that Sarah Belle had to do all the housework and cook all the meals.

Sarah Belle did not mind working; her friend was still with her. In the morning, while she was sweeping and dusting, washing and cleaning, He helped her a great deal and told her not to mind it, because what we do with our hands does not matter in the least. After chores were done, the two of them would take long walks together; where, Sarah Belle hardly realized. God was as charming a gentleman abroad as in His hotel, and as courteous. He would bow to every little animal He saw along the roadside, and take off His hat to every tree that spoke to Him.

Certainly it was a good thing that Sarah Belle still had God for a friend. She had no others. People thought her a queer child, or if not actually queer, at least too dreamy for any earthly use. Sarah Belle, of course, had no idea of this. Moreover, another child would have realized that despite the work she was able to do about the house, her parents were seldom overjoyed in her presence. She would have realized that sometimes she annoyed her parents and that always she bewildered them. But then, Sarah Belle had no more real a conception of her parents than of the sisters in the convent. All grown people were alike to her.

It seems a remarkably odd thing, but the truth remains that not even Sarah Belle's parents could understand the beauty of their child. They had eyes no clearer than Sarah Belle's own in this matter, and certainly Sarah Belle was blind.

To be sure she liked her hair, for it was long and brown, and she liked her hands, for they were long and delicate. Yet she too had no conception of her own personal beauty.

But the laws of inevitability dictated that some pale, outward and visible sign should become manifest to some one not quite blind some day. Therefore there was such a manifestation. It happened that her father had for one of his few patients the governor of the state, a reconstructionist governor sent down from New Jersey. His reputation in the North had been anything but noble; and in New Orleans he was generally considered a dirty,

Yankee roué, against whom Southern gentlemen should be zealous to guard the honor of their women-folk. Doctor Carleton, of course, scarcely realized that he had any women-folk and if he had, it is doubtful if he would have given up for their threatened honor one of the few paying patients he possessed.

Governor Blodgett, on his part, was drawn to Doctor Carleton for the acceptable reason that in him he found one of the few men in the city who did not scorn to treat him civilly. He was under no illusions regarding the reason, yet he often felt in need of human intercourse at any price. It became his habit to stop in at the Carletons to pass the time of the day; and finally one evening, feeling even more than usually alone, he made a formal call. It was upon this occasion that the governor encountered a loveliness that he had long ago ceased to believe in.

He had not known there was a daughter in the house before, and the unexpected vision of Sarah Belle seated in a corner of the parlor, her hands in her lap and her eyes on his as he came into her presence, nearly destroyed his august composure.

Sarah Belle did not utter a word during the whole of the governor's visit. She sat and regarded him with wide-open eyes. Her gaze caused the old man distinct discomfort, for it seemed as if this extraordinary child were examining his smudged and suddenly uneasy soul and at the same time seeing through and beyond him. The good man found it difficult to carry on an intelligent conversation under such a scrutiny and soon rose to go.

It so happened that Sarah Belle showed the governor to the door. During the few moments in the parlor the governor had thought this girl too beautiful and too strange to be alive; but now as she floated across the room and down the dark hall in front of him, he caught his breath. He was an old man, the governor; he had not dreamt dreams for long; and yet, as he turned in the doorway to bid the family good-night, he bent to kiss Sarah Belle's hand. This he did in the best Southern manner without feeling silly in the least.

As for Sarah Belle, despite her apparent unawareness of the governor's existence during the evening, the little girl was greatly charmed with the kiss at parting and took him into her heart at once. Sitting in her room with God after the governor had left, she confided in her friend. She shared with Him the marvel

of a delightful old gentleman who, she hoped, would call again.

She explained to Him that here was a person who did not look as if he knew nothing of trees and smiles, birds and songs made up in the early evening. His big white mustache did not frighten her because she knew perfectly well that the little blue eyes above the tips of it knew many pleasant ways of playing games, she said. She could not help laughing as she strutted about the room with her hands clasped out in front of her to make God see how big the governor was, and how he leaned backwards like an old rooster.

God shared her delight and expressed His hope that Belle should find in the governor a friend almost as dear as Himself.

The next evening, much to the surprise and the pleasure of Doctor and Mrs. Carleton, the governor dropped in again.

"I can stay only a moment," he said, catching sight of Sarah Belle smiling shyly at him from her mother's side, "but I want to find out if you could do something for me, young lady."

"Indeed, Sir," Sarah Belle replied, "anything I may."

It turned out that work had piled up so enormously at the State House that the clerks had more than they could do to attend to it all. The governor hoped, he said, that he was not offending Miss Sarah Belle by offering her employment, but would she do some copy-work for him? He hoped she would not disappoint him; her kindness would be of such immense assistance.

Sarah Belle was happy to do anything for such a dear old gentleman. The fact that she was to receive a good sum of money for really very little work did not occur to her, of course. She set to work and in three days she had the copying done in a neat, round hand. The governor having promised to send his personal secretary around for the work, Sarah Belle placed it in a neat bundle on the hall table and waited. Secretly she rather hoped that her new friend would himself call for it, but she was afraid he would not. She knew he must be very busy.

On Friday afternoon Sarah Belle was up in her room engaged in a pleasant conversation with God when the knocker sounded on the door downstairs. For some reason Sarah Belle was startled at the sound. She waited, attentive. The sound was repeated—three even, dead blows. She did not wish to, but for some unaccountable reason, Sarah Belle jumped up and ran down the stairs

to answer the door. The sound of the knocker as it banged a third time was, it occurred to her, like the crash of a heavy stick on the body of a young tree. In a moment Sarah Belle was in the front hall. With a vague sense of fear, she slowly opened the door.

The young man who stood on the threshold was in no manner terrifying, yet at the sight of him Sarah Belle started back with her hand over her mouth. There was not the least reason for this; she did it quite involuntarily.

The young man made no effort to reassure Sarah Belle. He merely stood stock-still, looking steadily at her without any expression in his face whatever. His gaze held until Sarah Belle recovered herself sufficiently to whisper, "Won't you come in, Sir?"

The young man crossed the threshold and spoke. "I am Governor Blodgett's secretary. You are Miss Carleton, are you not?"

Again Sarah Belle was beset by a strange feeling of dread; his voice sounded so deep and so black. She wished suddenly that God would happen in and stand by her. God did not, however; and there was nothing for Sarah Belle to do but to nod, with her great eyes fixed on the visitor, and to point to the bundle on the table.

The young man walked over to the table slowly, picked up the bundle and returned to the doorway. When he got there he stopped. "Thank you," he said. Then he did an odd thing. He walked to where Sarah Belle was standing silent, and grasping her by the shoulders, slowly turned her face to him. He did this not roughly; but at the touch of his hands, so cold and heavy, Sarah Belle shuddered. She wished to run, but she could not. The young man looked into her eyes for perhaps thirty full seconds with his strange, unwavering stare. Then he turned and without a word left the house.

For a time Sarah Belle stood as if still held in that straight gaze. She stared at the door in front of her. She seemed to see there an outline that froze her heart. Presently, however, with a sharp breath, she escaped from her shocked fascination and fled up the stairs.

Fortunately God was there in her room and Sarah Belle was able to rid her heart of the stuff that choked it with a harsh,

swollen dread she had never known before. She threw herself on the floor beside the bed upon which God was seated and hid her face in His lap. She cried for a while as though her heart would fail. When God asked her what was the matter, she could not tell Him, though she yearned to. Sarah Belle knew only that something dreadful had happened, that something dreadful was going to happen. Sadly, it was almost midnight before her friend succeeded in quieting the poor child sufficiently for sleep.

In the morning Sarah Belle had lost the barbed hurt of her ex-experience, but of a deep-hearted depression she could not be free. During the three days that followed, there was great mischief within. The world was no longer fresh and clean in the sunlight; God, though He made an effort, could not compose Sarah Belle's heart completely. He too, in fact, seemed somewhat upset about it and left Sarah Belle for long hours at a time when she needed Him most; and when He did come, He remained strangely quiet. Sarah Belle was unhappy for the first time in her life.

Mrs. Carleton was rather put out by her daughter's increased sullenness. Being a woman, she suspected a cause for Sarah Belle's preoccupation, yet she failed utterly to grasp the reason for such a reaction. Young girls, when they met love face to face for the first time, were transported, not dismal. But then, never mind, she thought, time would transport the child. Ah! A secretary to a governor!

It happened that on the third day after the visit of young Mr. Davenport, the governor himself came again to call upon the Carletons. The governor was no dolt, and he saw at once that there was something troubling the heart of Sarah Belle. He asked that he be allowed to have a few words with her alone. When the Carletons had gracefully retired, he asked her to confide in an old man who had grown fond of her.

At first Sarah Belle would say nothing. At last, however, under the influence of the governor's gentle insistence, the flood gates burst. When she had finished, the governor was a much perturbed man.

"But, my dear," he said, "you need never see him again if you don't want to. He can't force himself on you. It's absurd. Why, he has never mentioned such a thing, has he? Well then, brace up, my dear. You are making a mountain out of a mole-

hill." And he added, "If you ever feel that you must, come and talk to me about it. I will help you any way I can, my dear."

The good governor's words and his calm, clear way of looking at things cheered Sarah Belle for two days. Then a terrible thing occurred. Mr. Edward Davenport, the secretary to the governor, came to call upon the Carletons.

Sarah Belle chanced to catch sight of him as he came up the street. Her heart stopped. She knew he was coming to her house, and she knew what he wanted. She knew. He walked along with his head down and his hands hanging quiet at his sides. Sarah Belle was considerably frightened. She reached her hand out behind her, but God was not there to clasp it. She would have hidden had there been any time or any place. The only thing she could do was to kneel down and beg God to come stand beside her.

She was called downstairs in a very few moments. Her mother's voice was unusually animated as she summoned Sarah Belle, but it changed when she caught sight of her daughter creeping down the stairs.

"Whatever ails you, child?" she said, somewhat sharply. "You look like a ghost. Come into the parlor; there's a gentleman to see you. Here, let me fix your hair. Mind, Sarah Belle, behave nicely."

Sarah Belle did not answer her mother, for she could not. Evidently her silence reassured Mrs. Carleton. She piloted her terror-stricken child into the parlor and gently closed the door behind her.

When Sarah Belle entered the parlor, she thought her mother was at her side. Hearing the door close, she turned and made a move as if to throw it open. However, she caught herself. What would be the use now? She would only have to face him another time. She knew that surely.

Sarah Belle turned and saw Mr. Davenport. He had risen from his chair beside the dark window and was standing with his hands hanging quiet at his sides. As if fascinated, Sarah Belle moved slowly toward him. A few feet away she stopped.

"Good evening, Sir," she said.

She was trembling like a leaf, so that she had to sit down quickly. Mr. Davenport, on the other hand, was perfectly com-

posed. He sat down deliberately, watching the little girl. It was only the second time the two of them had seen each other. Mr. Davenport spoke.

"Miss Sarah Belle, I have seen your parents. I am going to marry you."

The young man said this thing very simply with his eyes on Sarah Belle's eyes. Sarah Belle wanted to run up to her room, to take God's hand, for he was not here beside her. But she had no will. The eyes and the cold, black voice clutched her heart. She had known he was going to say these words. In some way, she had known it, and yet it weighed her down, took the strength out of her as if she had not known it. She could not take her eyes from his eyes. Finally there came one word from her lips.

"No."

It was a whisper, when she had meant to scream it. Mr. Davenport rose. He turned to the window and looked out. Sarah Belle stared at his back. He turned and walked to the door.

"Good-night," he said very coolly. "I shall return another time." And he went out.

When Mrs. Carleton entered the room three minutes later, obviously overcome with hope and anxiety, she found her daughter sitting motionless, staring at nothing. To her excited enquiry as to what the young man had said, she received no answer. Her daughter rose as if in a trance and walked across the room, without so much as a glance in her mother's direction, and up the stairs. Mrs. Carleton was quite annoyed for a moment, but she knew better than to break in on a young girl's first experience with love.

Poor Sarah Belle. God did not come at all that night; and the little girl, for she was really a little girl still, slept for only a few hours during the night. As she finally dropped into sleep she soundlessly repeated these words: *He will marry me. He will marry me. He will marry me. He will marry me.*

The next day Sarah Belle's heart was so greatly troubled that she had to go see the governor, her friend. God had not been near her for twenty-four hours. Sarah Belle found the governor at a big desk. He was apparently very pleased to see her, though

a little flushed in the face. He rose and closed the door that led out into the corridor, and he pulled up beside him a comfortable chair for Sarah Belle. She was forced to tell everything in one great breath, else she could not have trusted herself. She told the kind old man that his secretary was going to marry her, that she hated him, that there was nothing to do. The governor, to be sure, had heard all this before. Yet that made no difference; Sarah Belle had nothing else to tell. Again the governor was inclined to make light of the matter at first. There was, as he aptly pointed out, no need for Sarah Belle to marry Mr. Davenport unless she wanted to. Then, however, Sarah Belle told him what Mr. Davenport had said to her. This put an altered light on the thing. The governor sat back and scratched his head, blinking his little blue eyes.

"Well, my dear," he said, evidently puzzled, "I still don't see that I can do anything about it. You're the one. You still don't have to marry a man just because he says so, you know. Refuse him. I am not sure I would recommend him myself. A devil of a good worker, but he never laughs—but here, you just turn him down, little princess. That will fix him. Don't let it bother you. It's taking the flesh off your bones. We can't have that, my dear—we—uh—we can't have that, no—uh—we can't have that."

It happened much as it had before. Despite the fact that Sarah Belle could see the governor had not really understood that she had to marry Mr. Davenport, his cheerful words and his kind manner made her feel better. Moreover, God returned to her and comforted her greatly at this time. But then unfortunately, as Sarah Belle had known all the time that he would, Mr. Davenport came to call at the Carleton house a second time.

This time she tried to hide, but it was too late. She did not see him coming. She and God were busy talking in her room. Suddenly the knocker sounded in that dead, even way. At the sound, God vanished. He faded away with the saddest look in his eyes that Sarah Belle had ever dreamt of. Poor Sarah Belle was panic-stricken. She jumped to her feet and looked this way and that for some means of escape. In desperation she started to crawl under the bed, but her mother was in the room before she could get all the way under. Her mother would have no non-

sense this time, and Sarah Belle was in the parlor in a moment, with the door shut behind her.

As she finally raised her eyes to look at Mr. Davenport, she was petrified to see, looming over the shoulder of the silent young man in the shadows, a great, vague, black shape. At the sight Sarah Belle stepped back against the closed door, staring, staring. There is no way of knowing how long she would have stood leaning there had the governor's secretary made no move. At length, however, he crossed the room to where Sarah Bell was standing. He put his hand on her arm. At the touch, so cold and heavy, the girl almost ceased to breathe. Through a ringing in her ears she heard Mr. Davenport speaking.

"We are to be married on Wednesday next, Miss Sarah Belle. It is all arranged. You will be ready?"

At first Sarah Belle could not answer. She stood hypnotized. The great, black figure had left Mr. Davenport's shoulder as he had crossed the room and had filtered into his eyes. Now it had left them again and was floating up over the space between her and Mr. Davenport and now it was settling coldly, heavily over her, blotting out all she knew. As Sarah Belle slipped quietly to the floor, she heard herself whisper one word,

"Yes."

Mr. Davenport, upon seeing Sarah Belle fall, walked to the door and called the Carletons. Doctor Carleton carried his daughter upstairs to bed. While he was doing this, Mrs. Carleton easily explained to the young man that there was nothing to be upset about—all girls fainted under the stress of such an emotion as that aroused by the acceptance of a proposal. Mr. Davenport left without any sign of apprehension and Mrs. Carleton was very happy. Ah! A secretary to a governor!

The next morning, however, Mrs. Carleton experienced a temporary set-back. Sarah Belle did not appear for breakfast; and when her mother went to her room, she found Sarah Belle asleep on the floor beside her bed, flushed and tossing. Doctor Carleton, who came at his wife's summons, believed that Sarah Belle had caught a chill.

For three weeks Sarah Belle lay in a fever. The wedding had to be postponed a month. At the end of that time, however, thanks to her father's skill, Sarah Belle was strong enough to

prepare for her marriage. She was as tractable as could be desired by any mother engaged in the wit-snapping business of wedding preparation. What her mother bade her do she did, and what her mother begged her to remember, she promised to remember. Mr. Davenport came on the last afternoon before the wedding was to take place in order to arrange sundry matters with the Carletons. Sarah Belle maintained a calm though completely silent presence before him. Everything seemed to point to a lovely and impressive ceremony on the morrow. Sarah Belle's quietness and the detached listless manner she had borne since her recovery seemed to her excited parents but natural under the circumstances.

After Mr. Davenport's short visit, final arrangements were attended to and not until eleven at night was Mrs. Carleton satisfied that the family should retire. By eleven-thirty there was silence in the house.

Since the night that Sarah Belle had been taken ill, God had not been near her, and the lonely child had suffered greatly on that account. This explains how it was that as she lay awake that night, unthinking, unfeeling, she was more than a little moved suddenly to see her friend standing beside her bed. He was speaking to her in a low, excited manner. Sarah Belle sat up straight in bed, her heart beating violently. She listened, and as she listened her eyes grew round. In a moment she nodded her head and began to run about the room, putting on her clothes. In another moment she was out of the house.

As she ran through the little, winding streets, too occupied to be frightened at them, God ran beside her assuring her that Governor Blodgett would take her away. Before she knew it, Sarah Belle was knocking at the governor's door. She did not know that she knocked loudly enough to wake the dead. An old servant finally let her in. At the head of the stairs she saw her dear friend, the governor. He was holding hard to the newel post and swaying a little. Sarah Belle ran past the servant and up the stairs calling to her friend.

"Oh, take me away, take me away. I know you will. You must. He is going to marry me. Please, please. He can't marry me—I hate him, I hate him. He looks at me and I say 'yes.' Take me, please, please—"

This is what the little girl said, though she did not know it. When she got that far, she let go of the governor's knees and fell at his feet.

The good man was greatly shaken. He lifted her light, sweet body in his arms and carried her into his own room. He chafed her wrists and grumbled.

"The young swine," he said, "the young swine. I know, my dear. How can people be so blind? It will kill her—the little child."

When Sarah Belle awoke, she was in the governor's arms, her head against his chest. She was too tired to speak. She lay quiet, breathing in long, vibrating breaths. She was safe now, she felt. She could go for a long sleep now and when she woke up again it would all have been forgotten as a nightmare is forgotten. The governor, her dear friend, was speaking now.

"But you can't go away with me, little princess. I would take you if—if it were possible. I am not a good man, you see. You don't know. You are too good to know yet, my dear. It would ruin your life. I don't care about mine. I would take you if it could help you. I—I can do nothing for you now, child, but be your friend."

Sarah Belle heard the governor as from a great distance. She was too tired to realize fully what he was saying. The feel of his arms about her kept out his words still. She did not notice that God had gone or that a great, black figure was settling over her again. Simply, she sank a little deeper into the old man's arms and fell asleep.

At length the governor, poor distraught man, could find nothing more to say. He had known for several minutes that Sarah Belle had not been listening. He felt suddenly older than he was and quite sober. He placed the girl gently back upon the bed. Then he went to the door.

"Get the buggy, Jim," he said.

He crossed, then, into his dressing room and put on his clothes. Sarah Belle was asleep, and the sight of her so made him more utterly miserable than he could remember having been since he was a young man. His sins crowded up and looked him coldly in the face. He felt infinitely old, infinitely helpless.

When he had finished dressing, he tip-toed quietly back into

the room where Sarah Belle lay asleep on his bed. He picked her up without waking her, and without waking her he carried her down the stairs and out to the carriage.

When she was taken into her own house, Sarah Belle was put to bed at once. The governor spent a hard hour in the parlor with the Carletons; and when he left, his shoulders were bent and he had no heart within him.

On the following day Sarah Belle was married. She was not ill again, her parents were relieved to find. In fact, she rather surprised her mother by appearing for breakfast in the morning as though nothing had happened. In view of this normal behavior, Mrs. Carleton refrained from any unpleasant comment.

Sarah Belle did not know anything about it when she was married. God was not there. Indeed, she failed to see even the governor, though he stood in a conspicuous place. It was not until years later that Sarah Belle had a clear picture of what took place at her wedding. She was at the time motivated entirely by a great, black figure that clutched her by the shoulders and turned her this way and that way. God was gone, so that things just happened—not to her really, but to some unknown girl she watched and feared for with a dread fear.

God came back to Sarah Belle for a moment—during the night of the day she was married. He appeared suddenly in front of her eyes in a great flash and then was gone again. Belle cried out and sank down into the black pit that God's disappearance made in the darkness. God never came back to Sarah Belle after that. From the moment of His disappearance forever, she waited for Him without any real hope, without any real pain in her heart. Naturally, Sarah Belle was very lonely on that account.

TWO MEN FREE[1]

By WHIT BURNETT

(From *Transition*)

AT first I thought him more Scotch than he was. That is, that he had been born in Scotland, perhaps on one of those murky, wind-swept moors, and dragged off later to America. This was wrong. He had been born in America, but I did not learn this at once. He had a glass eye. But this was not apparent at first glance, and he never told any one how he lost his good one. He was about thirty, but he looked older, for he dressed indifferently and shaved infrequently. He was either very exuberant and striding around speaking of other places and of doing odd, high, stretching things, or else he was walled up in a corner of the drafty office with a *London Times* or *Morning Post,* growling away at some particular piece of work, or else, sometimes, laughing so loud at what he read that half a dozen typewriters stopped and some of the reporters looked around.

I thought him a little strange for an American, for when he read things British he chuckled like a person feeling quite at home. He was often speaking of the Don and the Dee and this toward Spring when the rains of winter Paris had seeped into our veins. And it was catching, this speaking of the Don and the Dee, the weather where we were being then so heavy and so hateful. So we were wishing much the last part of the winter to go to the Don or the Dee and fish in the waters there for salmon.

But that was not possible because of the passports, Mac's papers being always out of order, chiefly due to laziness. And then, too, it took more money than we had, for the paper we worked on did not then pay saving wages.

I am saying that I did not learn many things about Mac at the beginning. He was at times almost dour, and much by himself. He had friends, but the man he liked who had married a girl he

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Whit Burnett.

liked and with whom there was a baby they had named after Mac—all these had gone away some place in Germany. And Mac was such a tall, long, blackish looking young fellow that glumness, when it settled on him, clouded him over like black weather, and half frightened others away. He pulled in shadows after him, and read without lights in a dark corner, and smoked on a cheap, strong pipe. At the office they gave him exchanges to read, taking no heed that he had thus to read twice as hard with his one good eye. But aside from cussing a little on general principles he let himself in for whatever came. He said the wind was from that direction, well then, there you were . . .

We could not go to the Don or the Dee that Spring. It wasn't because Mac was sparing with his money. He lived in a good hotel which looked down on the stoney-walled Seine and he paid the limit of his salary for what they charged him to live there. And he sometimes ate in very small cafés. He simply didn't have the money. But when he was editing some copy from our resort correspondents he came across a piece from Pau. This is swell, he said. Salmon running at Pau and the season on. We could make that easy.

He was very mysterious about it, though, because it was pretty certain we couldn't both get off at once. We talked it over in the corner *bistrot*. He had a few days coming, and he thought he could stretch it to a week. I was very tired and so I got sick. . . . We had coffee at the gare d'Orsay, and Mac sitting there in another copy reader's borrowed boots and his pants tucked inside, early in the morning, and the train smoke already making my nose run, for I am everywhere subject to forms of hay fever. It was cold. I think there was even some snow, yet the coffee tasted marvelously creamy rich, and we kept saying we were fed up on winter weather in Paris, months and months of it like life in prison, and that we were free. And we gave a large tip and bought two good-sized cigars which we could not ordinarily afford, and then we slung up our knapsacks, which were all we were taking, and clumped over to the tracks to find the third class carriages.

Further along the snow turned to rain, and it was extremely cold in the stale smelling coach, but we were off to the South. We

damned the paper. We read a little. Mac carried along a *Weekly Dispatch* from London and a couple of copies of the *Morning Post* which gave the account of the Great Pyramid, which was peace and war and bunk of measurements and triangles. He was a great hand, Mac, for strange things, and in the office now and then he let himself out, as in writing how the tide wiped out a village, and we were getting franc notes for months from readers full of sympathy. He had a friend near Oxford who was a great hand for strange things too and before Mac had come to Paris the two went cycling over England peering into old abbeys and drinking ale at country inns. They both read old books and knew odd bits of history and I could see how it was pleasant drifting there in England in the past and present.

I had brought along some sleeping tablets so that we could get a little nap on the way down. When it came on dark and we had long ago had lunch and we had had dinner and there was nothing to do, and, tired of talking, we each took one and stretched out, and in spite of the drafts and the smell, we rode past Aix where we were to change cars, and we lost a day shuttling back and forth, with explanations and apologies to the railroad officials, and Mac lost his ticket, and I found it. We were a little crazy about the fishing trip. We had no poles with us, and we did not know exactly where we were going to find any fish.

II

When I awoke in Pau I went to knock at the door of the room upstairs which they had given Mac. My own room in the Hotel de Commerce had been hellishly uncomfortable because in Pau they do not believe in winter nights and they had given me no blankets, and except for Mac's room there weren't any others and I had to sleep in the reception parlor in a corner on a cot. In the middle of the room were twelve chairs unholstered red in an old-fashioned manner and circled around like chairs placed for a social evening in Iowa. Mac was talking in the hall to the *garçon,* and from the hotel boy we got some advice, but not much, for the boy said he had not been fishing since coming to Pau where he had to work fourteen hours a day at the hotel. But

where he had been born, on the edge of the Basque country, there was fishing one could remember. He gave us the name of the town of Oloron.

But we did not go directly to the station, for when we got out in the streets it was sunny and warm and we found a lazy, sprawling market in progress with all kinds of framed pictures and second-hand bicycles and swords, locks and lamps and Moroccan robes and cloths. And we even saw two fine-shaped Arabian knives, covered with rust.

Mac looked pretty longingly at the two Arabian killing knives, but we hadn't much money, and he explained that he had had two knives which were beauties and he had given them away to his friends in Germany. The girl had been an opera singer and he had bought the knives in Egypt when he was there as her press agent. We looked at a Moroccan piece of cloth and bought Basque caps each, for we had two or three Armagnacs after breakfast and every one wore *bérets* in Pau, and I finally bought Mac the two Arabian knives, though I had a hard enough time making him accept. The sun was blazing yellow in Pau there, and there were fresh, green smells. The crowd in the street and the square bobbed around with much good-naturedness, we thought. We were pretty lazy and we stood around looking, and listening to the chatter, and saying this was a pretty fair town. But after a while we remembered again about fishing, and though the Armagnac was still singing-warm in our bellies, we went off to lunch at the hotel.

It was a good lunch, but we had to run for the train, for we dawdled over it. We picked up tobacco on the fly. We were not very good at running but we made it. It was softening, the noon time warmth, and good, even in the jerky train, for the sun poured in upon us while we sat and smoked, and we watched the hills go by speckled with greenery and sunshine. It was rich rolling country, blue sky in plenty and occasional small brooks bordered with thick greening willows, country where the wealthy lady visitors to Pau galloped about hunting down foxes.

III

Well, young fellow me lad, Mac said . . . this is better, what? I was pretty low in Paris. That lousy rain all the time. And that god damned paper.

I was pretty low too.

I was pretty low once in Cairo, too, Mac said. He had loaded up his pipe again, and it hung drooping down along the bristle of his blackish chin. I was sure low. I got so low one night in Cairo that I left the hotel where the opera singer and the rest of the company were staying and took myself a walk in the dark, and it got so that I couldn't drag myself to even keep on walking. So I sat down . . . alongside the water where it was swell and black. And after I'd just sat there a while, it seemed just as reasonable . . . I just flopped myself in.

The train stopped and four fat peasants with bundles and baskets climbed over us and out.

There was a couple of birds standing around in the dark, though, and they both hopped in, Mac said. It made me sore and I clouted one and swam out and then we had a hell of a fight on the quai. It livened me up, I guess, because the next night I took the opera singer out for a joy ride in the desert in a high priced taxi cab, and we got so soused, I did, I mean, we thought every other house was the Sphinx . . . That Sphinx is a gloomy, strange cuss, you know? . . . if you look at it right, in the moonlight, and nobody around.

At Oloron we tried to get some information about fishing. But while there was a beautiful, falling stream, with mills and deep holes, no one encouraged us about any fishing there. A garage man near the station told us we ought to go up the left fork. He looked all around us for tackle, and advised our going to a store his wife owned where we could get some. There we bought plenty of hooks, spinners, flies, and two poles of the only type she had. They were old poles, very heavy, four joints and twelve feet long. It was necessary to argue, too, for a long time whether we were going to fish for salmon or for mountain trout because of the difference in tackle and places. We decided on trout, because in Oregon Mac said there was nothing finer than a mountain trout if it was cooked within half an hour after catching and flavored

with a wee chunk of bacon on a fire crackling in the open.

Jesus, man, he said, as he held up the hooks and lines we were buying, to think that three days ago we were mooching around like a couple of fools in that Paris rain. Look at that sun out there! And when a fish bites this hook he is sure going to learn his one big lesson.

We hired the garage man's auto, and then we found we had not bought any leaders. We kept crossing and recrossing the town bridge, for the town and the fish-tackle store were on one side and the garage was on the other by the station. Every time we rode across the bridge three girls in a window high above the span waved down at us and we waved up. We thought we were having a pretty fine time, but we kept discovering we hadn't enough stuff or one thing or another was still missing, once it was Armagnac, and it got so we tired ourselves out waving at the teethy janes with their long black hair straggling out, and it began to look a little silly the way we kept racing back and forth across the bridge in this one car, with the long fish poles out behind and Mac with his pipe and the both of us grinning feeling foolish.

We left the town, the road ran straight, the mountains lying south of us, and then the garage man's boy driving twisted around and asked if we had bought some bait.

Bait your eye, said Mac. Look at the flies and the spinners.

No *asticots?*

No *asticots* . . . So it was necessary to go back for some *asticots,* and these surprised us, because we bought them at a butcher shop and they were small white maggots which live in diseased or putrefying veal. We bought a couple of pounds of *asticots.* They were about the size of a little-finger nail each. And we put them in a canvas sack, and poured in sawdust, as told to, and tied the string around tight so they wouldn't crawl out and get away from us.

IV

At the first big house up the little canyon stream, the fat, black-dressed woman told our lad she hadn't any place to put us. It was too bad, because while we stood there with our poles in our hands, tired from the riding, and it was then nearly dark, we could see past her, the big log fire crackling in the wide-open

fireplace and we could smell the stew meat sizzling in the big pots swinging over the logs. There were smoked hams and fish from the rafters and a couple of little Pyrenees men sat by smoking saying nothing. It was night inside, but no light there but the crackle of the fire.

They're a little suspicious of strangers in the hills here at Lourdios, the lad said. We went back to the automobile and stood around, and then the boy said there was still another house. And the road being narrow, we left the car behind, and he walked us up the still dusk road then, past a tiny church with a cracked clock belfry. The house was two stories, stone, solid and plain. We stood aside and wiped our feet while the boy vouched for us volubly in a dialect we could not understand. But we were not smugglers, nor runaway Spaniards. She let us in. She had a little, round face with black eyes, black, straight hair pulled back, and a shining snip of a nose. She was wiping her hands on her apron a long time and saying she feared we might be particular.

Mac beamed, and though he stammered a little, he made her understand that anything she had would be too good for us because we were that way, we never asked much, and we thought everybody was a great guy, and what a fine fireplace that was, and what a pretty valley and nice friendly dogs.

The food was so bad that when the two big bony hounds came into the barren dining room where we fed alone in the cold, we chucked most of it to the mutts, and we were thankful they stood by, and they wagged their shaggy tails and stumbled all over each other, half afraid at begging, and when Madame came to clear out the plates they were empty and she thought we were good enough fellows, for she was not displeased at having taken us in.

It was the wine that was good. And some nights it took us three or four hours to finish dinner because of the funny stories the wine brought out. We thought we had always felt good about simple things, and Mac remembered much of Falstaff and he quoted in a large and flowing manner.

We were embarrassed, though, that first night. We were trying to be as easy going as possible so as not to make too much trouble for the woman, and we had said a dozen good evenings to the little brown men in the main room where the fire was, and then we had gone into the big white-washed dining room with our Knap-

sacks and Mac, after a bottle or so of the good laughing wine, had looked down puzzled at the queer things all over his boots and pants and in his vest pockets.

We looked around and found that the red tile floor was white with crawling things. The maggots had worked through the bag and we were very much embarrassed that they were loose like that, and we both took to swearing at them and laughing, and gathering up these maggots in our hands, even, before Madame could come in again, but she pushed open the door right then, bringing in creamy-looking custard for desert. She put it on the table and helped, and so we saved our bait. She was not put out as we had expected. The food there was pretty bad, but they were used to *asticots,* for pretty soon two or three of the little men by the fire came in and we were all scrambling for the maggots, all the men laughing and the big hunting hounds yipping in enjoyment.

V

We talked about a lot of things when we went out together to the stream. The hills were green with spring grasses and small bands of belled sheep clustered tinkling on the slopes, and the houses were all stone and solid like croppings of rock, with the blue snow peaks of the Pyrenees afar off. We talked about how we had got tired of Paris and newspapers and reading thousands of words every day, and Mac especially, with his one eye only, although he did not mention that. My eyes were tired, too, and it was pleasant to think we did not have to read thousands of words now, and when we looked at things they were big things not too near us, like the clear blue of the sky and the blue of the mountains and the green of the hills and the little moving sheep which were curved over grazing like the soft white backs of the maggots only not causing creeps.

We talked and walked, and Mac had been a stunt-puller in the state of Washington for a live-wire paper, and then he had a touch of nature which, he said, was nature. He took a man and a girl out into the woods where they were married and then they were to try to live on what they could make for clothes and catch or kill for food. But Mac had hauled along a case of expense-account whiskey which was for the photographers, and some

small county sheriff had come along when every one was singing and waltzing in the wilderness, and the posse he went back for stopped the stunt. It was Indian country, and Mac described how the Indians looked when they finally got the white man's idea about it. We talked about the fish and what bastards they were, for we could see them in the clear water, dark darts in the shallows and silvery, spotted, lazy in the pools. But the water was too cold or else it was too clear, or else the trout were too intelligent. We wriggled on our bellies for ten feet every time we came near the stream, and we flicked down red and brown feather flies, and let down hooked white *asticots* wriggling with life until they drowned. But we never got a bite.

We found after a few days that we could eat the inn food, however, and with enough laughing wine we made the meals disappear. We had plenty of energy, too, and we clambered over the rocks up and down both forks of the stream. One morning, even, Mac rapped on the door of the room I had and yelled in that he was off to climb a mountain. I turned over and stayed in bed. There were five madonnas in my room, and two or three crosses and tokens inscribed to Thérèse. Thérèse was the daughter of the house and she had married and gone to live in Bordeaux, and the old folks were still in the mountain hamlet. She had been a good girl, it seemed, from all these churchly remnants, and she had several children in Pau now and had left this room and these things and her old folks and brothers.

Mac did not come down for lunch, but along toward dusk I met him on the ridge where the road, which climbed up past our hamlet dipped to go down a ways toward Spain and you could see from there the higher mountains covered with snow in the distance looking like the Tetons in the West and making me sad with remembrance of mountains I had known when I was a boy younger and had cursed them and run away from them to seaports and to wall-less places. But Mac made me sadder, for he was done up with tiredness.

Well, he said, I climbed the god damned mountain.

We crunched our way down the rocky road to the inn, and there was no great point in climbing the mountain, so far as I could see, except his wish for doing it. We had plenty of laughing wine, and he perked up his spine again. He took out his eye

now and then to wipe it, for mucus had formed around the socket in quite a quantity, and we talked about books and political changes, and Mac said if it came to war, and in Europe you were always *feeling* war, it would be England against the Bolos, and we ordered another bottle, and he told some stories of the Cymri and the Celts, the little black men, and then some stories of the Scots and whether they were fighters or no, and as he lifted his big boots to cross his legs, we laughed at the old kinds of fighting when men had gone around the country dressed like boiler factories with their steel harness and housings instead of like freed birds with bombs in their claws. And we said, at last, to Madame, with desert, that we were leaving now the next day for Bordeaux. And we gave our twelve-foot fish poles to the young sons of the house, for we were wanting something like gaiety, with no more dim and mournful oil lamps, but the sight of young women with ankles like little apples and kindling tender eyes. There was no point in fishing when the fish would not bite.

VI

I don't mind we didn't get any fish, said Mac. It was raining, and we bumped along down the canyon in the back of a little covered-in wagon, the driver and a black-shawled woman passenger and her child huddled together in the seat behind the dash board. If there wasn't any fish to be had, there wasn't any fish to be had.

Right, said I. But you're pretty easy-going about it. I came for fish . . .

We got to Bordeaux after dark, and we still had a day or two, so we decided to stay the night, and we walked through the streets, dry now and stars out, and many sailors walking by briskly, for the French fleet, or part of it, was in. And the sailors had girls on their arms, many had, and we felt warm to both the sailors and the girls, knowing it was tension and release for them, and then a girl goes best, after long absence, and her hair has the sweetest smell and her cheeks a cool smoothness turning warm, and the sea and the land are something else again, something for to-morrow or for never.

We set out to hunt up a restaurant, for we wanted a tremendous

meal. But we were feeling so good, so warm with the great warmth of the city, the smells of red wine, and the lights on the poles and the lights in the stores burning cheerfully, that we kept on walking and walking, and Mac breathing deep the soft air audibly and talking.

It's just luck, he said. Just luck I'm here in this swell place. Look, he said, why isn't it my brother is here? He would have liked this place just as much as I do.

You got a brother, Mac?

We stumbled along the cobblestones and turned the corner, when a crowd of men and women, marching down the street, loomed up ahead of us. The whole street was blocked with men and women. We stopped and looked. They were ordinary men and women. Some of the men were carrying babies in their arms. It was a demonstration. Blocks and blocks of men and women straggling down toward us. Straggling, not marching. Some one started to sing. Some were yelling.

Strike!

Jesus, said Mac in my ear, look at this, will you! We've run into a walkout or something. I guess here's where we get some practice on the Internationale.

But we stood by a hoarding and did not join in with the stragglers, and we watched them shuffle along in their black pants and cheap dresses, men and kids and women. I didn't hear any Internationale, but we stood there dumb for quite a while. Maybe they were fed up, I said, and they just walked out. More power to 'em, said Mac, and we asked a man who was standing watching what it was.

Yes, he said, a demonstration, that was it, in honor of the new manager of the big department store, and all these persons worked there. That was the custom. He had just come down from Paris to take charge and they wanted to show that they were good workers, and so they were walking in the streets past the store singing and yelling his name.

Christ, said Mac, I'd rather it had been a strike even . . . But I guess it's just as well we didn't lead out with the Internationale.

The street was cleared again and we could go ahead now, but when we looked back we could still see the men and women and kids in their cheap black clothes straggling and jogging along

and making their noises, and, after working hours that way, it was a little depressing. But we kept on walking our way, and when we saw the sailors and their friends again and how the little Bordeaux girls were, young with life and lifting up their feet prettily, whisked along chattering, and when we felt how warm and quiet the air was with its softness of the Spring south in the gulf wind, we kept passing by restaurants which were too cheap for our state of mind and not lit up enough, and by and by we came to the big square where there was a fair going on with booths and wheels and Coney Island things making crazy music, and in the center the striped white shaft to the Girondists, showing Liberty chasing out Evil or such allegorical things.

They were a bunch of guys with the right idea, Mac said. They had the guts to go to Paris and tell 'em there that Paris wasn't all the world, or even all France. They got good and poked, though . . . Maybe it was worth it.

He began to speak about his brother again, as if he was trying to remember about his brother instead of telling me about him.

We were just kids, and we were sitting there on the fence by the side of the road where we lived in Oregon, and he said, Well, what are we going to do about it? I want to go. And you want to go. And somebody's got to stay here with the folks, they can't run the farm alone.

We just sat for a while. We broke off two slivers of the fence finally and drew straws and he got the short end, and went over the border without saying anything to anybody and joined up with the Scotties. He was at the front in six weeks. But they didn't know much about ducking in holes and how to cover up at first, and one day he was wiggling along some place in the open and a bomb got him.

It could have been me. Just as easy. And he could have been here. I don't see much difference. . . . He was a good egg, too, and Jesus wouldn't he like this town! This is a great town.

We sauntered around for a while, and then we had to eat. We found a pretty fair looking restaurant, and we went inside and sat down at the only table left. There was a party of four next to us, and one of the women had one of those snooty flea-colored pooches that have to be massaged when they want to do their little business. We ordered a big meal, but Mac was a little

gloomy for the first part, and then we had a few drinks and after a while he wasn't so down, for he could light up pretty fast if he wanted to.

Day after to-morrow, he said, and we're back in harness. That god damned office and its crummy ideas. Thousands of words and none of 'em mean anything. Hmmm . . . This wine's not so bad, is it? . . . But, it isn't *laughing* wine. It's not wine like we got in the Basque country. . . . And those cussed *asticots* wiggling all over hell! We use a lot of *sense* when we go fishing, don't we! Not a god damned fish!

We went to bed pretty soon after dinner, for we were tired and had the train to catch in the morning. When we got back in Paris, the weather had turned for the worse, and when we climbed out of the third class coach the next day our leather jackets felt like tissue paper, and it was dark at three o'clock in the afternoon and the wind was bringing down a mixture of sloppy snow and rain.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE[1]

By MORLEY CALLAGHAN

(From *The New Yorker*)

UNTIL a week before Christmas George worked in the station restaurant at the lunch counter. The last week was extraordinarily cold, then the sun shone strongly for a few days, though it was always cold again in the evenings. There were three other men working at the counter. For years they must have had a poor reputation. Women, unless they were careless and easy-going, never started a conversation with them when having a light lunch at noontime. The girls at the station always avoided the red-capped porters and the countermen.

George, who was working there till he got enough money to go back home for a week and then start late in the year at college, was a young fellow with fine hair retreating far back on his forehead and rather bad upper teeth, but he was very polite and generous. Steve, the plump Italian, with the waxed black mustaches, who had charge of the restaurant, was very fond of George.

Many people passed the restaurant window on the way to the platform and the trains. The four men, watching them frequently, got to know some of them. Girls, brightly dressed and highly powdered, loitered in front of the open door, smiling at George, who saw them so often he knew their first names. At noontime, other girls, with a few minutes to spare before going back to work, used to walk up and down the tiled tunnel to the waiting-room, loafing the time away, but they never even glanced in at the countermen. It was cold outside, the streets were slippery, and it was warm in the station, that was all. George got to know most of these girls too, and talked about them with the other fellows.

George watched carefully one girl every day at noon hour. The other men had also noticed her, and two or three times she

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came in for a cup of coffee, but she was so gentle, and aloofly pleasant, and so unobtrusively beyond them, they were afraid to try and amuse her with easy cheerful talk. George wished earnestly that she had never seen him there in the restaurant behind the counter, even though he knew she had never noticed him at all. Her cheeks were usually rosy from the cold wind outside. When she went out the door to walk up and down for a few minutes, an agreeable expression on her face, she never once looked back at the restaurant. George, following her with his eye while pouring coffee slowly, did not expect her to look back. She was about twenty-eight, pretty, rather shy, and dressed plainly and poorly in a thin blue-cloth coat without any fur on it. Most girls managed to have a piece of fur of some kind on their coats.

With little to do in the middle of the afternoon, George used to think of her because of seeing her every day and looking at her face in profile when she passed the window. Then, on the day she had on the light-fawn felt hat, she smiled politely at him, when having a cup of coffee, and as long as possible, he remained opposite her, cleaning the counter with a damp cloth.

The last night he worked at the station he went out at about half past eight in the evening, for he had an hour to himself, and then worked on till ten o'clock. In the morning he was going home, so he walked out of the station and down the side street to the docks, and was having only pleasant thoughts, passing the warehouses, looking out over the dark cold lake and liking the tang of the wind on his face. Christmas was only a week away. The snow was falling lazily and melting slowly when it hit the sidewalk. He was glad he was through with the job at the restaurant.

An hour later, back at the restaurant, Steve said, "A dame just phoned you, George, and left her number."

"Do you know who she was?"

"No, you got too many girls, George. Don't you know the number?"

"I never saw it before."

He called the number and did not recognize the voice that answered him. A woman was asking him pleasantly enough if he remembered her. He said he did not. She said she had had a cup of coffee that afternoon at noontime, and added that she had

worn a blue coat and a tan-colored felt hat, and even though she had not spoken to him, she thought he would remember her.

"Good Lord," he said.

She wanted to know if he would come and see her at half past ten that evening. Timidly he said he would, and hardly heard her giving the address. Steve and the other boys started to kid him brightly, but he was too astonished, wondering how she had found out his name, to bother with them. The boys, saying goodbye to him later, winked and elbowed him in the ribs, urging him to celebrate on his last night in the city. Steve, who was very fond of him, shook his head sadly and pulled the ends of his mustaches down into his lips.

The address the girl had given him was only eight blocks away, so he walked, holding his hands clenched tightly in his pockets, for he was cold from nervousness. He was watching the automobile headlights shining on slippery spots on the sidewalk. The house, opposite a public-school ground on a side street, was a large old rooming house. A light was in a window on the second story over the door. Ringing the bell he didn't really expect any one to answer, and was surprised when the girl herself opened the door.

"Good evening," he said shyly.

"Oh, come upstairs," she said, smiling and practical.

In the front room he took off his overcoat and hat and sat down slowly, noticing, out of the corner of his eye, that she was even slimmer, and had nice fair hair and lovely eyes. But she was moving very nervously. He had intended to ask at once how she found out his name, but forgot about it as soon as she sat down opposite him on a camp bed and smiled shyly. She had on a red woollen sweater, fitting her tightly at the waist. Twice he shook his head, unable to get used to having her there opposite him, nervous and expectant. The trouble was she had always seemed so aloof.

"You're not very friendly," she said awkwardly.

"Oh, yes, I am. Indeed I am."

"Why don't you come over here and sit beside me?"

Slowly he sat down beside her on the camp bed, smiling stupidly. He was even slow to see that she was waiting for him to put his arms around her. Ashamed of himself, he finally kissed her eagerly and she held on to him tightly. Her heart was thump-

ing underneath the red woollen sweater. She just kept on holding him, almost savagely, closing her eyes slowly and breathing deeply every time he kissed her. She was so delighted and satisfied to hold him in her arms that she did not bother talking at all. Finally he became very eager and she got up suddenly, walking up and down the room, looking occasionally at the cheap alarm clock on a bureau. The room was clean but poorly furnished.

"What's the matter?" he said irritably.

"My girl friend, the one I room with, will be home in twenty minutes."

"Come here anyway."

"Please sit down, please do," she said.

Slowly she sat down beside him. When he kissed her she did not object, but her lips were dry, her shoulders were trembling, and she kept on watching the clock. Though she was holding his wrist so tightly her nails dug into the skin, he knew she would be glad when he had to go. He kissed her again and she drew her left hand slowly over her lips.

"You really must be out of here before Irene comes home," she said.

"But I've only kissed and hugged you and you're wonderful." He noticed the red ring mark on her finger. "Are you sure you're not waiting for your husband to come home?" he said a bit irritably.

Frowning, looking away vaguely, she said, "Why do you have to say that?"

"There's a ring mark on your finger."

"I can't help it," she said, and began to cry quietly. "Yes, oh, yes, I'm waiting for my husband to come home. He'll be here at Christmas."

"It's too bad. Can't we do something about it?"

"I tell you I love my husband. I do, I really do, and I'm faithful to him too."

"Maybe I'd better go," he said uncomfortably, feeling ridiculous.

"Eh, what's that? My husband, he's at a sanitarium. He got his spine hurt in the war, then he got tuberculosis. He's pretty bad. They've got to carry him around. We want to love each other every time we meet, but we can't."

"That's tough, poor kid, and I suppose you've got to pay for him."

"Yes."

"Do you have many fellows?"

"No. I don't want to have any."

"Do they come here to see you?"

"No. No, I don't know what got into me. I liked you, and felt a little crazy."

"I'll slide along then. What's your first name?"

"Lola. You'd better go now."

"Couldn't I see you again?" he said suddenly.

"No, you're going away to-morrow," she said, smiling confidently.

"So you've got it all figured out. Supposing I don't go?"

"Please, you must."

Her arms were trembling when she held his overcoat. She wanted him to go before Irene came home. "You didn't give me much time," he said flatly.

"No. Irene comes in at this time. You're a lovely boy. Kiss me."

"You had that figured out too."

"Just kiss and hold me once more, George." She held on to him as if she did not expect to be embraced again for a long time, and he said, "I think I'll stay in the city a while longer."

"It's too bad, but you've got to go. We can't see each other again."

In the poorly lighted hall she looked lovely. Her cheeks were flushed, and though still eager, she was quite satisfied with the whole affair. Everything had gone perfectly for her.

As he went out the door and down the walk to the street he remembered that he hadn't asked how she had found out his name. Snow was falling lightly and there were hardly any footprints on the sidewalk. All he could think of was that he ought to go back to the restaurant and ask Steve for his job again. Steve was fond of him. But he knew he could not spoil it for her. "She had it all figured out," he muttered, turning up his coat collar.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR [1]

By GRACE STONE COATES

(From *The Frontier*)

ONE thing I did was just like another, and I forgot it, except when mother and father talked about it and made me remember. Once mother left me alone to get dinner for father and the hired men, and once everybody left me alone. Both times mother and father talked about what happened until it stayed in my mind.

The first time mother left me, she had to take Teressa to the dentist. She thought it would be hard for me to get dinner, so she told me just what to do. I was to put one cup of rice in three cups of boiling water, with salt, and begin to cook it at half-past eleven. Mother showed me how the hands of the clock would look when I should begin to get dinner, and put a paper on the wall with a picture of the clock-hands that way. I kept telling her I knew, but she made the picture anyway. I did know, except that I thought five minutes on the clock was one minute. When I sat still five spaces on the clock it was twenty-five minutes instead of five minutes. I found that out afterward.

The rice was all I had to cook. Father liked rice, and the hired men could eat cold meat.

I set the table almost as soon as mother and Teressa left in the morning. I built a good fire. We burned cobs. It was summer time, and mother and Teressa always talked about keeping the kitchen cool and keeping the flies out. When the fire was burning hard I went into the front room to look at books. I went every few minutes to look at the clock. The fire went out twice before it was time to cook the rice.

One cup of rice looked too little for four people when I measured it. I thought it might have been three cups of rice instead

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of three cups of water, so I used three. It made a good deal. It took more water than I had hot, so I put in cold. I put in more salt, but not enough.

After the rice began cooking I went into the front room to look at books again until father came to dinner. He came in ahead of the hired men to see if I was getting along all right. I heard him coming, and went out before he could call me and said I was. He said, "Gee Whiliker, it's hot!"

I said, "Yes, isn't it? I stay in the other room."

Father laughed. He laughed all the time he was eating dinner. He told me to get a large plate and set it under the butter dish, so the butter wouldn't run onto the table cloth. He got up twice, once to get sugar and once to get water. It was fun to sit at the table and ask people to pass me things.

Dinner was so easy to get I would not have thought about it again, except that father told mother about it when she came home. He said, "The kitchen was like an inferno, and the butter swimming; but the cook sat cool and unconcerned while the dinner cooked itself. She is of the earth, earthy."

Teressa heard him, too, and pinched me. She said, "Oh, it is sweet and wonderful when *you* let the butter melt, but when *I* do it is a different story." She pinched me more, on places she had pinched the day before so it hurt worse. While she pinched she said, "How wonderful to be such a wonderful child, you little simpleton!" Then she made me say I loved her, and held me on her lap and rocked me. She told me the poem:

> See by the moonlight 'tis past midnight
> Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago!

I liked that poem, because the way she said it made my chest shake.

The day every one left me alone mother and father talked about it a long time before they left. I did not understand why they hated to leave me. People were on the outside of me anyway, and it didn't make much difference whether they were outside close, or outside farther off. When I told mother this she told me not to be silly trying to act wise.

Something happened while they were away that they talked so long about I cried.

Before they left mother said, "Be a good girl. When it is dinner time put the small tablecloth on the table, and sit down and eat just as we always do. And be a good girl."

Father told me things, too, but they were things not to do—funny things that I couldn't have done anyway, like hiding the end of the road so he couldn't finish coming home. Mother didn't think they were funny. As father got into the buggy he said, "And don't hack the knives."

Mother said, "Don't be bitter, Henry. Those things are past."

Father said, "Nothing is ever past."

I knew what father meant about the knives. When Augusta lived at home, before father sent her away to her grandmother, she hacked knives. Augusta was a very bad girl. At least, I supposed she was bad, but when I said, "I hate Augusta," mother was angry. "Augusta was always a good sister to you," she said, "she loved you and took care of you. If you do not love her you are the one to be ashamed. Never let me hear you say that again as long as you live." If I was to love Augusta she couldn't have been bad, so I stopped thinking about it.

Augusta hacked knives. She washed dishes standing on a little stool at the pantry sink, and father scolded her for wasting soap and for dawdling. When he scolded her she would draw her eyebrows together and watch him out of the corners of her eyes. When he wasn't looking she would hack the edges of two knives together. She did worse things. I didn't know what. When father was angry at Augusta, mother would take Teressa and me and go walking through the fields. When we came back Augusta would be studying arithmetic, and crying.

If the knives were hacked father would take them out to the blacksmith shop. I asked mother why, but she said, "Hush!" so sharply I didn't ask again. Father made Augusta go with him, and mother would not let me go along.

After father said, "Nothing is ever past," and drove away, I was entirely alone. I went out to the pig corral. There was a tall corn crib beside it where I liked to climb. I would sit on top of the corn pile and make fun of the pig when he squealed. He would sometimes put his feet on top of the fence below me, and slant his nose up at me, and I would pretend the corn rolled under me and slid me down into his pen. I would pretend I ran for

the fence, and the pig caught a piece of my dress just as I climbed over it. If I pretended hard my heart would beat and frighten me. Then I would throw ears of corn to the pig to make him stop looking at me. When father cleaned out the corral he was annoyed about the pig's eating so much.

While I was sitting on the corn I began remembering about the knives. I thought about them, and then I wondered about them. I wondered why Augusta hacked them. There was something exciting and dark about her doing it. The pig had gone to sleep. I climbed down and went to the house, and into the pantry to look at the knife box. It was on the lowest pantry shelf, above my head, so I had to have a chair to see into it. I took a chair from the kitchen, not a cane-seated one, so my feet wouldn't break it.

When I tapped knives together it made little pains run up and down my legs. I wondered if the knives hurt. The edges caught together and it made a rough feeling in my wrists when I pulled them apart. The first two knives were not any fun. I laid one of them down and tried another and another. I changed both knives, but they were all alike; none of them were any fun. I decided to wait until sometime when father and I were talking together, and promise not to do it but ask him to show me how to hack knives the way it was wrong to.

I put the knives away, and the chair, and went back to the pig. He was awake. After I fed him all he would eat it was time for my own dinner. I set the table and ate, and cleared it and washed the dishes. When I dried my knife it caught a thread on the tea towel and puckered it.

After dinner there was nothing to do, so I decided to scrub the kitchen. It wasn't dirty, but Teressa always scrubbed it when mother was away. I scrubbed the first part hard, and the last part not so hard. Each board was worn most in the middle, so the edges stood up. It was easiest to dry them the long way, so I dried them crossways. I thought the hardest way would be most right.

When mother and father and Teressa came home they brought me a present. It was a bag of figs. I had never seen figs before. After supper, mother acted queer. She put me to bed early and

she and father talked. They talked the next day, and kept sending me away from them. Teressa wanted to scold me for scrubbing the floor, but mother wouldn't let her. Teressa said it would take three scrubbings to get it into shape again. It wasn't out of shape. The next day father didn't go to plow. Mother sent Teressa outdoors and called me in where she and father were. They asked my why I had hacked the knives. I had forgotten all about it because it hadn't been in my mind. Not understanding about it made it as if I hadn't done it, and I said quick, "I didn't."

Mother said, "You hacked the knives, and that was wrong. But it is a great deal worse to deny it. You must tell the truth about why you did it."

I said I did try to hack them but didn't know how, and father said, "You knew how all too well."

I tried to explain about it, and they asked me more and more questions. They asked things that had not been in my mind before, whether Augusta had taught me to do it. Father's face looked white and thin. He had never paid so much attention to anything I did, before. He said, "If I *knew* she did it to flout me, if I *knew* she did it in scorn of me, to fling back into my face the villainy of that infernal—"

Mother said, "Stop! There is no mystery about it, except that you should have been so short-sighted as to suggest it to her. It would never have occurred to her otherwise."

They asked me more questions, and mother began to talk about the other time I had been alone and cooked too much rice. She asked if I didn't suppose she knew how much rice to cook. I said I was afraid I had made a mistake listening. They talked to me until I cried. I cried so hard that when I looked at their faces their cheeks stretched out in wavery lines, and if I half-shut my eyes, streaks of light came from their faces toward me. I was so interested I forgot to feel bad, and they were discouraged with me.

Father went to the pantry and got the box of knives. He said, "For your punishment you must turn the grindstone while I grind out the nicks." I thought he was making a joke, because Teressa and I always wanted to see who could turn the grind-

stone. Usually he let Teressa, because she was less erratic. I looked at him and laughed, but his eyes looked down at me, small and blue.

I turned the grindstone until my arms were tired. When they were tired the wheel went slower and slower until it stopped. Father said, "Keep on turning."

I explained about my arms. He said, "Indeed!" He looked at me, whistling, and said, "Indeed!" again, "Tell your sister to come here."

Before I could start he turned and called her. He called her *Dick.* He said, "My son, Richard, will you turn the grindstone for your father?" He called her Richard because she was Richard the Lion Hearted. Teressa said, "Yes . . . baby." She meant me. Before she began to turn the grindstone she reached back with her heel and stepped on my foot.

Father sent me to the house to talk to mother. I went. I explained about my arms, and she said I must learn that the way of the transgressor was hard, and that I should be ashamed to let Teressa do my work. I smiled because I knew a secret about Teressa that I didn't tell. She liked to do things after she was tired, to see whether she could.

Mother asked me if I thought it was fair to make extra work for father, when he should be out plowing. I asked, "What work?" She said, "Grinding the knives you hacked."

I sat without moving. When I found out things I had wondered about it made me excited inside so I forgot to be sorry for things I had done. I said, "It wasn't wrong to hack the knives." I meant it wasn't wrong in a way I couldn't understand. Mother picked me up by the arms and set me down hard on my feet. She shook me until my head jerked back and forth. She said, "I can not understand your being so naughty." I couldn't either, so I didn't.

She said again that the way of the transgressor was hard, and I must sit in a chair while she thought how to punish me. I picked a hard chair to sit in, not a cane-seated one.

Mother said she would take my own little white-handled knife away from me, and I must eat with a big one like those I hacked. I said, "You can have my little knife for a butter-knife." I had heard her tell Teressa we would have to use it for a butter-knife,

because Mrs. Clarington had borrowed ours and not brought it back.

Sometimes when mother was annoyed I didn't know why. She was annoyed now. She took my hand and said, "We will go to the bedroom, and you must kneel down and ask God to make you a good girl."

I didn't want to go. I wanted not to so much that my legs moved in separate parts. I could feel my knees, and noticed where my feet were. I never prayed out loud, in the daytime. I knew quite a good deal about God. Usually I prayed when I was swinging, because I liked to swing. I always thought of God as having a good disposition. It seemed unnecessary to bother him about the knives, especially since it was all over and understood about, and he hadn't in the first place had anything to do with it.

While mother prayed I was so uncomfortable that if it had been any one but God I would have hated him. I almost did not like mother. I thought of a word so naughty that I did not dare say it to myself. Usually when I was naughty it was an accident, but this time I was so tired about the knives I wanted to be bad. I made a real prayer inside me, praying that God would say what I was thinking out loud. I wanted to hear how it sounded in the bedroom where everything was still except us. He didn't.

While I said after mother the words she told me to, I thought of a way I could say what I was thinking without being naughty. I whispered, "God said something to me."

Mother had her hands on the side of the bed, ready to stand up, but she stopped and put her arms around me. "My little girl," she said, "my little, little girl!"

I was afraid she wouldn't ask, "What?" but she did, and I said, "Silly."

It was a very uncomfortable morning. I sat in my high chair without speaking until dinner-time. I thought a long time about grown people. I thought of them as if they were wrapped in thick quilts, only not quilts, that kept them from understanding how things really were.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE[1]

By EDYTHE SQUIER DRAPER

(From *The Prairie Schooner*)

THE first dandelions were blooming. Peach tree branches were red in the sun.

A boy was ploughing in a small wood-bordered field by a river. But he stopped. When he heard a certain sound he stopped. The sound came from a machine going strongly to and fro in a town a mile away from the field. The plough handles shook in the boy's dark hands. The mule before the plough turned his solemn countenance, regarded that behind him, lowered his head and began nuzzling a grass-fringed clod. Away the boy leaped over shining black earth-billows. His hands shut and unshut. His shoulders heaved with his sobbing breaths. Tears rolled down his thin cheeks, and while he wept he laughed, as nightly he did with the other saints. One god to the boy was as another.

He came to the river bank, rolled down, ran beside slow black water to an embankment, climbed and ran on a trestle, once in his life unafraid of the water grinning and greedy between the ties. As he ran down the track he wept; he laughed, panting. He came to a smooth hard road. He ran.

"Get on the sidewalk, you blamed fool!"

Hands of the town marshal were upon him, so that his bones, his eyes, ears, hands, and feet had the sense of things shaken into them.

"Act like ye was drunk, boy! Straighten up, or I'll run ye in!"

Trembling inside, quiet outside, he walked on the white cement among people. He heard a man laugh and say: "I'd ought to be home a-workin', a-gettin' the spring work did. But nothin' for it I should bring th' kids to the circus. That there steam pyano don't seem to give ye no rest."

[1] Copyright, 1929, by The Prairie Schooner.
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" 'Llo! If there ain't Forrest! How's th' boy? Huh?"

He was standing face to face with a boy and two girls. They came to church some nights—sat on a back bench. He knew them. They knew him. One girl pushed the other over against him, all of them laughing. And so he was walking pretty soon with this girl, his first time for walking with a girl. She touched his arm, his leg, as she swung her small skirt there beside him, looking around, laughing, chewing. She stopped suddenly and, with her hand, which had silver rings on slim gray fingers, caught his arm in its thin dark sleeve.

"Say! I'm crazy 'bout them b'lloons! Ain't they swell?"

A little farther on a thousand red and blue and yellow balls were in the air above the dark people.

The girl's hand on his arm was hard and anxious. His eyes turned away from the balloons, and towards the girl. He saw her red, red cheeks, her flour-white nose, her clouded brown eyes staring at him, while now, pressing his arm, was her breast as well as her hand. A line, as he stared, grew deeper between the opaque eyes of her. The white nose wrinkled; the very red, thin mouth curled.

"Durn tightwad!"

The cry came into his ears and rang there, driving out the voices of people calling, laughing, the roar of machines, the squeal of whistles in children's mouths, all the noises of the town. He fell against a building's white front, at the girl's hard push upon him. The girl ran and caught another boy's arm.

" 'Llo, Virg, ole kid!" she gaily screamed. "Goin' to th' circus?"

Virg laughed and put his hand high up under her arm, pulled her close, and they went among the people toward the balloon-man, who bellowed through a funnel: "Ten cents! Only ten cents! One dime! Balloon for one dime. Only one dime. Ten cents. Get your girl a balloon."

Ten cents! Forrest knew where ten cents was—more than ten cents. Poppy had money he was going to buy another cow with because old Moll's udder had got half-caked. Pop kept the money in the old coffee-pot right there in the kitchen above the stove. He'd go home, get the money, and come back, find the girl, and buy a balloon, a sack of candy, everything.

He ran out of the town on roads. He turned in at a rutted lane.

It was getting evening. The steam piano was going up and down in the town. Voicelessly he laughed and called back, "I'm a-comin'!"

He neared the small, sagging, unporched house there beside the river, things lying about in the yard, a wheelbarrow without its wheel, a piece of harness, the handle and the tooth part of a rake, overturned coops, buckets. A man, a small man such as Forrest was getting to be, stood on the town side of the barn. His head was stretched forward. His fingers moved, and his knees. His brown eyes—like a hungry dog's—were open and fixed. He laughed aloud, once, and then he became still—listening.

Two little girls with pigtails sat on a hen-coop; an elder swung in a boardless loop of rope hanging from a small tree. The girls were not talking, not playing. Their mouths were open, their eyes turned toward town.

"I'll git the money. I'll git the money, go on back. I'll git the money." Whispering, the boy went. But a woman was in the doorway, her hands braced against its sides, a faded red calico dress hanging in long limp folds from her lean neck. She was very tall. A bit of light hair in a high thin knob went up from the top of her high thin head. Her mouth was open, one tooth hanging down from the purplish gum. Her eyes, lightish, were not clear, were not unlike the eyes of the girl in the town wanting a balloon, something so beautiful. The film over the woman's eyes was the film of desire and of dream.

For a passing moment she was aware of the boy, her son. Then she threw up her hands, and her face convulsively stiffened. Her eyes rolled upward until only the whites were visible, and so they remained, half-open.

"I'm took—one o' my spells," she said, in her voice that was always strangely like a man's. And there she was, lying stiff and long on the floor inside the house.

The little girl in the swing left it, came and stood beside Forrest, regarded her mother a moment, ran away. She came back, and Poppy was with her.

"Mommy?" the little man seemed in a high tenor to sing to the long woman on the floor. "Mommy?"

Mommy gave no sign.

Poppy turned to Forrest. "You take 'er feet, me 'er head. We'll git 'er on the bed."

They got her on the bed in the corner. She was heavy for the two small men, but not hard to carry, being stiff like a long iron rod. On the bed her lips moved.

"Poppy?"

"Yes, Mommy?"

"Git some on . . . 'em . . . in . . . to . . . pray . . ."

"Yes, yes, Mommy, I will, Mommy."

"Brother Pennington . . . Miz Myers . . . Miz . . . Zoucha . . . Brother Armes an' wife . . ."

The little man twisted his hands, his Adam's apple working fast in his thin yellow throat. "Yes, Mommy. Yes, Mommy. An' I reckon I'd best git th' Ruttgens . . . an' . . ." Poppy wet his lips with a trembling tongue . . . "an' Sister Kennard. Yes, th' Ruttgens an' . . . All right, Mommy, I'll go spread the word abroad."

Little Poppy seemed taller. His voice had deepened. He pulled at his sleeves. "You watch whilst I go, Forrest," he said. "I'll tell Brother Armes 'n' he c'n go to the store an' telephone th' filling-station an' they'll git th' Ruttgens an' . . ."

Why had Poppy, when twice the name was on his lips, not said "Sister Kennard"?

Poppy went walking off down the lane. The little girls sat on the step outside the door in the evening half-light. After a while two boys, Edward and Silas, came with something nice in a can—worms they had been digging for all day in the river bank. They talked, laughing a little, but no great noise.

"You kids hesh," Forrest went and whispered in the doorway above their heads.

The children became still.

Across through the dark woods, over the fields, down the black, slow river the steam piano called, called through his many throats.

Slow inch by inch Forrest turned his head and stared back into the room. He began to tiptoe in his hard, mud-caked shoes toward the stove. He came to it. Slowly he raised his hand close to the old coffee-pot on the shelf, touched its smooth side. His fingers slid up.

"Forr'st. What you want?"

His hand stayed above his head in the grey twilight. He could not pull it down. Then he did, pressed its back hard against his teeth, huskily mumbled, "Nothin', Mom."

The dark came, hiding the greyish stove, the stained, warped floor, the streaked walls, but not hiding the window and the bed beside it. As if nails held his feet to the floor, he stood, the shelf with the coffee-pot not a foot from his head, yet far as the farthest star in the sky, far as the town.

The black, empty country was still now, but remembering.

After a while came hoof-beats and the roll of wheels over ruts. A sigh from the bed, and Forrest's feet could move.

"Light th' lamp."

At the hoarse whisper he fumbled on the shelf—beside the old coffee-pot, but it had the feel now of anything else—found matches, and lighted the lamp on the table among pans and dishes.

Into the room filed dark figures, some high, some low, one, only, fat. The women's heads were swathed in scarfs; their skirts were long. Black beard on chin and cheek, and long, unkempt hair gave the men's foreheads an ivory shining. The eyes of all, like coals awaiting an enkindling draught, dully gleamed. One woman detached herself from the group within the door and let her scarf slip back, revealing flaccid jowls and a pursed mouth. She lifted the lamp and held it high over the livid face on the pillow, the skimpy folds of faded red cotton going down over the long still body, the shoes ragged, stiff, grey, motionless, against the footboard.

"Thckk! Thckk!" the woman said, "Turrble low!"

At once from the one plump woman came a long, high-pitched wail. Wailing, she ran to the bed, cast herself against it, began, shuddering and weeping, to pray.

Forrest knew this woman with one eyelid drooping, with a soft blue scarf, with soft white cheeks, and soft yellowish hair that curled against pink ears and round neck. This was Sister Kennard.

Poppy went down beside Sister Kennard. A tall man with a long brown moustache, then a woman, another woman, a man and two more women filled the side of the bed. Three women at the foot could not see over, kneeling, and so part of the time they

stood, Forrest with them. Forrest had been saved when he was fourteen, sanctified; he could do no sin; he could pray.

The room became full of sound: deep, steady bellowing from Brother Armes with his long moustache, the words unintelligible; shouts, "Hallelujah!" "Oh, Lord!" "Glory!" Broken sighs, screams and sobs, long sentences with the words jumping over each other quickly, descending to a deep groan, climbing to a high shriek. Tears coursed down faces. Eyes were closed.

An ebb came at length in the tide of implorings. Before the flood again Sister Kennard's voice: "Co-o-o-mfert this dear man! Pour in the oil of gladness. Co-o-o-mfert an' sistain 'im! This pore, lonely man! Th' wife o' his buzzum layin' col' an' dead in th' deep *an'* lonely grave . . ."

High and low, shrill and resonant, cries and screams and groans and shrieks.

Forrest added his voice, inaudible to himself. But—Mommy wasn't dead. Brother Kennard had been dead and there had been a great funeral last summer—or another summer before that. You prayed like Sister Kennard just then at a funeral, not when some one had a spell, was not dead yet. "Col' an' lonely grave." This time was Mommy going to be dead? Forrest, mute though performing the gestures of one clamorously entreating, eyed Mommy. Dead? Mommy going to be dead?

No. Mommy was not going to be dead this night. Mommy's face seemed like Mommy's face now, more. Mommy opened one eye, the eye by Sister Kennard. Deep lines came in her forehead. Red like fire came to her face. Both Mommy's eyes opened. And suddenly Mommy was getting off the bed, pushing a way between Poppy and Sister Kennard. And Mommy was jumping on the floor, shouting mightily: "Hallelujah! I'm ree-stored! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lo-r-rd!! Let us *ree*-joice!"

The sisters and the brethren, after a brief delay, as if they were hardly ready, encircled Mommy. They laughed, clapped their hands, and shouted, once and again: "Praise the Lord!"

The women presently wiped their faces, not white now, with their aprons, and the men with red handkerchiefs or their hands. Poppy alone stared at the floor, shoulders adroop, cheeks hollow,

nose long, bony. Mommy, not ceasing to smile—as was proper for her—stood near Poppy, taller than Poppy. Sister Kennard was not tall. She was round, soft, and low. That white lid partly down over Sister Kennard's right eye—what did that do? Well, you thought about Sister Kennard being a woman, a widow-woman, yes, a widow-woman.

The people went out and climbed in the wagon that had brought them. They talked little. The horses went along in the lane. The squeaking of the wheels sounded farther and farther away.

Mommy began to go about getting batter stirred up for bread. Forrest put cobs in the stove, not easy to do, because he felt as he had when getting over chills and fever. The children were on the bed. They watched Mommy. They were hungry. The biggest little girl went pretty soon and began to put cups around on the brown oilcloth on the table. She was good to help, the biggest girl. She said, while she reached across the table to put a cup down, "That wasn't no long prayin', Mommy."

"Long 'nough," Mommy said. She shoved a chair out of her way.

The biggest girl wanted to talk. She was always wanting lately to talk, like a woman. "Sister Kennard's a good one to pray," she said now.

"You hesh up, ten' to your business, or I'll learn ye!" Mommy picked up a stub of broom and shook it. Her face was all working, and her neck. The biggest girl screamed, her arm up over her face. Mommy turned around to the stove and Forrest saw a tear going down her cheek.

No. It hadn't been no long prayin'. There had been a praying that went on till sun-up, once, over at Brother Armes'.

Where was Poppy?

Poppy was in the barn. Forrest found him by noises, noises of snuffing and of sobbing. "Poppy," he said, "wat ye doin', Poppy?" For a moment he heard nothing and then a gulp and, "Ree-joicin', Son. Ree-joicin'. Hal-hallelujah!" Another gulp and a sort of groan in the little dark barn.

"Reckon supper's 'bout ready," Forrest said, and waited beside the sagging door. His father came out and they walked along in the dark together, keeping step with their short legs.

Corn-bread, not very much baked, made with water and a little

milk and soda, was steaming in pieces around on the table. A pail of syrup was there and another smaller pail with milk in it.

The family sat down, some on a bench along the wall, some on stools, two on chairs. They did not talk. They were tired, all. The children were sleepy, hungry.

The door was open. The air came in from wood and field, soft, still, not cold. A brown, dusty moth appeared and flew around the little lamp, bumping the chimney now and again. Chewing, swallowing, reaching for bread, for syrup, for milk, they watched the moth. As they watched, one sighed, and then another of the family, without knowing, until they had all sighed, deeply.

After that in the quiet: "Cro-aak! Cro-aaak! Cro-aaak!"

An interval of stillness, and again: "Cro-aak! Cro-aak! Cro-aaak!"

Silas laughed and called out in his little thin boy voice: "I know what them is! Frogses!"

"No more frost," Poppy said.

"Mom! Mom!" Edward was pulling at his mother's dress. "Hey, Mom! C'n I go bar'foot t'morry? Kin I, Mom?"

"That you kin, Son. That you kin!" Mommy's deep laughter was pleasant to hear. "Ain' got no shoes no more nohow!"

"C'n I?" thinly piped each little girl.

Their mother smiled at them, her one long tooth showing agreeably, and she nodded at the pale, eager faces.

They hugged themselves and shivered a little. Oh, barefoot! You wriggling, grass tickling, mud going up between your toes, gravel hurting, you getting used to it.

"I aim to give this here place a good cleanin' t'morry, I do," Mommy said deeply. "Spring a-comin' on so."

"I'll see ter gittin' that cow t'morry, I will," Poppy said. "Pay's much down's I've got, work th' rest out fer Williams."

"I'll work th' rest out fer Williams, I will," Forrest said. "I'll be done that ploughin' t'morry easy."

They all sighed again, and smiled, and lay down and slept.

ANSWER [1]

By RUTH PINE FURNISS

(From *Transition*)

MAY I come in, dear? Doris—daughter—may I come in? Answer me, dear, I know you're awake; I've heard you moving about for a long time. Doris!—Very well, then, if you won't answer— Darling, what *are* you doing out of bed at this time of night? You'll catch cold, standing there by the open window. What's the matter, little girl? Do you feel sick? Answer mother.

No, Mother . . . I don't feel . . . sick.

Then what—? Wait, let me turn on the light. You *are* crying. I was sure I heard— Turn around, sweetheart; turn around and let mother see your face. I can tell you're crying; it's no use to try to— Come darling, turn around now and get back to bed. You shouldn't be standing in the— Why aren't you in bed and fast asleep?

I . . . couldn't seem to . . . go to sleep, that's all.

Well, but even if you couldn't, my dear, you shouldn't be up this cold night, standing in— What kept you awake, Doris?

I don't . . . know. I just couldn't seem to . . . go to sleep.

Well, that's really nothing to worry about, darling. Why, often, when I was a little girl fifteen years old, I used to lie awake—for hours and hours sometimes, when I was excited or happy over something. But I never got up and— Come straight away from that window, now, and get back to bed.—How pale you are, sweetheart. And your poor little eyes are all red and swollen. What *is* it, Doris? What's bothering mother's little girl. Come, get back to bed and mother'll cover you up nice and warm. Then you can tell her— *That's* it. That's better. See, mother's tucking you in all "tighty-tight"—like you and Donald used to say.

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Ruth Pine Furniss.

Remember, darling, how you both used to say that, when you were tiny? There. Now I'm going to sit right here on the bed beside you, while you tell me— Sweetheart, *don't* cry so. Such great big sobs for such a very little girl! There, there, there. Tell mother all about it and then you'll feel better.

No. I can't. I can't. I can't ever . . . tell any one . . . ever.

But you can, little girl; of course you can. Haven't you always told mother everything—you and Donald, both—from the time you were tiny?—Doris, you're worrying me. Answer me at once, dear. Tell me what it is.

I can't. I can't.

Darling—don't speak so loud. You'll wake Daddy.—Why are you shaking so, Doris? Have you got a chill? You *have* caught a cold, standing there—just as I— Wait now. I'll run right downstairs and make you a cup of nice hot broth. And I'll bring you up an aspirin, too.

No, no. Don't leave me, Mother. Don't go away.

But—

No. Please, Mother. Please don't go away.

W-well, not now then. Later on.—But if I'm going to stay with you, Doris, you must tell me what the trouble is at once. I can't dream what can be making my sweet little girl— At once, Doris. Don't keep mother waiting and worrying any longer. Answer her. Now.

I can't. Oh, I can't. But you're . . . going to know. Every one's going to know. You, and . . . Daddy, and . . . and every one at school, and . . . Oh, I can't bear it. I can't bear it.

Doris—I—don't understand. I—what do you—? O-oh. *Now* I know what you mean. I know what it is, now. Your examination. That's what it is, *isn't* it, Doris? Your examinations at school. You didn't pass, and when the reports come in, every one will have to know. That's it, of course.—Well now, sweetheart, is it really worth so many tears—and a cold, into the bargain? You mustn't cry about it any more. It doesn't matter.—I mean to say, of course it *matters:* Daddy and I want our little girl to do well at school—and our big boy, too. But there are so many other more—important things. Stop crying now, darling. Dry your poor little eyes. It's all right, Doris; it's perfectly all right. I don't feel badly, this one time—and neither will Daddy,

I know. I'll tell him about it, ahead of time. I'll explain, so that he—

Mother . . . don't. Please don't . . . *Exams*. As if any one would . . . would . . . Exams. It's funny. My, but it's funny. It's the . . . the f-funniest thing I ever heard in all m-my . . . life . . .

Stop. Doris—*stop* laughing like that. Stop it this instant. Such a dreadful sound.—Now you *must* tell me, Doris. If it's not the examinations— Unless you stop laughing like that, my dear, I shall have to call Daddy—or a doctor. That's it. That's better. You—you really frightened mother, for a minute.—Now, darling, no more putting me off. You are to tell mother what the matter is, immediately.

I *can't,* I say . . . You'll hate me. You'll never want to . . . see me again, and neither will . . . Daddy. I tried, oh, I tried to . . . do something about it. I tried to find out what to . . . to do. But Dr. Brown wouldn't tell me. I didn't say it was . . . me; I said a . . . a friend. And he said my friend should have . . . should have been more . . . "careful." And I didn't dare ask any one else . . . *You,* Mother; maybe you know what a person can . . . how a person can . . . But first . . . I've got to *tell* you, haven't I? And I can't. I can't.

You don't have to tell me, daughter. I know—now.

How do you know? How? How? . . . Mother, you're not *looking* at me. You've taken your hand off my shoulder. You hate me. You never want to see me again . . . Oh, I want to die. I do want to die. I can't live in this house any longer. I . . . I . . .

Doris—my littlest Doris-baby, listen to me. Listen to mother, sweetheart—and don't, ah, don't talk so—wildly. Don't *say* such things—about not wanting to— Doris, my precious one, there are just three people in this whole world who matter to me; really matter. Daddy, and my little girl, and my boy. I love you three with—with all I have inside me. Do you think, Doris, that there is anything which could change my love? There is nothing. Nothing.—This is *my* fault, sweetheart. I've shielded you too much, always. I've taken the wrong way with you. Daddy said so years ago. He said we should be more open with both you children. We should *tell* you about—things, he said. But I—

It wasn't . . . that, Mother. I knew. The girls at school . . . told . . .

—But I didn't agree with him, God forgive me. So he left it all to me. "Perhaps you're right," he said. If I'd listened—if I'd only listened to him in the beginning— So you see, my darling, this is really mother's fault. You're not to blame yourself—no, and no one else shall blame you, either. We'll go away for a while, you and I together. We'll meet this together. Mother will help you, sweetheart. Mother is—is strong. And—afterward, she'll think of some way, some plan. She'll do anything; anything.—Oh, my Doris, my littlest darling, my sweet beautiful little girl, who could have ever—who could have *dared*—What vile, wicked, crawling creature on this earth could ever have dared touch—

He's *not,* Mother. He's not . . . any of those things. He didn't . . . mean to. Neither of us meant . . . It was . . . it was just as much . . . me.

You needn't say that, little girl. You needn't try to protect—I *know* my Doris. Any one who would—

But it's true, it's true. You *mustn't* blame him. He didn't mean . . . It was every bit as much . . . He just came in to kiss me good-night, one time when you and Daddy were out to dinner. And . . . and then . . . all of a sudden . . . something seemed to . . . to *happen* to us . . . Both of us, at once . . . Donald *didn't* mean . . .

Doris—what are you—saying to me? What is this that you—are saying to me—now?

Nothing. Nothing. I didn't say anything. I made a mistake. I said the wrong name. I mean . . . I meant, it was Donald *Vance,* Mother. Not our Donald. Not . . .

You are lying to me, Doris.

No, no, no. I'm not. It wasn't. Donald Vance is the . . . He's the one who . . . Not our Donald, Mother. Not ours . . .

You are lying.

Mother, don't . . . don't *look* that way. You look as if . . . as if . . . Oh, I'm *afraid.* Where's Daddy? Where's Donald? I'm afraid . . .

Be silent.

Mother, we didn't mean to. We . . . we'd never even *talked*

about such . . . things. Something just seemed to happen to us, Mother . . . Oh, how could I ever have said his name? . . . I'll go away, Mother. I'll leave your house. You won't ever have to see me again . . . And it wasn't his fault, Mother. It was mine. Yes, it was much more mine; I know it was . . . Donald's wonderful, Mother. Donald's just what . . . just what you've always thought he was. It's only me who's . . . who's . . . all those things you said . . . You *shan't* be disappointed in Donald, Mother. Only in me. Only . . .

Doris, give mother your hand. Give mother your hand to hold, little girl. Mother is—strong. A little time—just a little bit of time, and then she'll think of—something. Some way—some plan; some—some answer—

BLUE SKY[1]

By WALTER GILKYSON

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

"BLUE sky, smiling at me, nothing but blue sky do I see." The pianist's shoulders shook up and down, marking an inner rhythm that beat through the wail of the saxophone and the shuffle of dancing feet. The dancers were turning below him in a square of powdery light; the room was dark, noisy, and hot, thick with perfume and smoke. It was nearly closing time, but the tables were full. This morning two American ships had put in at Toulon, and the Café Verdun was doing well.

The music stopped and the lights went on. The noise of talk scattered through the room, and the square of dancers broke up, spread around the tables. Women squeezed their way behind chairs, swinging their little bags. French and American officers were seated together, and red, white, and blue bunting hung down in loops from the wall. The doorway into the bar was crowded, and beyond the heads the pianist could see the long legs of the women seated at the bar.

He looked around restlessly, as if he were expecting to see something he didn't want to see. Then his glance stopped short. At the table below him a woman was seated, alone, staring up, as if she had been waiting for him to look at her. He nodded, but she didn't move. There was something reproachful, malignant, in her steady stare. The gold of her arms and breast shone flatly in the harsh overhead light, and her rings sparkled as her fingers closed round her glass. The noise of the room left her untouched, apart, a small figure in green, with black eyes, staring up.

The music began and she sat in the semidarkness watching his moving shoulders. Once he turned to speak to the violinist. His coat was too small, and when he bent over, it rose up at the

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collar. She could see his profile now, his snub nose and wavy hair. He looked young and tired, and he had a trick of throwing his head back suddenly as he played.

When the dancing stopped, the party at the table next to her left. A waiter began clearing up behind them. In a moment two men crossed the floor and sat down at the table.

"Cognac," one of them said to the waiter. "Three Star." He held up three fingers. "They understand that." He undid his vest, stretched back his big shoulders, and looked around. "See 'em better from here, Jim," he said.

"Yes." His companion's eyes glittered behind his spectacles. "Liquor and the study of humankind go together," he pronounced sententiously. "It ain't economic, though. An' economics is the well-spring of our nation. Humanity is man's first aid to business." His thin face grew thoughtful and he looked over the room. "Man's first aid to business," he muttered. "I said that first in nineteen-and-nineteen."

"Yes, you did, Jim," the big man answered. He nodded gravely. "That was an editorial that pleased well. It pleased well." He turned half-way round. "They're fat and darkish here; after Paris, I should say." His large, innocent face was gravely judicial. "An' our boys in blue at the tables an' Old Glory upon the walls. It's a good sight. A sight to take home." He poured out a drink. "That young man can beat the box, too." He thrust a forefinger at the pianist.

Jim didn't answer. He was looking at the woman seated below the pianist. "I was wonderin' what she was," he said; "that lady over there. I suppose she might be an Algerian."

Clayt surveyed her. "I dunno," he said. "They're all darkish, down here on the Riveyera. Now, an Algerian woman, I should say—" He smoothed his chin solemnly.

The woman turned round and smiled. Then she leaned over and tucked her green stocking about her garter. Both the men looked away. The big man sighed. "I dunno," he whispered across the table. "She looks to me as if she had some kind o' colored blood."

"Maybe," said Jim. He was watching the pianist. "That's an American boy, Clayt," he said. "I can tell by the way he plays."

"Yes," Clayt said. "You were always a close observer, Jim."

He was looking at the woman, whose back was turned. "There'd be a difference between Algerian an' colored, I should say, wouldn't you, Jim?"

Jim nodded. He took another drink. The woman had turned around again. "I don't dare to smile at her," the big man murmured. "She might come over and sit down."

"Well, what harm would that do?" said Jim. "You ain't goin' home with her?"

"Not if I know it!" the big man exclaimed devoutly. "You know me, Jim!"

The woman rose, a small, impudent figure in a great silk sash, and shuffled across to the table. "You boys been up to the convention?" she asked.

Clayt nodded. Then he stumbled to his feet. "Take a seat, ma'am," he said.

She sat down, and he waved his napkin at the waiter. "Another glass," he commanded, holding up one finger. "Been summerin' on the Riveyera, ma'am?" he asked. He looked a little frightened and his blue eyes kept moving away.

"Yes," she said. Her voice was low and rough and her eyes shone darkly under heavy lids. "I been summerin' with a show in this God-forsaken country. 'Bottomland.' From Broadway. All New York girls. We broke up in Cannes an' I come on here with a friend. In two weeks my friend's comin' back an' take me to Paris. You boys been up to the American Legion Convention?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Clayt. "Shall I pour it?" He held the bottle over the glass.

"You might," she said. "You've got a nice hand for such little things. I'll bet you had a good time in Paris without the wife. So did that little fellow." She tapped Jim on the fingers. "I'd like to seen the parade myself. They say Jimmie Walker was there and two hundred of New York's best."

"They were," said Clayt. "An' twenty thousand more." His eyes shone. "You should have seen it. How!" He held up his glass.

"You're a dancer, I take it," said Jim complacently, cocking his head to one side.

"You both take it and have it, Freddie, in your own little way," she said; "I am. I'm Genevieve Lamont." She yawned, lifted

her hands to her black, close-rippled hair, and pushed in her comb. "You gentlemen bankers from Pittsburgh? You look prosperous."

Clayt laughed. "He's an editor," he said proudly, pointing to his friend. "James Brack, editor of the Peoria *Herald*. An' a captain of infantry who's seen service in France."

"My!" She turned around. "Newspapermen are my buddies, Jim. An' you? What do you do, when you're not deceiving your wife?"

"Me?" Clayt laughed again. "I'm president of the Clayton Jasper Plumbing Company. General business." He cleared his throat. "All over the State."

"An' a major," broke in Jim.

"On the staff, Jim." Clayt shook his head. "Only on the staff."

"Well, you're safe there, so why worry?" the girl said. She poured out another drink. "I'm not much for glory." She scowled and put down the glass. "I've heard too much about it here lately, an' I'm off."

Neither man spoke and Clayt looked away.

"That boy plays nicely," said Jim. "Is he an American?"

"He!" Her black eyes gleamed viciously. "Yes, he's an American. He's a down-an'-outer I picked up myself here in Toulon not two weeks ago. Flat!" She spread out her hands. "I bought him the clothes he has on. I saw him one night down along the wharf when I was goin' to Michel's. Leanin' by a post, lookin' down at the water. He walked along front of me and I saw his face. 'That's an American,' I says, an' I took him along. Took him home with me and got him his job." She turned on Clayt, her face like a negro war-mask. "Got him his job, I say! An' what d' y' think!" Her voice rose savagely. "The skunk up an' left me! Left me a week ago. Spent all night marching up an' down sayin' he'd been a soldier, been a man once, and, by God! he was goin' to be one again. His buddies was up there marchin' in Paris. His buddies!" She laughed shrilly. "An' I bought him the clothes he has on!"

Jim stared at her behind his spectacles. "That's quite surprising," he said. He turned and surveyed the pianist. "I've known cases like that."

Clayt moved his head as if something hurt him. "Poor boy," he said.

"Poor hell!" she snarled back at him. "He's rotten, you mean! I should 'a' let him drown!" Her nostrils twitched and her heavy scarlet lip protruded. "Not that it makes any difference to me. He'd nothing to give me. I'm taken care of. Only"—she took up her glass sullenly—"he left me before I was through."

Clayt sighed. He was sitting as far away from her as he could, on the edge of his chair. "He seems like a nice boy," he said, after a moment. "I should say he's had bad luck."

The girl stared at him. No one spoke. Then she got up.

"Much obliged, gentlemen," she said.

Clayt nodded politely. "You're welcome," he said.

As she reached her table Clayt leaned over trying to catch sight of the pianist's face. "That's awful, Jim," he muttered. "He's a young fellow and right nice-looking." He sighed, then poured out another drink. "It's awful what happens to some men. We've seen it ourselves, back home." He drew a deep breath. "An' that woman, she's a Jezebel, that's what she is. If I'm any judge of women, she's a Jezebel." He bent over the table, with his elbows spread out. "A buddie," he murmured. "A buddie in distress."

"It's a pity," said Jim. He looked up at the boy. "That's what comes o' livin' in foreign countries, Clayt. We're an adjustable folk an' we take readily to foreign ways. An' it ain't so good." He reached for the bottle. "It leaves a man without moral support, and moral support's what gets you through life. The opinion of neighbors, that's what stiffens you up. An' we've got strong opinions at home." He poured out a drink. "They're strong and they're widespread an' they're backed by public approbation. That's the steam in our engine, public approbation. It's made us great an' it's goin' to keep us great. It's the well spring"—he paused—"the well-spring of our moral ascendency. We're a great country, living openly for ends openly arrived at." He lifted the glass.

Then a great burst of chords swept over the room, and both the men leaped to their feet.

Every one stood up, tense, silent, the Americans at attention.

Their faces were turned toward the orchestra, as if an invisible symbol were flaming through the music. "Oh, say, can you see," the big man hummed under his breath. His face was ecstatic and his arms were rigid at his sides. The pianist was playing, now, with a passionate fury, and the great chords swept out through the room, shrill, desperate, defiant, rising suddenly to a cry of terrible triumph.

Then they echoed and thundered away, leaving the room in silence.

"That's a great piece," said Jim. His eyes glittered behind his spectacles.

Clayt nodded without speaking. He stiffened his arms again as the orchestra began the "Marseillaise."

When the music stopped, the lights went down and the crowd began to move toward the door.

"That's the last piece," Jim said. The pianist was putting his music away.

"I'm going to talk to that boy," said Clayt. He got up and crossed the floor. The girl was still sitting at her table, and as he approached she looked at him, and he stepped aside suddenly, knocking into another man. "I beg your pardon," he said. Then he made a wide detour around the table.

"Young fellow," he called, when he reached the platform, "young fellow!"

The pianist turned around.

"Come here!" Clayt beckoned, then bobbed his head vigorously. "Come here!" he called again, and the pianist crossed the platform.

"Come along with us," Clayt said. He laid a hand on the young man's arm. "Come along," he repeated portentously. "You're an American boy, aren't you?"

The pianist nodded.

"Well, then, come along. My friend and I want you to have a drink." He pulled him gently by the sleeve. "We're alone in a big city an' we want you to have a drink. It ain't painful an' it won't take but a minute. We like the way you play an' we want to buy you a drink. Come along!"

"All right," said the pianist, "I'll come." He stepped down from the platform and then straightened up, a little frown on

his face. "We can't get anything here, though. We'll have to go somewhere else."

"Anywhere you say," said Clayt. He led him by the arm to the table. "This is my friend James Brack, the editor of the Peoria *Herald*," he announced, "an' I'm Clayton Jasper of the same city. Best in the world. We're old soldiers, come down from the American Legion Convention." He spread his large hands out on his chest and balanced himself on his toe, nodding affectionately at the boy.

Jim held out his hand and the pianist took it. "I'm John Herrick," he said.

"City?" demanded Clayt.

The boy paused. "Staunton, Virginia."

"Good place." Clayt nodded approvingly. "Birthplace of our War President, although God knows I didn't vote for him. I'm a black Republican, myself. In the plumbing business. General —all over the State." He put his arm around the boy's shoulder. "Now, let's all go somewhere and get a drink."

"We might go to Michel's," said the pianist doubtfully. "They're open till three. You're very kind," he added, with a glance at each of the men. Then he drew himself up and straightened his ill-fitting coat.

"Not at all! Not at all!" Clayt frowned vigorously and started toward the door.

"Been over long?" Jim asked. He waited. "Been out o' the States for long?" he asked again.

"About two months." The boy left him and caught up to Clayt, who was standing at the door. "That's the way to Michel's down there," he said.

"Nice to get out, ain't it?" said Clayt. "Warm for September. An' dark. Old city, Toulon?" He stumbled slightly on the cobblestones.

"I don't know," the boy answered. "It's a big naval base. That's the harbor down there."

They walked down the narrow street. Below them still globes of light were floating in a black mist. The corner lamps threw yellow circles on the pavement, and voices came out of the darkness, the gray uncertain gleam of faces, and figures passed by without shape. The globes of light were spreading toward the

horizon and the mist was solid, crossed with faint glimmering bars. Dark shadows rose from it, looming over isolated reflections in the water. The smell of the harbor came up between the buildings, heavy and damp, filled with fresh slow decay; and at the end of the street a lamp threw a pale-blue cloud over a gulf of black.

Then a door opened on the corner to their right, and closed again.

"That's Michel's," Herrick said.

Clayt opened the door and the others followed. Inside was a small white-washed room, vibrating with noise and heat. Narrow alcoves ran out from the walls, enclosing tables, and a square bar stood in the centre of the room. The smoke drifted in layers around the centre light, and the low glaring walls and ceiling pressed heavily through the smoke.

"You ask for a table," Clayt said.

Herrick beckoned, and a waiter led them to one of the alcoves.

"Cognac?" Clayt asked when they were seated. "Cognac, Three Star." He held up three fingers.

A woman came over to the table, swinging her little bag. Clayt frowned. "I don't like 'em much in this place. They're too active. I remarked the same thing in Paris." He began undoing his vest without looking at the woman, and she laughed spitefully and walked away.

"It's Jim she's after," said Clayt. "Jim's an old soldier." He turned to Herrick. "You an old soldier, too?"

Herrick nodded.

"In the line?"

"Yes."

"What division?" asked Jim.

"First."

Clayt raised his eyebrows. "First!" he repeated with admiration. "First Division. Well, buddie!" He poured out a drink. "We'll drink to that."

"You ought to have come up to the convention," Jim said when he finished his drink.

"I'd like to have. I couldn't." Herrick looked down.

"Well, you ought to have come," Jim repeated. He tightened his spectacles behind his ears. "It made a big difference, that's

what I found. You know how the boys felt in nineteen-and-nineteen? Up in Paris when it was all over and we were going home?"

"Yes," said Herrick. He smiled suddenly. "I remember."

Clayt poured out three more drinks. "You fellows in France together," he grumbled, "an' me at home in a uniform buyin' pipe."

"It was the old spirit of the A.E.F. marching down again through the Paris streets," Jim declaimed softly. He was leaning back with a happy smile. "That's good liquor," he said, shaking the glass. "We had good liquor in France in those days. Always good liquor in France."

Clayt poured out the drinks again. "To the First Division *an'* the Twenty-Eighth," he said.

"That's mine," said Jim. "Enlisted in Pittsburgh. We saw plenty of service. That's all forgotten." He waved his hand amiably. "We marched in the Victory Parade. An' last week we marched again—through the Arch, with all the sidewalks of Paris shouting and crying. Old Black Jack was there. Just the same." He sank back in his chair, cocked his head to one side, and smiled at Herrick. "You remember?"

"Yes, I do," said Herrick.

"They were good days," Jim murmured. "God, they were good! Made you feel as if the Americans were the best people on earth." He sighed, poured out another drink. "You know—you felt that way again up there in Paris last week. Yes, you did. The Army of Remembrance, some fellow called us. Not that we aren't the best people in the world." He sat up, then brought his fist down on the table. "Right now! Let 'em say what they will! But in those days the whole world believed it. An' now we believe it alone. We believe it alone," he repeated mournfully, "An' up there in Paris, for a while, they all believed it again. You ought to have been there, Hendrick." He shook his head. "You play the piano well. Very well, I say. But you ought to have been there."

"I couldn't go," said Herrick. His gray eyes, fixed upon Jim, were sharp and hurt. "If I'd been there, I know I'd have felt the same way that you did." He pulled down the wrinkled sleeves of his coat. "I seem to have lost touch"—his chin sank, then rose bravely—"I seem lately to have lost touch with my old

associations. It won't be for long." He smiled painfully. "In a little while I'll be back."

"Sure, you will!" exclaimed Clayt. "First Division!" He poured out the drinks again. "Professional piano-player?"

"No," said Herrick. He paused. "I'm a lawyer by profession."

"Well, well!" Clayt lifted his glass. "Good profession. There's plenty of 'em. Here's to law!" He poured down his drink. "*An'* order!" He winked heavily, then put a hand on Herrick's arm. "You're a nice fellow," he said. "A nice young fellow. Now tell me"—he patted the arm affectionately—"now you tell me, how in hell did you come to be playin' the piano in a joint like that one back there?"

The boy quivered, tightened his lips, then he drew his arm away.

"We're friends," said Clayt. He leaned over, swaying slightly, and put his hand back on the boy's arm. "We're all friends. I'm a little drunk, but I'll understand you." He wagged his head. "Now you tell me! You're a nice young fellow an' I want you to tell me."

Herrick looked at him. "You're the first Americans I've seen for two months," he said. He gulped painfully and his fingers tightened against the edge of the table. "I know you're friends, all right. I haven't seen enough lately not to recognize them." He reached for the bottle and poured himself out a drink. "I lived in Staunton and I left there because of two things," he said quietly; "a woman and certain difficulties in connection with my family. When I left Staunton I went to the Panhandle field. I made some money there and I lost it. Then I went to Shreveport and then to New Orleans. I haven't many friends, and those I have I don't care to see under certain circumstances."

"That's right!" said Clayt. "Different circumstances make a difference; I know that! An' I like pride." He patted the boy's arm. "You got pride, young fellow. I saw that when you were playing the piano. I said to Jim here, didn't I, Jim? 'That young fellow can play, and, what's more, he's got pride!' The way you played the 'Star-Spangled Banner'—"

"Shut up and let him go on," said Jim. "Go on, my friend."

He peered benevolently from behind his spectacles. "I am a man and nothing human is alien to me—"

"That's from an editorial!" exclaimed Clayt triumphantly. "I can always recognize them. Excuse me," he said to Herrick, "go on." He poured out another drink. "First Division!" he whispered to himself.

"Well, there's not much more," said Herrick. "I was broke and I took a job on a boat to New York, and then over to Marseilles on the Fabre Line—playing the piano. I used to play in college." He shrugged his shoulders. "That's all," he said.

"Hm," murmured Clayt. He was fingering his glass. "Do you like it here?" he asked suddenly. His eyes were bright and his face was red and perspiring. "Do you like it here?" he repeated ominously.

"No," said Herrick.

"Want to go back?"

Herrick smiled. "I should say I do."

"Well, you will, then!" Clayt's arm swept over the table and his glass tumbled to the floor. "You will! I'll see to that." He leaned over, peered at the boy cautiously. "You got good habits, Hendrick?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so," said Herrick, laughing.

"I'll bet you have! You've just had bad luck, that's all. Just bad luck. I know all about that. Now!" He fumbled in his pocket. "Here's my card. Clayton Jasper, wholesale plumbing. General business. All over the State. I employ five hundred men. I can find you a job. A man with your education!" He leaned over benevolently. "You're sure you've got good habits, my son?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Herrick laughed in spite of himself.

"Good! You come round to-morrow morning to the Hotel Universe and we'll fix it up. Passage and all. I'll send you back first class to Peoria, Illinois. And give you a job." He picked up the bottle, and began looking around the table. "If I could find my glass, we'd all have another drink," he complained.

Herrick looked down at the card. Then he turned it over in his hands. "I'm obliged to you, Mr. Jasper," he said. "Very much obliged." He glanced away suddenly. "I can't tell you—"

"Oh, that's nothing," Clayt exclaimed. "What's a couple o'

hundred dollars, anyway? I've got a good man an' I'm payin' his expenses back to work. I'll use you, don't you worry. You'll earn your money. I'm betting on you." He leaned forward and his eyes sparkled shrewdly. "Maybe you've got a little war record, Hendrick, you ain't told us about yet."

Herrick looked down.

"Come on now," said Clayt. "Any medals?"

Herrick's face grewred. He twisted hishands together nervously.

"Come on," Clayt insisted. "I got a right to know all about my employees."

"I suppose you have," said Herrick slowly. "I—you make me feel very uncomfortable. Well"—he laughed nervously—"I have."

"I thought so! You see! I'm the fellow that always knows!" Clayt waved his arm at the room. Then he leaned over. "What is it?" he asked.

Herrick fumbled in his pocket, pulled out his pocketbook. "This is very bad," he said, "but I can't help it—you've been so decent to me." He took out a medal and laid it on the table.

Jim picked it up.

"D.S.C., Clayt," he said.

"Showing your medals, are you?"

The men looked up suddenly. Standing beside the table was the girl in green.

"Telling 'em what a fine boy you are, are you?" Her voice was guttural and thick and she was smiling viciously at Herrick. "Pin 'em on and stand up and show 'em what you are! He's a gentleman, he is! He's too good for me—he's got medals." She leaned uncertainly against the table. "Pin 'em on, Johnny!" she cried. "We all admire you, so go ahead and pin 'em on!"

Herrick drew back. His face was white and the corners of his mouth twitched. Both the men were quiet, their eyes fixed on the table. "Pull down your sleeves, Johnny," the woman commanded. She began to laugh, holding on to the table. "The boy's growing out of his coat!" she screamed. "He's a big man now! Never mind, dearie, I'll get you a new one and you can pin your medals on it. Oh, God!" She drew back and her head swayed a little to one side. "Oh, God, Herrick, but you make me sick!"

Jim rose. "Will you leave us, madam?" he said impressively. "We were having a talk in which"—he bowed—"your presence can have no part."

"Well, now!" said the woman. She peered at him. "You've got a silver tongue, you have. You could fill a church. An' old papa here"—she looked down at Clayt—"old papa here, he's a regular old sugar daddy, ain't you, papa?"

Clayt sprang to his feet. "Get out!" he cried. The veins in his forehead protruded and his eyes flashed. "Get out, I say!" He stepped toward her, his arm outstretched. "Get along, lady! Get right along! An' make it quick!"

The girl didn't move. "Regular old turkey gobbler, ain't you?" she said. "I'll bet you're a nice one in the home. Don't you touch me!" She thrust out her face. "I'll go when I'm ready." She turned around, pulled out a chair, and sat down beside Clayt. "Sit down, papa," she said. "I like you. Let's have a talk."

Clayt collapsed. He looked feebly at Jim.

"I think we'd better go," said Jim briskly. He walked round the woman to the waiters who were looking on.

Clayt turned to Herrick. "Let's go, son," he said.

"If he goes, I go, too," said the woman.

Herrick shrugged his shoulders. Then he got up. "I'd better arrange this myself," he said.

"All right." Clayt nodded. "I understand. Pay your debts." He fumbled at his coat. "If you want anything—"

"Please don't!" said Herrick sharply.

"All right." Clayt nodded again. "I understand. Pay your debts. See you to-morrow morning at the hotel. An' if you want anything—" He wagged his forefinger solemnly. "Pay your debts. But don't pay 'em too often. Good luck to you." He stepped cautiously round the woman and followed Jim to the door.

The woman watched him, and Herrick stood beside her, his face white and quiet, waiting for her to look round. Then she turned. "Afraid to sit down?" she said.

"No. I'm going home. You forgot to tell those men, Jennie, that I paid you for the clothes."

"Oh, hell, what's a coat!" she said wearily. "I'm tired, an' I

been drinkin' too much, that's all. Comin' home with me?" She took his hand.

"No." He shivered and looked at the hand. "I'm going home myself."

"Those boys stake you?" she asked dully. "God, I'm tired!" Her head sank. "Those boys stake you?" she repeated, stroking his hand. "I'd stake you, Johnny, yes, I would, if you'd let me."

His lips tightened. "I know you would," he said. He tried to look at her but his eyes kept turning away. "You picked me up when I was finished. I haven't forgotten that. Only—I can't explain it to you, Jennie."

"You don't need to." She looked up at him. "I do call you names, though, don't I? Yes, I do." She shook her head. "And, my God, you deserve 'em! Well." She got up. "I guess that's all. You don't need to come." She picked up her bag and began to move toward the door.

He followed her, and they walked out together and started down the pavement that flanked the harbor. The light in front of them fell in a cloud above an arc of snaky water, and across the street the lamps dropped one by one down a black cleft between the houses. Everything was silent, closed, drugged with the night smell of the sea. In the harbor the scattered globes hung motionless above formidable shapes, and the dark stacks cut slantwise across the stars.

"You go on," she said, stopping in the circle of light. "I'm stayin' here." She faced him, small and sullen, with heavy, menacing eyes. "Go on!" She jerked her head toward the houses. "That's your way. I'm stayin' here." She turned away from him and walked to the edge of the pavement.

"I'll go to the house with you," he said.

"No, you won't," she answered without looking around. "I'm stayin' here. You're through with me so go along home." She bent her head, and her shoulders began to tremble. "If ever I find another man an' take him home an' feed him an' put clothes on his back an' get him a job, I'll know it, that I will!" She began to sob. "Oh, go on home and let me alone," she cried.

Herrick threw back his head, then pressed his hands tightly against his face. "Oh, Lord!" he cried desperately. "Jennie—come on! I can't leave you here, Jennie!" He touched her on

the arm. "I know all you've done for me! Indeed, I do! Jennie! Please, come!"

She didn't answer, only moved closer to the edge.

"Please, come!"

"You let me alone," she muttered. Her voice was choked and her fingers were knotted under her chin. She was breathing in long, broken sighs and swaying over the water.

"Jennie!" he cried. He seized her by the shoulder. "Jennie—if you'll come away from there—"

Then a sudden shout from the street made him turn, his arm round the girl. A taxicab was approaching the light and some one was waving frantically from the window.

The door of the cab opened and a large figure plunged out.

"Young fellow!" it cried.

Then Clayt advanced heavily toward them over the stones.

"We got worried about you, Jim and I," he said, his face red and shining in the light, "so we picked up this French night-hawk on the street, and came back here after you. You better come over to the hotel. I got business I want to talk to you about." He bowed toward the girl without looking at her, and took off his hat. "Good evening, miss," he said.

"I'll be glad to go," said Herrick. He glanced at the girl.

"All right," Clayt said. "Come along." Then he bowed again. "We'll be glad to take you, miss, anywhere you'd like to go."

"I'm stayin' here," she said sullenly. "He can go."

"Here!" Clayt looked down at the stones. "This ain't no place to stay." He shook his head. "No, indeed, this ain't no place to stay." He walked over and took the girl by the arm. "Come along, miss," he said. "We're going to take you home, too." He pushed her gently toward the door of the cab. "Wherever you live we'll take you, and be glad to do it. We've got all night. Jim," he cried, "pull down the seat. We're going to take the young lady home, too."

She got in; crouched back in the corner opposite Jim.

"What address?" asked Clayt, thrusting his great body through the door.

"Seventy-nine rue de Grenoble," she answered. Then she began to laugh. "You'd make a great advance man for a show, papa," she said bitterly. "You're too much for me!"

SUMMER DUST[1]

By CAROLINE GORDON

(From *The Gyroscope*)

SHE walked on a dusty country road. The dust was hot; it lay so thick on the road that her feet went out of sight each time they sank into it, and as each foot went down, with a little plop, the dust rose, sometimes as high as her chin, never as high as her head. Olivia, walking on the other side of the road, raised the dust so high that she walked in a cloud. Olivia was eight years old. Son was eleven; he walked in front with Aunt Maria.

Aunt Maria walked fast, just ahead of the cloud of dust. Every now and then she turned round and called: "Hyuh, you chillun, stop that!" But she had not turned around for a long time now.

She had a basket on her arm. It rattled as she walked. There were three tin buckets in it, and a quart measure. One bucket was for her, one for Olivia, and one for Son. The quart measure was for Sally.

"Put that in for Sally," Aunt Maria said up at the house. "She kin pick up peaches too."

Son had turned round and looked at Sally. His eyes were very bright; his lower lip hung down until she could see the red part next to his teeth.

"I'm not a nigger," she thought, "I'm the only one who's not a nigger!"

She ran on ahead and opened the first gate just as Aunt Maria got to it. He let her and Olivia through, then he waited for Sally. "I'm not a nigger," she thought again, "I'm not a nigger!"

This road they were walking on ran from the House to the Old Place. There was a row of peach trees on one side and a pasture on the other. Son stopped every now and then and picked

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up one of the little yellow clings that lay on the grass, bit it half in two and threw it away. Once he handed Sally a peach. She was about to bite into it when she looked up and saw by his face that there was a worm in it. She threw it down, and walked on beside Olivia.

Son ran ahead. His feet made a snake in the dust. A great, lalloping snake that went from one side of the road to the other. She and Olivia had to walk in its coils. She hadn't seen a snake this summer. Last night, sitting on the steps after supper, Alec asked Tom: "How many snakes you seen this summer?"

"Six," Tom said. "One was up a tree."

Snakes climbed trees, Tom said, and sucked bird eggs.

In the spring Tom and Marie, the old cook, used to go to the woods, hunting snakes. They took a sharp stick apiece and a hoe and one forked stick to bring the snakes home on. They always brought one home and hung it on the fence so it would rain before sundown. It made a yellow place on the fence; you couldn't climb there.

The road ran past the big cedar tree. The branches hung very low. She put her hand in among them and picked some berries. Even in summer they looked as if they were frosted.

". . . But what will I eat?" asked the little princess. "Roots and berries; do not be afraid, my child," said the fairy godmother.

An old woman who lived alone in a wood had a house built of peach stones. The king in the Green Fairy Book caught little fish out of the brook with a golden hairpin tied to the end of the queen's girdle. . . .

She wanted to ask Son if he still had the Green Fairy Book. She had given it to him last Sunday while he was freezing the ice cream in the back yard. The freezer stood in a tub of water under the sugar tree. Son sat beside it on a sack of salt. His arm went over and down, over and down, over and down. She stood in the doorway and watched him, then she went over and stood beside him.

"You can have my Green Fairy Book, Son," she had said.

He did not answer. She stuck the book in his coat pocket. He straightened up and it slid down, out of sight, into the bottom of his pocket.

"Sawney . . . Sawney . . ." came from the house. That was

Grandma calling Son "Sawney." She said she wouldn't call no nigger "Son."

Son had got up and walked around the house. As he turned the corner she saw the book sticking sideways in his pocket. She had not seen it since.

They came to the Old Place. The Wilkinses lived at the Old Place now. They were poor white folks. Son ran on ahead and climbed the gate. Mrs. Wilkins was sitting on the porch churning. When she saw Son she stopped churning and came down the steps. Aunt Maria unfastened the gate and let Sally and Olivia through. While she was fastening it Mrs. Wilkins kept walking towards them. Aunt Maria did not look up till she was right at her.

"What you come here for?" Mrs. Wilkins said.

"I come to git some peaches," Aunt Maria said in a soft voice.

"You can't git no peaches here," Mrs. Wilkins said, "them's my peaches."

Aunt Maria kept her face turned up to Mrs. Wilkins and smiled. "Naw, they ain't youah peaches," she said. "They'se Miss Molly and Mistuh Ed's peaches."

Mrs. Wilkins looked away from Aunt Maria out to the garden.

"I wisht I'd picked 'em yestiddy," she said. "I was just lettin' 'em sun one more day. I was just lettin' 'em sun one more day."

She turned and walked back to the house. When she was halfway there she turned around. "Miss Molly Murray and Mistuh Ed Murray is low down dawgs," she called, "low down dawgs." Her mouth worked; up and down first, then from side to side. She put her hand up to it and called through her fingers: "They ain't nothin' but low down dawgs."

Aunt Maria was still smiling. "They may be dawgs," she called back, "they may be dawgs, but they laks peaches. Come on, chillun, pick 'em up."

They went on into the garden. Son was already there, picking up peaches.

"Hyuh, Sally," Aunt Maria said, "hyuh's youah quaht measuah."

Sally took it and bent over, brushing the weeds with her finger tips. She didn't pick up any peaches. She didn't want any peaches.

II

The Black Horse stepped slowly through the gate, shaking each foot a little before he put it down. He did not want to come. She had to get down and lift the chain back on the nail herself. When he did not want to go into a place he wouldn't fool with gates.

"We'll stop in the branch a long time," she told him.

They moved forward, through sunshine. It fell on his mane, turning some of the hairs red, then slid along his neck, past his shoulders, and on over her leg. She turned in the saddle and watched it slide off his rump. They were in the wood.

This was an old road they were on, an old wagon road. The ruts on either side were very deep; grass grew thick in them, and there was a high, grass-grown peak in the middle. He would not walk in the ruts. He walked on the peak, crumbling it down with his hooves. Looking back she could see where he had stepped; black earth showed through green half-circles of crushed grass. She pulled him up to the path which ran above the road; she did not want to leave any tracks in the wood. "Chh-chh," she said to him, then held her breath until the sound had died away.

Not far from where the sunshine stopped, a big pokeberry bush grew out in the path. This was the place, she thought. She pulled him to the right, hard. They slipped past the bush, into the deep wood.

The trees grew very close together, so close together that he could hardly get through. "Chh-chh," she said to him again. But he was mad, and stopped, throwing his head back sharply. She bent forward and locked her arms about his neck. "You lead the way," she said.

He stepped on faster. She shut her eyes and lay close on his neck. Every now and then branches brushed her face, but they did not hurt. She let her hands fall loose against his sides. Once she felt cool leaves on her hands and closed her fingers on them, tearing them along with her. She lay closer, making herself still more a part of the horse.

"I can go anywhere he goes," she thought.

He stopped short. She opened her eyes and sat up. There

was a tree on either side of her: his shoulders were wedged between them. She turned and looked all around her, but she could not see any way of getting up again if she got down. She pulled back hard on the reins and called to him in a deep voice: "Hyuh, Boy . . . Hyuh, Boy . . ." Slowly he came free of the trees and made his way around them.

A little farther on they passed a log. It had been cut a long time: the ends were quite gray and covered with dead, gray-green moss. "Nobody has been here in a long time," she thought. "Nobody."

Beyond the log there was an open place in the road. A patch of may-apples grew there. She could see some green apples in the crotch of one of the plants, just under the leaves: it was time for them to be ripe, she thought.

She slipped down from the horse and slung the reins over her arm. Then she bent over, lifting first one leaf and then another, until she found two yellow apples. She ate them sitting on the log. They were sweeter than usual, and cool. She ate them all, down to the white fibres around the little bitter seeds. She liked that part best of all, and she liked to suck the slick seeds.

The horse stood browsing the air while she ate. She offered him a may-apple leaf; he snuffed it between his lips and let it fall. She looked about, but she could not find anything for him to eat. There was not any grass in the wood.

She got up and walked on, the reins still slung over her arm. He walked so close behind her that his nose touched her back. He poked his nose between her side and her arm and snuffed her middy blouse between his lips. "Quit that!" she said. "Quit that! You tickle." She had not meant to speak out loud like that. It seemed funny to hear her voice sounding out in the middle of the wood. She could hear it a long time after she had stopped speaking.

She walked on, stepping as softly as she could, so that the leaves wouldn't rustle. At the foot of a big oak there was a lot of thick moss, bright green, with tiny, tiny yellow flowers growing out of it. Close to the tree the moss was crushed down as if somebody had been sitting there—and a little way off something bright and shining lay on the ground. She walked over and

looked at it. It looked like half of an ear-ring, a golden ear-ring. . . .

"A gypsy has been here," she thought, *"a gypsy."*

She saw the gypsy woman going through the wood—a dark woman with a crimson scarf bound tightly about her head, and two round golden ear-rings as big as saucers, swinging out from the scarf as she walked.

The wood was thicker here. The branches of the trees came down very low. They scraped against the saddle, and made a sound like a tree creaking in the wind. She did not like to hear it. She tried to go faster, pulling the horse this way and that, getting nowhere. Finally she stopped.

"We got to quit this," she whispered to him.

She drew a branch down and tied the reins to it and went forward alone.

Ahead it grew darker . . . The leaves of a half-fallen tree, drooping, made a green house . . . There was a rustle in the leaves on her right. She started and stood still. In the gloom beneath the branches a little owl squatted. Its feathers were ruffled in fright, its eyes shone golden in the gloom. It stared at her a moment out of its great eyes, then scuttled away among the leaves. She watched until it was out of sight, then she turned and made her way back through the trees to where the horse stood.

III

They were driving to Ellengowan. Tom sat on the right hand side and drove. He sat halfway out of the buggy, with one foot on the step. Every now and then he leaned out between the wheels and cracked the whip on Sandy's legs.

"Sit up there!" he yelled. "Git up there!"

Sally sat in the middle. Alec sat on the other side, putting on his shoes. Then he leaned over, his elbows stuck into her ribs.

"You quit that!" she told him. "I ain't goin' to have you hittin' me in the ribs."

He raised his face up until it was on a level with hers. "Ain't you?" he said. "Ain't you? You ain't? Ain't you? What you goin' to do with 'em then?"

Tom looked down and smiled. "Take 'em home," he said. "Take 'em home. That's what she ought to do. He pulled back on the lines. Sandy stopped still. "You want to go home?" Tom asked. "You want to go home?"

She would not look at him. She looked straight ahead, to where the road turned. There was going to be ice cream, she knew. She had seen Jim put the two-gallon freezer in the back of the buggy yesterday morning.

"Naw," she said, "I'm not goin' home."

Alec straightened up. "Aw, gawn," he said. "Everybody'll git there before us."

Tom stood up in the buggy and waved the whip over his head. "Aaaaaah-yi-yi-yi-yi!" he shouted. "Gimme room. I'm snaggle-toothed and double-jinted. Gimme room."

Sandy leaped forward, so suddenly that Alec and Sally fell into the bottom of the buggy. Tom held onto the lines and kept his feet. "Aaaah-yi-yi!" he shouted again. "Got to git there 'fore sundown."

Alec leaned back and put his feet on the dashboard.

"One thing," he said, "I'm not goin' to speak to Aunt Silvy to-day."

"You better," Tom told him. "She'll put something on you."

"She can't put nothin' on me. She ain't nothin' but an old nigger woman."

Tom sat down. "She's a hundred and fifty years old," he said. "Ain't many people a hundred and fifty years old."

"She doesn't eat little niggers, does she?" Sally asked.

Tom laughed. "And white chillun too if she can git 'em. She likes blood, and plenty of it. That's what makes her so strong."

"Well, I ain't goin' to have nothin' to do with her," Alec said. "Last time I was in there she nearly pulled my arm off."

"Don't let her fool you," Tom said. "She's strong. She's strong as ten nigger men."

Sally kept her eyes fixed ahead. Between Sandy's ears she could see the sunshine dancing up and down the way it does when it is very hot. She looked down and saw white streaks on the crupper. "You better not sweat this horse," she said.

Tom laughed again. "Once when Aunt Silvy was 'bout a hundred she went out and married her a young nigger to chop her

stove wood for her, and that nigger couldn't git 'way from her no way. When she laid down to sleep at night she held onto him with her little finger and he couldn't git loose from her whichever way he tried."

They whirled through the gate and up the drive and came to a halt with Sandy's nose within an inch of the first ring in the hitching rack. Sally got out slowly. One of her legs had gone to sleep. When she put her foot down it felt like a big swollen pin-cushion with all the pins and needles running into each other. She stood on the foot that was awake, barely touching the other to the ground. The dust that the buggy wheels had raised eddied about her. When she took a breath she could feel it, warm and gritty in her nostrils.

Tom unhooked one of the lines and snapped it on the ring. Then he turned and gave her a slow smile. "You better go see Aunt Silvy," he said.

He and Alec walked away across the grass.

She stood, resting her weight on the foot that had been asleep until the pins and needles were gone, then she started towards the house.

Cousin Alice came to meet her, smiling. "I'm so glad to see you, honey," she said. "Come on in the house." She stopped and looked down, still smiling. "Maybe you'd better run out to the cabin and tell Mammy 'howdy' now," she said. "The other little girls are there."

Sally turned and walked slowly round the house. Virginia and Ellen and Alice were just coming out of the cabin yard. "Come on," she called to them, "less go tell Aunt Silvy 'howdy.' "

Ellen and Alice looked at Virginia. Virginia smiled and shook her head. "We've been," she said. "We'll wait for you here under this tree."

Sally walked on to the cabin alone. She could see it shining through the palings of the fence. It was very white. The fence posts were white too, and even the stones that were around the flower beds had a coat of whitewash. On the porch Lily May, Aunt Silvy's granddaughter, sat rocking.

"Howdy, Sally," she said. "How you?"

"I'm all right," Sally said.

She stepped up on the porch. Lily May stopped rocking.

"You come to see Mammy?" she asked. "She ain't feeling so well to-day. She inside."

Sally stepped over the threshold and down, into the dark cabin. It was so dark inside that at first she could not see anything. She stood in the middle of the floor, waiting, until a voice said:

"Who dat?"

"It's Sally Ellis," she said.

In the far corner white eyeballs gleamed. She moved towards them slowly.

"Whyn't you come heah and shake hands with me? Wheah youah mannahs?"

She put out her hand. The hand that closed on hers felt cold, cold and brittle like a bird's claw that had fastened on her fingers once.

. . . Don't let her fool you. She's strong. She's strong as ten nigger men.

The bird-claw hand drew her forward until she rested on her knees. She struggled, sank to the floor. The dark face bent over, almost touching hers. The breath that fell on her was hot and dry. On top of the smell of nigger there was another smell, faint, sickish, yet strong too, like new saddle leather.

"It's blood," she thought. *"Blood. She eats blood."*

"Sally Ellis," she whispered.

"Sally Ellis? Who Sally Ellis?"

She closed her eyes.

"It's Miss Ellen's little gal, Mammy. Don't you 'member Miss Ellen, Miss Molly's daughter?"

She opened her eyes. Lily May stood in the doorway, smiling. She held up a finger and beckoned. "You bettuh run 'long to the house," she said. "Them boys'll eat up all that ice cream."

Sally got to her feet, and walked out of the cabin. She walked slowly until she came to the rosebush that stood halfway between the cabin and the house. When she got there she broke into a run, and she ran as fast as she could until she got to the house.

IV

When Tom got to the top of the Ellengowan hill he stopped and turned around.

"What are you coming for?" he asked.

"Mama said I could come," she answered.

He walked on a little way, then he turned around again. "What are you always goin' around with boys for? You're the only girl I ever saw liked to go round with boys all the time. Looks like you'd want to go round with girls some time."

"There isn't anybody at the house except Aunt Maria," she said.

"Well, why don't you stay with her? There ain't anybody at Ellengowan. There ain't goin' to be anybody there but Robert. Looks like you wouldn't want to be goin' round with two boys."

"I can stay in the parlor and play the pianola."

"How'll you know when I'm ready to go home? I can't be comin' and tellin' you when I'm ready to go home."

She did not answer, and he went on down the hill. There was always a big mud puddle at the bottom of the hill. To-day it spread across the whole road. When Tom got to it he stood on the edge and swung his arms and jumped over it flat-footed. He had on his shoes and stockings and his long pants; he couldn't wade in the puddle. But she was bare footed, so she stopped and waded. The water was a little bit cool and there was a lot of soft mud at the bottom. She scooped some of it up and plastered it on her legs. Her hand struck against something sharp in the mud; when she took it up one of her fingers was bleeding. She couldn't see the cut very well for the mud. She was washing it off when she knew that Tom had come back. She looked up. He was standing a little way down the road looking at her.

"Whyn't you come on if you comin'?" he said.

"I cut my hand," she told him.

"Had to go and cut your hand," he said.

Her finger was hurting her bad now. She forgot all about wanting to go and not making him mad. "Oh, shut up, you old fool!" she said.

Tom walked over and stood on the edge of the mud puddle and looked at her hard. "He who calleth his neighbour a fool is in danger of hell fire," he said. "She who calleth her brother a fool is in danger of hell fire."

"I never called you a fool," she said. "I called you a crool."

"What's a crool?" he asked. "What's a crool? Who ever heard of a crool?"

She did not say anything. Her finger wasn't hurting so bad now. She wrapped it up in her skirt and held onto it, tight.

They walked on along the road. "Hell fire," Tom kept saying. "Hell fire. Hell fire. Hell fire. Hell fire. Hell fire. Hell fire. Hell fire. Hell fire. Hell . . . Here comes Robert."

Robert came around the bend in the road, riding the sorrel mare, Nina. He was digging his heels in her side every now and then to make her cut up. When he got almost to Tom and Sally he dug his heels way in and made her rear up on her hind legs. Then just as she came down he reached in his pocket and took out a cigarette.

Tom sat down on the side of the road and began whittling on a stick he carried. She sat down beside him.

"Vergil Stokes was coming along the road in front of me all the way home," Robert said.

"Why didn't you give him a ride?" Tom asked.

Robert laughed. "Ye-es, I would!"

Tom looked at Sally. "Whyn't you go down the road a piece and pick some blackberries?" he asked.

She got up and moved down the road. She wished Tom would not speak to her like that in front of Robert. She got up and went away because she was afraid he would say something else if she stayed. He might begin saying "Hell fire" again. When she thought of him saying "Hell fire" like that her stomach hurt.

There was a blackberry bush a little way down the road. She stopped and picked some blackberries. Then she sat down and ate them.

"What did they do?" she heard Tom ask.

Robert turned sideways in his saddle and puffed on his cigarette. "Aw, it wasn't anything," he said. "Cousin Jim went with me, but he didn't need to go. When they called my name I just went up and stood in front of the judge and they asked me some questions. . . ."

There was some more blackberry bushes a little farther down the road, a whole clump of bushes growing in the shadow of a wild cherry tree. They were great big berries, and very sweet. You didn't often find blackberries growing in the shade, but

when you did they were the best of all. She cupped one hand to receive them, gathered until it was full, then ate them one by one.

Up the road Tom and Robert were still talking:

"Mr. Evans asked me if I knew Ada Peters and I said yes, and then asked me if I knew anything against her character . . ."

Robert was smaller than Tom, but he was two years older. He was seventeen in February; Tom was just sixteen this June. She lay on her back and looked up into the branches of the cherry tree. She could not feel any breeze at all, but the leaves kept moving a little bit all the time. She could see the blue sky through the leaves and the sun sent little needles of light through into her eyes. You couldn't look deep into cherry tree leaves the way you could into sugar tree leaves. When you lay on your back and looked up into the leaves of the big sugar tree at the House you couldn't see any light at all, nothing but green leaves. Sugar tree leaves were the best of all.

There was a whish of wings in front of her. She sat up quickly. A red bird flew past her and came to rest, swaying, on one of the top branches of a little locust tree across the road. She shut her eyes.

"I wish Ellen and Alice would come this summer. I wish Ellen and Alice would come this summer. I wish Ellen and Alice would come this summer."

She opened her eyes. The red bird was still swaying on the locust branch. He kept looking at her. Each time he turned his head she could see his eyes shine in the sun.

She watched him a long time, then she got up and walked back along the road.

Robert had got off his horse and was sitting on the bank by Tom.

". . . And then Mr. Taylor said, 'I'm sure Your Honour is convinced that this innocent lad has nothing to do with this affair.' And then I sat down."

"Was Ada there?" Tom asked.

"Yeah, she was there with the baby, and Mrs. Peters was there, but Mr. Peters wasn't. Ada stood up with the baby and they asked her a lot of questions, and then they got Vergil Stokes up there and they talked at him a long time . . ."

"What did Vergil Stokes say?" Tom asked. "What did *he* say?"

"He said it was him all right. And then the judge asked him if he didn't know it was a very serious thing to violate the age of consent, and he said he didn't know there was any such thing."

Tom laughed until you could hear the echo in the wood.

"I'll bet he'll know what the age of consent is next time," he said.

"I bet he will," Robert said.

Tom threw back his head and laughed again.

"Yeah," he said. "He'll know what it is next time."

"He'll know what it is next time all right," Robert said.

She walked back up the road and stopped in front of them.

"Come on," she said, "less go."

Tom looked cross. "Why'nt you go on home?" he said. "Why'nt you go on home now? We'll go a piece with you."

"I don't want you to go with me," she said, and left them and walked back towards the House.

The road was hot and burnt her feet. She walked fast, bringing the dust up around her in a cloud.

"But where will we go?" asked the Little Princess.

"We will ride on this cloud," said the Fairy Godmother, "to my crystal palace in the wood. There is a gold crown laid out on the bed for you there, and silver slippers, and a veil of silver tissue, embroidered with the sun and the moon and the stars . . . the sun . . . and the moon . . . and the stars . . ."

ADVENTURE [1]

By EMILY HAHN

(From *The New Yorker*)

AMONG the little dark Italians who thronged the narrow deck he stood out like a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* on a French bookstall. He was standing with his collar turned up about his quiet brown woollen scarf, smoking a short pipe and looking miserable. It was cold and the little boat was dirty; probably he was hungry and didn't know when we would have something to eat. I resented him. He had no business on the boat: he had much less business there than the other American, a thin lady with a culture-haunted face. His place was at a Thanksgiving football game with his girl. I resented him much more than I did that thin lady. You see thin ladies everywhere, but where he was, there was America. What was the use of travelling if people like that followed you around?

Palermo faded out in the dark and a gong announced dinner. We filed into a dingy green room and sat around a long oval table. There was a big woman in black satin at the end of the table, statuesque and contained. She helped herself to a large mound of spaghetti, oblivious to the fact that she was on the high seas, on the Mediterranean. There was a slowly increasing buzz of Italian; the men across the way discussed the perfume market and the waiters ran back and forth carrying fish and veal and bitter green salad.

Stolid and immovable, cautious and quiet, we three Americans sat in a row, swallowing food. The lady sat between young College and me and he asked her if she would like white wine. She said that she didn't care for white wine, but she was from California and on her way to Cairo to meet her sister. He said he was mighty glad to meet some one else from the States. Beaming,

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they turned to me, and soon we were chatting as fast as any Italian, happy and warm and back in the world again.

It's an overnight trip to Tunis; the evening stretched long and dismal before us. Miss California went to bed, and College and I perched on the edge of a hard plush bench in the salon.

"It certainly does sound good to hear American," he kept repeating. "I've been so darned lonesome ever since I left the boat at Naples. That was a good crowd all right. Never a dull minute. There was a bunch of vaudeville people going over and they were hummers. Never a dull minute. There was two of 'em, married in real life, that were acrobats on the stage. The girl was a little bit of a thing that weighed about ninety pounds; she'd make you lift her and then she'd stand on the floor and when you tried to pick her up again you couldn't do it. I don't know how she did it. Oh, it was some bunch." He clasped his hands around one knee and rocked on the edge of the bench, musing wistfully. "Say," he added suddenly, "did you ever mix your drinks?"

"Why—"

"I did," he said. "Red and white wine together."

"What?"

"Sure. One of the fellows was talking about mixed drinks and I tried it. It didn't have much effect, though. And I didn't like the taste."

I left him somewhat abruptly.

Next day I saw him again, in Tunis. He was sitting in the dining-room of the hotel; he waved his napkin joyfully and made me sit down.

"I went to Carthage to-day," he said. "I was looking in a store window this morning and this lady from California came along. I was looking at a pretty bad post card, but I don't think she noticed. She was going on this Cook's tour so I went along. I bought an antique coin from an Arab woman, but I think it's a fake. This is a funny place. No one talks English."

"Are you here on business?"

He blushed. "Well, I'll tell you. I came down here just so I can tell them that I've been to Africa. I'm going back to Europe with the boat to-morrow."

He did leave, and so did the thin lady, and it was weeks before

I saw him again. The boat to New York stopped at Cherbourg for passengers, and on my way through the corridor I heard him calling, running as fast as he could.

"What do you know about that?" he cried. "Listen: I've been in Paris and Rome and Venice and Switzerland. I have four visas. How are you? Don't these sailors talk funny? Where have you been? Where did you get on?"

During the voyage he spent most of his time in the library, looking bored. Sometimes he played bridge. But on bright days he stood at the rail looking longingly to the west, and one day his reserve melted and he told me all. It began, he explained, with a book by one Halliburton.

"I'm thirty years old," he said, "and somebody gave me the book on my birthday. That guy was just my age. I said to myself, well, here I am doing pretty well and Dad keeps talking about retiring and trusting me with the firm. I had two weeks' vacation and I went out and took a look at the Grand Canyon, but it didn't help much. I thought I'd settle down. Then I thought, well, but maybe I don't want to settle down." He dropped his cigarette into the water and looked back at it. "One morning at the office I got up and went out. The stenographer said, 'When are you coming back?' I said, 'I don't know.' I said, 'If Dad calls tell him I went to France, or maybe Spain.' I got an emergency passport and took the first boat over."

"When was this?"

"Oh, a long time ago. About a month. But I haven't had much mail—none at all lately, and I see by the paper there's a flu epidemic at home, and maybe . . ."

"The mail service is terrible, you know."

"Yes, I know. But I'm not sure . . . I shouldn't have left the office just then. It was a busy time. I'll be glad to see the old skyline again."

He sighed and looked again to the west. It was growing dark and over the cold gray water a pink glow was fading sadly. Soon the sky would be steel-gray and my feet would be cold. On Christmas Day in Palermo they had given me red and yellow flowers, and the sun had warmed the slow rain as it fell.

He sighed and shuffled his feet. "I'll be glad to see that old skyline. I wonder what happened to the mail. . . . Say, you

know I've been thinking. You've been travelling a lot; why don't you write about it? If you could hit it off like this fellow Halliburton . . . Why don't you write about one of your adventures?"

"All right," I said. "I will."

HAPPINESS UP THE RIVER [1]

By HARRY HARTWICK

(From *The Frontier*)

IT was just getting daylight as they came down to the river. Mist was lifting from the water. The sky was dark, but over in the east, light was flickering across the damp fields. Everything was cold and sleepy. The lights on the bridge down the river were still burning.

The boathouse was dark and empty. They rattled the door, but it was locked.

"We're just out of luck," said Alec. "That's all there is to it."

He went around the boathouse and peered through all the windows. When he came back, Bert and Peewee were still standing there by the door, shivering. The dampness from the river seemed to be soaking into their clothes. The air was cold.

"Well, what the devil are we going to do now?" said Bert.

Nobody answered.

Peewee shook his head.

"I can't figure it out at all."

They put down the stuff they were carrying, some bacon and potatoes and things rolled up in their blankets. Peewee went over and rattled the door of the boathouse again.

"It's locked all right," he said.

Nobody paid any attention to him. They stood there a few minutes, thinking it over. Peewee watched the door out of the corner of his eye.

Finally Alec looked around at Bert.

"What'd you ask the fellow last night, anyway?"

Bert looked surprised.

"Why, I just told him we wanted to rent a canoe in the morning. I said about four o'clock."

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"What did he say to that?"

"He said all right."

"That all?"

"Sure, that's all." Bert began to frown. "Say, listen. What's the big idea?"

Alec shrugged his shoulders.

"You talked to the guy, didn't you? Nobody else knows anything about it."

"Well, anyway, you don't need to jump all over me," said Bert. "You can do your own running around after this." He was mad. He turned and walked away. Alec and Peewee stood there and looked at each other. It didn't look very good for the trip.

In a moment, they heard Bert calling them. He was down on the landing of the boathouse. They found the stairs and went down.

Bert was standing in the darkness at the bottom. He just pointed. There was the canoe, sitting out on the dark landing with a piece of canvas draped over it. It was pretty dark, but they could see the handles of the two paddles sticking out from under the canvas.

"Well, what do you know about that?" said Peewee. He went over and looked at the canoe.

Bert looked scornful.

"Maybe after this you won't get in such a big hurry," he said.

"Listen here. I didn't say it was your fault, did I?" said Alec. He was getting mad, too.

"Well, it's all right," said Peewee, in a hurry. "Let's don't fight before we get started."

Bert didn't say anything. He went upstairs and got the bundles. When he came back down, they took out the paddles and spread the canvas over the bottom of the canoe. The bundles they squeezed under the thwarts. Then they dragged the canoe down the wet slippery landing to the water.

Mist was all over the river. Mist was clinging to the willows along the bank. It rolled and unrolled over the dark water. Everything was quiet. The water gurgled sleepily around the supports of the landing.

"Where I ought to be right now is home working on my English," said Alec.

There was a silence. Peewee held his breath and looked at Bert. Bert looked unconcerned. He was watching the river.

Peewee got uneasy. He tried to laugh.

"All right, come on, boys. Let's drop the old scow in the river."

It was getting more daylight. The river with the light glimmering on it looked grey and silent. It looked thick and even warm. But as they slid the canoe into the river, some of the water splashed on their hands. It was icy cold.

"All I have to say," said Alec, "is that if it stays this cold, we'll all freeze to death."

"Oh, it'll warm up in a little while," said Peewee, quickly.

Bert was silent for a few moments. Peewee waited helplessly. Finally Bert sighed. He moved his feet.

"Well, I guess we all have our little troubles." He laughed nervously.

"Sure. We all have our troubles," said Peewee, looking at Alec.

There was a silence.

"I guess I don't feel good to-day, is all," said Alec, at last. He bent down to get into the canoe.

Bert didn't say anything. He held the canoe carefully while Alec got in and balanced his way up to the seat in the bow. Then Peewee climbed in and sat down on the bottom of the canoe between the middle thwarts.

"Pretty soft for me," said Peewee.

"Don't worry," said Alec, laughing. "You'll get to paddle before it's all over."

Bert got in last and shoved off from the landing. The water made a noise around the prow.

"We're on our way," laughed Peewee. He held onto the gunwales a little nervously.

Bert and Alec paddled without saying anything. The mist was rolling swiftly over the water. It was as if the light growing in the east were rolling the mist before it. The canoe rocked unsteadily. The water splashed up onto the handles of the paddles.

"Let's get going," said Bert. "It's cold." He began to paddle faster.

"Boy, you're sure a hot paddler!" said Peewee.

Bert grinned.

"Now what's the matter?"

"What's the matter? You're splashing water all over me, that's all!"

"Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you."

Alec, up in front, laughed. Bert laughed, too.

"A little water'll do you good," said Bert.

They were getting out into the country. The paved highway that ran north out of the city followed along the right bank for a while. Then it turned into the trees and left them alone.

"This is great," said Peewee. He stretched lazily and tried to wrap himself up in the canvas. "I could go to sleep just as easy as pie."

"I guess you might just as well," laughed Bert. It was fun to tease Peewee.

Peewee sat up and turned around.

"How about it, Bert? Want to change off a while?"

"I should say not."

"I just as soon. If you want me to."

Bert laughed.

"This is a man's job. It'd get you down in no time."

Peewee looked disgusted.

"Well, any time you say."

They were silent again. Bert and Alec paddled steadily. Finally Alec lifted his paddle and rested. Bert stopped, too, and let the canoe drift along smoothly on the water.

"After you get onto the hang of it, you can go for hours without getting tired," said Bert.

"I'll bet," said Alec, without turning around.

Bert started paddling again. He looked thoughtful.

"You sure got the dumps to-day," he said.

Alec took up his paddle with a sigh.

"Well, it's a cinch you never had a five thousand word theme to get in with only a week to do it. You'd have worse than the dumps, all right."

"Hope you didn't come to college to study," mumbled Peewee from the bottom of the canoe. Bert laughed. He tried to sound consoling.

"Why, what the devil, that's nothing! I'm back about two weeks in English myself."

"Well, I don't care. It's no joke," said Alec.

"Who said it was? I tell you, I think sophomore year is even harder than freshman year."

"It sure is."

They were silent for a while.

"Say, what's in these blankets of yours?" said Peewee, raising himself up and dragging one of the bundles out from under the thwart behind him.

"Get out of that stuff," said Alec, twisting around.

"Well, when are we going to eat?" said Peewee, putting the bundle back.

"Not for a long time yet," said Bert.

"I brought some bacon," said Alec. "But we ought to save that for dinner."

"Did you bring that cake you said you were going to?" asked Peewee, turning round to Bert.

"That's for dinner," said Bert. "You don't get none till dinner."

"Well, we can have cheese and bread for breakfast, anyway," said Peewee. "I got about six pounds of cheese."

Bert laughed.

"Boy, you better watch out. You know what cheese'll do to you."

"Did anybody bring apples?" asked Alec.

"I did. A couple of dozen or so," said Peewee.

"I bet I could make a meal off apples alone," Alec mused.

"I brought a knife, too," added Peewee. "And a fork to cook bacon on."

"You'll make somebody a nice wife all right," said Bert.

Alec laughed.

After that, they paddled along talking. The sun began to warm the river. The mist had all rolled away, and the air was chill and shining. The bright sky had a blue, washed look. It was going to be a nice day. Along the shore, birds twittered in the trees.

"It's going to be a peach of a day," said Peewee.

"I'll say!" Bert agreed. "If it doesn't get too hot."

"You mean 'if it doesn't rain,'" said Alec, laughing.

Bert stopped paddling.

"I'll say this much. You've sure got a swell sense of humor to-day." He was getting tired of the way Alec was acting.

"Look here," said Peewee, sitting up. "If you two are going to fight this way all the time, we might just as well turn around and go back."

"All right, all right," said Alec, still laughing. Bert started paddling again.

They began to hear a rumbling noise ahead. It got louder as they went on. A brick smokestack swam out above the trees over there.

"Listen," said Peewee, holding up his hand. "I can hear the dam."

Alec listened.

"We must be nearly to Coralville," he said.

"About another mile is all," said Bert. "That's all. Just another mile."

Pretty soon the river curved to the right. Just ahead, on the far bank, some houses mixed with the green trees. Farther on was a long brick powerhouse with a tall smokestack in its center. Nobody was in sight. The town seemed to be still asleep.

They could see the dam up by the powerhouse. It lay in a shining flash across the river. There was something exciting about the way the spray sparkled in the sunlight, and the noise. They had to shout to each other as the noise got louder.

"Sit tight," shouted Bert at the top of his voice. "I'll swing her into the portage."

They were just below the dam, and the water was rushing and fizzing around the canoe. Bert turned the canoe into the narrow inlet that led off to the portage. The roar of the dam seemed to set the surface of the still backwaters to quivering.

In a moment, they glided up onto the mud at the end of the inlet. They climbed out and dragged the canoe across the short neck of land. As soon as they had pushed it into the water on the other side, they all climbed in again. Peewee tried to hang back and get in last. But Bert shoved him on in.

"Well, that's good enough for me," laughed Peewee, getting in.

Bert picked up his paddle.

"Maybe Alec'd like to change off for a while."

"Oh, don't worry about me," said Alec with a sigh, "I'll get along some way."

Bert stopped paddling. He looked mad. "For God's sake, now what's the matter!" he exclaimed.

"Nothing's the matter, if you want to know."

"You don't know, yourself. You must be nuts!"

Alec was silent.

"Well, I didn't want to paddle anyway," said Peewee. "Don't get that idea into your head!"

There was a silence, and then Bert and Alec laughed a little.

"I'm not that crazy," laughed Peewee. He felt relieved.

They started out from the portage. The water was quiet and deep above the dam. Gradually the noise faded away, and Coralville shifted around behind a curve in the river.

The air got warmer. The sunlight began to have a hot smell. Paddling near the banks, they could smell the warm mud and willows. It was pretty nice. Ahead of them, the river stretched out brown and glittering. Now and then, it narrowed till the canoe slid beneath the willows drooping along the banks. Mosquitoes danced around their heads as they paddled in the shade.

They ate breakfast in the canoe. Peewee opened up the blankets and handed out the stuff. It was cheese and apples and some bread.

"Is that all we got?" asked Bert.

"What do you want for nothing?" Peewee laughed.

Bert went on eating.

"Well, of course if you're not paddling, you don't get very hungry, I suppose."

Peewee sounded mad. "I told you about a hundred times that I'd paddle!" he said.

Bert looked surprised and a little sheepish. "Oh, I don't mind it. I'm doing fine. I like to paddle."

He got red in the face and began to scowl.

"There's a certain trick to it. Besides, you couldn't stick it out more than about five minutes. You don't know your stuff."

Peewee said nothing.

"That's why," added Bert. He was still flushed.

It began to get warmer. Bert took off his shirt and paddled that way.

"I bet it wouldn't take a fellow long to get good and sunburned," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," said Peewee. He let his hands drag to the wrists in the cool water. Up in front, Alec paddled steadily away. The sun beating down upon them made their backs and shoulders throb. It wasn't bad at all. Only it made them feel sleepy. The air smelled good.

Alec stopped to rest a moment. Bert grinned.

"What's the matter up there? I hope you're not tired already?"

"Oh, no. Nothing like that."

Bert laughed and paddled harder for a moment.

"Hey!" said Alec.

After that, nobody said anything for a long time. Peewee began to study the banks slipping by on each side. They passed a clump of cottonwood trees. In some places, cornfields ran right down to the river. Farther on, a brown cow grazed along the bank. Across the fields, a white farmhouse peeked above the pasture grass. Beyond, were a lot of rolling hills, washed in sunshine and smoky blue air. They passed several wooden landings built out into the water. Some waterstained rowboats rocked clumsily on the ends of frayed ropes. Now and then, a man fishing on the bank waved at them.

About one o'clock, they stopped for dinner. Bert headed the canoe up a bayou, and they looked about for a good place. The water in the bayou looked green and stagnant. The thick water bunched up in a little smooth roll under the prow of the canoe. On both sides, the willows were as dense as bushes. The banks were nothing but slippery mud.

Finally they found a spot that didn't look so bad. They turned in. Bert paddled hard and rammed the nose of the canoe into the mud bank. The prow slipped up onto the soft mud and then slipped down again with a sucking sound. It left a notch in the mud. Bert jammed the canoe up again, and Alec grabbed a willow branch till he could climb out and tie the canoe. Peewee and Bert got up and walked along the bottom of the canoe until they could step out upon the bank. As they moved around, the

canoe rocked and tapped the water with its stern. They got pretty muddy getting out.

"Just wait. The mosquitoes'll eat us alive in about five minutes," said Alec.

Bert whirled around. His face was red and angry.

"Listen!" he said, "I'm getting sick and tired of hearing you bawl around. If you don't like this place, you know what you can do!"

"Now look here," said Peewee, "there's no use in getting mad."

"I can't help it. He gets on my nerves!" exclaimed Bert.

Alec didn't say anything. His face kept getting whiter.

"Well, let's get some wood," said Peewee. "We can't stand here all day."

He walked away. Bert and Alec kept on standing there. Finally Bert turned and started to pick up wood that was lying around. A few minutes later, Alec dropped his hands to his sides and gave a long sigh. Then he started to gather wood, too.

They picked up all the dry wood they could find. Most of it was damp. While Bert was trying to break off some dead limbs from a small tree, he heard Alec start swearing.

"What's the matter, Alec?" said Bert, starting over.

Alec stumbled out of the willows. He was all covered with mud. He was mud from head to foot.

"It's awful," moaned Alec.

"I'll say it's awful," grinned Peewee, walking over to them.

"I've had a terrible time all day. One thing after another," said Alec bitterly.

"It's tough all right," agreed Bert. He was beginning to feel sorry for Alec.

"I don't feel good anyway."

"Well, never mind," said Bert. "We'll fix you up some way." He helped Alec scrape off the mud.

"After we get the fire going, you can dry your stuff, and the mud'll come right off."

They built a fire and fried the bacon that Alec had in his blanket. Then they spread out the blankets and began to eat. Everything tasted good.

"I think I'd feel better if we had a little coffee," said Alec, rubbing at the dried mud on his pants.

"We haven't got anything to make it in," said Bert.

"I know it."

They ate until everything was gone, even the cake.

"It kind of looks like we should've brought more," laughed Peewee.

They felt good. It was quiet and nice there on the bank. A cool breeze had sprung up, and now and then the sun went behind a cloud. Everything was comfortable. The breeze rustled the willow thicket behind them.

"I know something we forgot to bring," said Alec.

"What's that?" said Peewee.

"The most important thing of all, too."

"Well, what is it?"

"Water."

Peewee looked shocked.

"That's right. What do you know about that!"

Bert laughed.

"Water! What more do you want?" He waved a hand towards the river. "There's plenty of it. You got a whole river full of it."

"You can't drink river water," said Peewee.

"Why not?"

"Do you want to die?"

"Why? What's wrong with it?"

"It's dirty and full of germs. That's all."

"You're crazy. I'd just as soon drink it as any other water."

"Well, maybe you would. But I wouldn't."

The sound of oars clacking in oarlocks echoed from up the river. It sounded like some one chopping wood off in the timber some place. From where they were sitting, they could see stretches of the river through the trees. They watched. Presently a wide flat-bottomed rowboat came down the river. A rough looking fellow was in it. He looked like a river rat. Their fire must have attracted his attention, for he looked over his shoulder towards them as he passed. He watched them, rowing with his eyes on the shore, rowing slowly. Finally he passed out of sight down the river.

"I don't like that fellow's looks at all," said Alec.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Bert.

"Nothing. Only he looks too hard-boiled to suit me. That's all."

"Well, what do we care how hard-boiled he looks?"

"I know. But I just don't like the way he kept looking over this way."

"He was kind of tough looking, all right."

"There's a lot of bootleggers live up here," said Peewee.

Bert winked at Alec.

"How do you know?" he said to Peewee.

"I read in the paper about the police coming up here after them in a motorboat," said Peewee.

Bert laughed.

"All right, you drunkard."

They all laughed.

Gradually they lapsed into silence. Bert leaned against a tree and closed his eyes. Peewee watched the fire. Alec kept looking down towards the bank where the canoe was. He began to act nervous. He stood up and sat down a couple of times. Finally Bert noticed him.

"What's wrong with you?" he said.

"Do you suppose that canoe's all right down there?"

"All right? What would be wrong with it?"

"Well, we can't see it from here. Somebody might come up and steal it, and we wouldn't know anything about it."

"Nobody's going to steal the boat. Quit worrying."

"If somebody did steal it, where would we be then?"

"We'd be right here, I guess," said Peewee.

Bert laughed. Alec didn't look convinced.

"Do you know how much a canoe like that costs?"

"How much?" said Bert.

"Seventy dollars."

"Yes, but this old wreck isn't any good, though."

"That wouldn't make any difference. We'd have to pay it anyhow."

Bert shook his head.

"Not me."

"You'd have to."

"Why would I?"

"They'd take your credits or something."

"They have a way all right," added Peewee.

"What way?" said Bert, turning to Peewee.

"Never mind. They have, just the same."

"Well, if they have, why don't you spit it out?"

"That's all right."

Bert looked at him for a moment.

"You don't know what you're talking about. That's all that's the matter."

They all looked gloomily at the fire. The wind was turning cooler, and the sun was slipping beneath clouds more frequently. The breeze had a funny smell.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it rained before we got back," said Alec. "It smells like rain."

"I hope not," said Peewee.

"Just take a look over there," said Bert.

They looked.

To the south, above the thickets, a mass of green thunderheads had piled up in the sky. Even as they watched, the breeze seemed to carry them the sound of thunder.

"Did you see it lightning over there?" said Peewee.

"It sure is going to storm," said Bert.

Alec started rolling up the blankets. They hurried and put out the fire. As quickly as they could, they packed the blankets in the canoe.

When they finally got ready to go, the storm looked worse than ever. The big clouds were piling up nearer and nearer, and the wind was stronger.

"It didn't take us long to get started, did it?" said Bert.

"That old storm isn't wasting any time either," said Alec.

Peewee held out his hand, palm-upward. "It's starting to rain now."

It was sprinkling already, the rain falling in the river with a whispering sound.

They paddled fast. It was getting darker every minute. But the rain was letting up. By four o'clock, it was pretty dark, and a cold wind was wrinkling the river. Their clothes were wet. They had to paddle fast to warm up. Peewee wrapped up in the blankets.

By six o'clock, it was dark. But they went along as rapidly

as possible. They had to paddle close to the shore and trust to memory to know where the bends in the river were.

Presently they passed a lighted window on the shore. Alec peered into the darkness.

"I know where we are now," he said.

"Where?" said Bert.

"We're about a mile this side of Coralville. That light's the old shack by the quarry."

"I guess you're right at that," Bert agreed.

They could hear the sound of voices coming from the shore. Suddenly the sound stopped, the door of the shack opened, and somebody came out. They could hear a woman shout something and a man answer her from down the river a ways. Then there was the sound of somebody running along the bank. And then silence. It was all pretty creepy.

"What do you suppose they were doing?" said Peewee.

Nobody answered. They were listening. But everything was quiet.

"What was it, do you suppose?" Peewee whispered again.

"Well, I could make a guess," said Bert, laughing.

"It probably wasn't that at all," said Alec.

Bert laughed. "Don't kid yourself. You sure got a lot to learn."

There was a silence while they paddled. It was still thundering, but most of the storm had passed over. It would rain for a few minutes, and then stop. Then it would begin again.

About seven-thirty they came to the portage. By the time they reached the boathouse, it was nine. It began to rain again, just as they got there.

SEPTEMBER SAILING[1]

By ELEANOR HAYDEN KITTREDGE

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

"I HAVE a young American who is on his first visit to Paris to look out for. What shall I do with him?" Ellen questioned.

Thérèse, her French sister-in-law, looked up. "What kind of a young American?" she asked.

Ellen smiled at her expression. They looked alike, Max, Ellen's husband, and his sister, Thérèse. They had the same sharp, tired, distinguished faces, the same look of *race*, of finely drawn skin over good bones; and they were never more alike, Ellen had noticed, than when they were searching for a new amusement.

Thérèse went on, "If he is nice and wants to be gay instead of to see relics, turn him over to me. I am fascinated by all the exaggerated Americans you can't endure."

Ellen seemed to be reflecting. "I am afraid he wouldn't do for you, Thérèse. I've an idea he is solemn. His mother writes that he is fastidiously aloof."

Thérèse laughed and answered, "Decidedly not for me then. I should undoubtedly convince him, quite inadvertently, that Europe is entirely corrupt. Why is it, Ellen, your countrymen consider that French people must be wicked?"

"But they don't—all of them!" Ellen protested.

Thérèse was amused at her tone. "I believe perhaps even you still think we are corrupt, Ellen," she went on; and then the conversation streamed away from Ellen's young man to the general and peculiarly fascinating subject of the false notions each continent invariably cherishes about all of the others.

With a part of her mind Ellen was listening to her sister-in-law's quick, sharp comments.

"I like your ruthless, unaware Americans," Thérèse was saying.

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"When they go sensitive they seem to lose the best thing they have—their sublime assurance—and they become just second-rate, subtle Europeans."

With another part of her mind Ellen was still thinking about Margery's letter. She had found it, with the boy's card and his Paris address, earlier that afternoon when she turned into the courtyard after walking home from a tiresome luncheon. It was a soft May day. The chestnut trees in the gardens were in flower, pointing their candlelike blooms to the sky—fantastic spring Christmas trees; and over against the crumbling gray walls Ellen had noticed with sharp pleasure the pink hawthorn. The concierge had come out of her lodge with the letters, and they had talked for a moment about the quality of the day. The concierge liked her young mistress, for they shared a passion for growing things. Then Ellen had taken the letters, smiled, and gone on into the house.

The name on the card meant nothing to her at first, but after a little she had realized with surprise that this was a message out of her own youth—this John Forester of the card in her hand must be Margery Forester's son. She read the letter with a queer feeling of uncertainty. Was she really old enough to belong to the generation with grown-up sons?

Dearest Ellen (Margery wrote), here is my boy. I know you will be kind to him—at first for my sake and then, after a little, for himself. I've told him so much about you. I wonder if you have ever quite realized how, through the years here, I have loved to think of you, my old Ellen Maitland, become a countess, and living in a setting I can only dimly picture. Of course none of the rest of us could have done it, lived up to it. We should have spoiled it or been somehow out of key, but even at eighteen you had that fairy-tale quality. Lovely romantic things must always have been your destiny. I wonder if you will see in John what I have always seen—a kind of spiritual kinship to yourself. He has the same fastidious aloofness I remember in you and the same eager longing that the pattern of life should be beautiful. Dear Ellen, I feel as if I were making you both a rare gift in bringing you together. It is funny to think this little jog-trot place which goes on so unchangingly should, none the less, have produced you both.

Long afterward Ellen wondered if her restless mood on reading Margery's letter had been due to a kind of second sight, for she found herself far more curiously moved than Margery's own words would have been likely to make her. That old, static, summers-in-Jamestown and coming-out-together affection might be moving enough in a world where almost nothing lasted; but Ellen had known, while regretting her knowledge, that nothing so simple and obvious and tender could move her nowadays: that was perhaps the trouble. And yet Margery's letter made her realize that she still thought of America as an almost mythical place where simple emotions might be possible.

It was queer, Ellen was thinking, as Thérèse, Max, and the others went on talking, that after twenty years of Europe she should be able to visualize the sights and sounds and scents of Naragansett Bay with more vividness than something new she had seen the day before yesterday. And yet she had never wanted to go back—at first, probably, because she had been too happy and then, after her father died and the War came, because she had felt too empty. There was nothing for which to return now, since she knew that, if she should step on a boat to take her there, the place would only show her how implacably the years had dealt with her. Weren't the relativists saying that time could be bent—that the minute-by-minute passing, of which Ellen was too consciously aware, was merely an illusion because one felt time drifting by in little bits?

The piece of time since 1904 when Max had been a young secretary in the French Embassy in Washington did not seem a mere bent scrap to Ellen. If the War hadn't come, and Max had gone on in the diplomatic service, and they had had children, would her life have had more reality, Ellen sometimes wondered. The ten years before the War had been adequate enough—first Washington, and then Max's post at the Quai d'Orsay. It had been the sort of life that Margery Forester (who had been the only childhood friend who had gone on really caring for Ellen after she had become the Comtesse d'Evreux) probably dreamed about as diplomatic experience in the capitals of Europe. Outwardly that period had had all the conventional glamour but, after 1914 glamour had vanished astonishingly from the European scene. Didn't any one in America realize that?

The group around Ellen's tea table now realized it, however. How many times had she heard these same phrases, *"Il n'y a rien à faire"?* The old life had gone, and if France—Europe—were to be saved, Max and his generation could do nothing about saving it. They hadn't the hope or the energy. New people were doing it; but, even in their own world, Ellen had seen that the younger brothers and sons had been caught by the American pragmatic success. They laughed a little to discover that the modern world was exciting—amusing. The very youngest ones didn't even deprecate an attitude toward life that their fathers and grandfathers would have found fantastic. There sat Max's young cousin who was delighted with his post in an American bank in the Place Vendome, and who talked of the Bourse and the New York Stock Exchange with the enthusiasm Max's generation had reserved for a new idea.

"Do you remember Margery, Max?" Ellen asked her husband speculatively. "She was at our wedding and she gave a dance for us a night or two before we were married. She is this boy's mother."

Max tried to remember. There had been so many people about —that September in Jamestown. He had a keen and unpleasant recollection of the bucolic little island and the ugly turreted houses of wood, and the wind—day after day the September wind out of the west. It had always been his impression that they had practically plunged from the bay to the altar.

"I remember I thought, an hour or two before, that we were going to be married in bathing suits," Max said, laughing a little, "and I remember the wind, but I can't say Margery is very vivid."

"I remember the wind." Ellen, too, remembered the wind and the cloudless blue September days. Where had it gone—the feeling she and Max had had then? Until the War he had found—he must have found—her New England seriousness lovable; but, after he had come back from the front, Ellen had seen very quickly that everything about her only bored Max to distraction. He hadn't been able to help it, and she had never felt he should be reproached for it. It was as if his small stock of potential solemnity had been so heavily overdrawn that the very qualities of her character which had once amused and delighted him now merely irritated him with a profound permanent irritation. Even

her beauty no longer touched him—what little she felt was left of it—for his sensuousness had gone with his solemnity, and the only thing for which he any longer searched in a woman was a genuine mirth.

Once or twice Ellen had noticed him almost eagerly watching new women laugh, and, as she had read in his face his quick disappointment at the nervous laughter where he had hoped to find healing vitality, peace, she had understood and been genuinely sorry for him. Why were women so little gay? She had tried, for a time, when she had first understood his need, to meet it herself, but she knew her effort had been grotesque.

They had referred to it only once, in that hectic spring after the Armistice. They had been driving home through the *Bois* one evening in April, and Ellen remembered cowering, ashamed, in the dimness of the car. She had also felt a little sick because she had tried to find in champagne the gaiety to set her bubbling (she, who had gone through the War without alcohol, had begun to wonder whether she could go through the peace). It was stupid, naïve of her to have supposed it would do her any good, or change her. Max had seemed to understand the effort and even to appreciate it, for he had touched the hands crossed on her evening wrap. *"Pauvre Elaine,"* he had said, "don't try any more. We are both too dead, aren't we?" His voice had hurt her. It had not asked a question, but Ellen had made the mistake of trying to answer it. "Do you suppose simple people who have to work for the next day's bread have come alive more easily? Would they work at all if they didn't?" Then Max had taken his hand away and lighted a cigarette. Though his expression had been invisible, she had known he was frowning and trying to control his quick impatience. She had tried to analyze and argue about something so empty and gutted that her words merely made him angry. If she had only been able to ripple with laughter, Ellen thought, and to have answered so that he would have been forced to believe her, "But I am *not* dead!"

They had never again spoken of their conviction that they were ghosts, and their lives had gone on in the routine already established, because drastically changing anything would have been more of an effort than either of them would have been capable of making. Ellen had often wondered if she would have been able

to do more for him had she understood him less well. How many other people were there, who had found out, only after the Armistice, that they too were dead? . . .

"I remember there was a terribly ugly church," Max went on at the tea table, "and dozens and dozens of ravishingly beautiful girls."

"How you must have enjoyed it!" Thérèse exclaimed, interrupting her brother, and Max laughed his answer, "I did, enormously!"

Ellen felt as if they were talking about some beloved fairy story she had read when she was very young . . . the clear blue air and the west wind blowing across the island . . . goldenrod pushing up along the white, dusty, island roads, and the tawny reeds bending as the wind swept over the salt marshes . . . and even then Max had been puzzled, she remembered, by her passionate absorption in watching the sea gulls. He had never known why she had found their fierce, wild cries fantastically beautiful. . . . And that church he spoke of! Max had never known how many New England prejudices, kept alive by a half-conscious Puritan aversion to "popery," had been ruffled by the marriage ceremony in that hideous church; but Ellen, even at the time, had been able to imagine the undercurrents and to realize how many people had been saying to themselves, "In France the upper classes are all Catholic. This is different . . . the Comte d'Evreux." They had thought probably of Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame, but they had gone to a garishly new building where a jovial Father Sullivan had mumbled through the mystery of the mass, and where, ordinarily, only a few of the local islanders and the farming Portuguese found God.

"May I call you Ellen?" John Forester asked one afternoon a fortnight or so after he had first come to tea. He looked toward her and smiled. "My French isn't good enough to call you *Madame* with the proper intonation, and even I know that Mrs. d'Evreux isn't correct, nor exactly pleasant to the ear. I always think of you as Ellen," he said, almost shyly, and then the crinkly smile around his dark eyes vanished, "perhaps because mother has accustomed me to thinking of you like that. I don't suppose you can imagine what it is like to have been sort of brought up in your cult and then to have found you so . . ."

"So what, John?" Ellen questioned. She felt almost breathless. Thank God, he didn't know the counters of the game. He wouldn't make her a banal compliment. He wouldn't know, couldn't guess that she didn't have anything inside her to teach her how to meet his transparent honesty—that she was tremulous, eager, as uncertain as a young girl with him. She waited a second for his answer and when it came it was adequate.

He was smiling again. "So exactly what I dared to expect. I am not silly enough to try to tell you anything about yourself, you know," he added. "I once tried to write a lyric poem and it wasn't a success. It is all right about the name, then?"

"But of course," Ellen answered, "I should have thought of it myself."

John stood up. "Then that's that. And it is still settled for Chartres to-morrow?" he added eagerly.

Ellen looked up at his tall, spare, dark youth. In her old high-ceilinged salon his unspentness seemed oddly out of place. Though she had known, with her mind, that youth went on, she had never expected to come into contact with it again, to know how it felt, nor to see what the world looked like to the young. She had lived for so long among people who had the courage to look life in the face and accept it gallantly as meaningless, that it was breaking down her reserve, her indifference, to be with this boy who seemed to go forward into his days with the unphrased conviction that life had both significance and astonishing loveliness. She was almost afraid for him. He was so young, he was untried; he came from a young country where hope and dreaming had not become outworn by disaster. To be an optimist in Europe was to be stupid. To be a pessimist in America—was that to be stupid also?

"I'll be ready at ten," she answered.

"You are sure you don't mind my crazy little car?" John was asking. "When mother hears I have dragged her precious Ellen all over France in an open two-seated Citroën . . . !" John's expression conveyed what his mother would think of the affront to Ellen's dignity and his own knowledge that where they were having such a happy time together there could be no question of dignity involved. "I don't believe it dawned on mother that I should be able to make you laugh," he went on. "I think she

just expected me to sit at your feet and worship in silent awe."

Ellen laughed again at that. "But that would have been dreadful, John. It couldn't have lasted at all."

John looked at Ellen for a second, then as if he were the elder of the two and she the one who was being naïve:

"Couldn't it?" he asked gently. "You think Americans can't realize that laughter doesn't hurt worship?"

His tone puzzled Ellen a little, but then he smiled again at her solemn expression.

"It is lucky for me that I can make you laugh occasionally," he said. "Otherwise I should be frightened to death of you. You've been away from home a good while, you know. It changes people."

The words sounded strange to Ellen's ears. "You've been away from home a good while." . . . She had felt for so long that she had somehow mislaid her American heritage that this boy's unquestioning acceptance of her as a compatriot pleased while it astonished her. When he had first come she had often wondered what he might think of her life, of Max, of their whole Parisian milieu. It was important that he should see them all in proportion, for then he would realize without any words how much this unexpected friendship was meaning to her and yet how little it could mean.

He had fitted in quietly and easily enough, had come for dinner once or twice in the rue de Grenelle, and been casually accepted by all of them. Ellen had been pleased when Max found John's silence and quiet courtesy well bred. She had known she was going to like the boy almost at once but she had not been sure whether the sharp tongues in her family might not find his shy dignity stupid. They tore to tatters so effectually the helpless new individualities who fell into their clutches—not vindictively, nor even scandalously, but merely as if by seeing so pitilessly through other people's simplicity and pettiness they recreated the illusion of their own power. They appreciated a *bon mot* about any one, Ellen had long realized, even more than they ever could appreciate the integrity or intensity or folly which had given the *bon mot* its significance.

John had mentioned Max only once. They had been lunching *à trois* almost the first day, while Ellen was still "trying him out."

After lunch Max had gone away, and John had turned to smile at her a trifle dolefully.

"It's funny, you know. I don't exist for your husband. He is terribly kind and polite and charming to me, but I know all the while he is hardly aware I am alive."

Ellen could not quickly find any words to answer him, and John had gone on hurriedly as if to make sure she understood that there hadn't been even an implicit criticism in his comment. "Of course there's not the ghost of a reason why he should be aware of me, but he makes me feel so young I am positively invisible."

Then Ellen had been able to laugh, but John's words stayed in her mind—"invisible"—she could never have found one word to describe so accurately how Max made *her* feel, but she knew she had to explain.

"It is the War, John. All of his generation are like that. People who haven't had their experience don't exist for them in the same way, though they don't talk about it much."

John pondered over that remark for a second or two. "As if we were impudent upstarts? Yes, I understand that. I suppose it's the way we all feel about children—that they are not to be judged on the same plane—and of course we *don't* understand the War! It is a legend to us—like the "Chanson de Roland"—or merely a great show we missed. We've no conception of the dullness or what the hanging on really meant; and of course the War is so much theirs that we can't even refer to it in their presence without being impertinent."

He had taken out a cigarette then and said to her, "I hope this doesn't sound like awful drivel to you. Of course I know I don't exist for you, either, but because you *are* an American, and kind, you are able to make me forget it."

Somehow that conversation had placed Max and John for Ellen so that their relationship never again bothered her. John was young and invisible to Max, but that was all right. John didn't really mind and he had understood quickly that the War was the only important thing which had ever happened to her husband and, since John appreciated hanging on, that was all right also. . . .

Just as John got up to leave, Etienne came in to announce

Ellen's mother-in-law, and Ellen presented the young American boy to the old French lady. He immediately became shy and silent.

"I'm not much good with your French relations," he had said ruefully one day. "Whenever I move they look at me as if afraid I was going to bite or start breaking the furniture. I never in my life have felt so big and clumsy as in their presence. They don't seem able *ever* to be ungraceful."

And yet Ellen saw that now he was fully appreciating the perfection Madame d'Evreux offered. Ellen could imagine their discussing his impressions on the way to Chartres to-morrow. John would say something fresh and startling about Madame d'Evreux —that she reminded him of his New England grandmother perhaps. In her delicacy and reserve and reticence she was like a New England lady, for Madame d'Evreux clung to her world, her traditions, with the same granitelike persistency. The grit, the stamina were the same though their manifestations were so different. After John had left them Ellen realized that for the first time in years she was seeing her setting through unbiased eyes.

"He is charming, your young man, Elaine," the old countess was saying. "You should have had sons like that. You would have been happier."

Ellen looked quickly at the shrewd old lady. Since Max was only a second son, and the name was safe with sturdy grandsons, she knew Madame d'Evreux could afford to be charitable about her childlessness; and Ellen's American dividends *were* paying for the grandsons' schooling in England. Though her fortune had never been one of the conspicuous American heritages in Europe, it had helped to see them all through the War and the peace. That the d'Evreux clan had been able to keep up the obligations of their rank because of dim but profitable financial operations in America, had always seemed to the old countess a justification not of her own family but of that inchoate, uncivilized continent.

"Cette pudeur-ça n'existe plus chez nous," the old lady was saying. "Take care you don't fall in love with him, *ma chère."* Ellen's ears turned pink with surprise, but her mother-in-law was entirely casual. She was going on with her tea, intending to do full justice to it. Ellen always had a *"gouter"* for which it was worth while to spoil one's evening soup, she commented calmly.

She was a tiny, fragile woman, and Ellen always marvelled as the toast and jam and cakes slipped away.

"I am glad he had the sense to go away, however," Madame d'Evreux continued. "I am too old to be kind to mooning young men over my tea."

"Mooning?" Ellen questioned, in astonishment.

"Yes, mooning," Madame d'Evreux answered placidly, touching one jammy finger with a delicate pink tongue. "He has not yet asked you to fly with him to his new, bold country?"

Ellen's expression answered her. As she reached for a cake, Madame d'Evreux chuckled a little wickedly. "Well, he will, my dear, he will. Don't be surprised when it happens."

"But, *ma mère,* he is the son of my childhood friend," Ellen protested. How *could* Madame d'Evreux not see how ridiculous her words were? Ellen didn't quite know what she stood for in John's eyes—copy, perhaps, for the books he wanted to write, and yet not quite that either. Their friendship was too genuine, but she could readily picture how old and tired she must appear to him. Ellen tried to translate the meaning to this white-haired, rosy-cheeked wisp of a *grande dame.* "But his mother and I—we went to our *bals blancs* together," she said.

Madame d'Evreux waved a tiny white hand at her. *"Tiens, Tiens!"* This almost satirically; then, "But what does that signify?"

"But you won't run away," the old lady added, almost whimsically. "You have too much sense. Here or there, it must be all the same." (She spoke with the terrible, clear, careless vision of the aged.) "Only here it would be easier. A woman has more props to lean on in Europe than in your country, where they tell me the light is so hard. And with your men it doesn't seem to be a matter of pride to leave each affair of the heart a finished little masterpiece. *Et vos projets d'été, ma fille?"*

After full justice had been done to the tea and the various interlocking summer dates, Madame d'Evreux rose to go. She didn't refer again explicitly to Ellen's new young man, but as she went out she brushed her hand over Ellen's hair. "It is not very gay for you, *mon enfant*—Max so changed since the War. After all, you aren't French really (a touch of pity in that phrase, Ellen found) and what we have all paid for it—*la victoire*—(Madame

Evreux made a slight grimace at the word) can't seem reasonable to you, but—what would you? There is nothing to be done."

There it was again—the eternal Parisian salon phrase—*Il n'y a rien à faire*—and meanwhile they would all meet as they had met for as long as Ellen had known anything about them, the first fortnight of September *là-bas en Normandie.*

"We shall rejoin you the first half of the month." There was a pause. "Or do you like it better that I should come back earlier, bringing Max, from Evian?" the old countess questioned from the doorway.

Even Ellen appreciated this great concession. How had her mother-in-law divined that only within the last few days she had come to realize that she might be both lonely and unhappy? "But your visit to Savoie with the cousins, *ma mère?*" Ellen answered quickly. She was startled, and a shade annoyed; she must be incredibly easy to read if Madame d'Evreux felt that such a colossal change in the sacred routine might need to be inaugurated.

Ellen's astonishment brought Madame d'Evreux back to a logical appreciation of the absurdity of her suggestion. "No, it is better as it is. You are always right, Elaine. And of course I should hate missing Savoie," she confessed frankly.

Was Chartres a prop to lean on, Ellen wondered the next day at twilight as the "crazy little car" bounded over the road through Maintenon, St. Cyr, on the way back to Paris.

They had lunched in the garden at Jouy, half a dozen kilometers this side of Chartres, as the "Grand Monarque" in the town was always filled with formidable spinsters with guidebooks and was consequently rather a dreary setting. They had been gay and young and happy together, John openly expecting that the day would be lovely and memorable and Ellen secretly holding to her heart the joy of each swift, rushing moment. She had forgotten that she could laugh, forgotten that a day could be so brimming over with sun and blue sky and radiance. The flat fields of *la Beauce* were not supposed to be particularly radiant, Ellen knew well enough. How wickedly Thérèse would laugh if Ellen should confess she had found them so. The inn at Jouy seemed delightful—the flagged courtyard filled with flowers, the pale pink walls covered with vines, the color looking almost

Italian in the clear air. They lunched under a brilliant striped umbrella beneath an almost Mediterranean sky.

"You really ought to see it on a gray day," she said over the omelette and the *vin d'Anjou.* She did not know what she was eating, for she was past caring, and John was too young to have learned yet to care.

"A gray day, Ellen? How *could* it be a gray day when you take me to Chartres for the first time?" he answered. "Of course it had to be like this. Our luck couldn't desert us now."

"Our luck?"—Ellen shivered. When one had forgotten how to meet it, to be feeling again was almost terrible: fire after one had been cold; water after one had been long thirsty. Did seeds in the spring know this pain when warm life first pricked them awake after the chill quiet of winter mold? Ellen had read somewhere that people who were drowning resented being pummeled back to life, and she found that it was agonizing as one's sensitiveness crept back through one's mind, one's body. Max had been right. She had been dead. What she had felt at the dismal ruin of their own life had been a cold, intellectual apprehension of futility, a sterile regret, not this searing awareness of the quality of being alive.

"I don't believe this inn can be on any map," John said, looking around almost incredulously. "It wasn't here yesterday and it will be gone to-morrow."

With a part of her mind Ellen wondered what his frank, articulate pleasure meant. Didn't he realize how unusual this was for her—this skylarking around in a little car with a youngster who might almost have been her son? Perhaps that was why she was liking it so much—he didn't realize, he took it for granted that she lived always with her eyes open and laughter on her lips and life beating over her in warm, restful waves. . . .

As the flat fields slipped past Ellen tried to forget everything but the day they had just lived through. After lunch they had climbed into the little car again and gone on toward Chartres by the back country lanes. They had entered the town through an old gate Ellen had never before seen and then tried to scale a vertical hill marked *"impraticable aux voitures."* The Citroën had attacked it valiantly but had finally coughed and died and they had rolled ignominiously and, Ellen thought, perilously down

hill to make a more conventional assault upon the town from another quarter.

"It certainly is *impracticable* for us," John said happily, "but we saw the gate anyway. *Think* of the people who come to Chartres time after time and go away and, finally, to their graves without ever knowing that there *is* a gate."

But his sparkling gaiety was quenched when, after circling around in the blind, narrow, cobbled streets, they finally came out into the *grande place* in front of the cathedral. They stood for a long while with their backs against the wall at the foot of the square, looking up at the *flèches* soaring clear into the blue air like a prayer or a dream.

After a time Ellen said, "Shall we go inside?"

They walked slowly up to the west portal in silence. Ellen wondered how much he knew about Chartres, whether to point out to him the unbelievably tall, thin figures; but, as she watched his eyes roving up and up and a curious surprised expression come into them, she realized that there was nothing she need say.

As she pushed open the narrow, leather-covered door to the right she turned to John and held out her hand impulsively.

"Shut your eyes," she commanded gently.

John put his hand obediently in hers and closed his eyes quite simply, and she led him in until they stood just under the rose window facing the altar, infinitely far away. Then she released his hand and whispered, trembling a little, "Now you can look."

The car swerved suddenly to avoid an unlighted peasant's cart which had loomed up on their side of the road.

"Cold?" John questioned.

Ellen shook her head.

"Curious there should be so much mist rising from the fields after such a hot day," he commented.

She had scarcely noticed the chill air, but there *was* white mist as well as night creeping over the fields. It was quite cold, now John had mentioned it; but how could any one ever be cold again after the jeweled richness of such a day? Ellen felt almost drunk on color but she could hardly remember anything they had said. She had answered a few quiet questions about dates and what she supposed France had been like while Chartres was

building. Then for no reason she could have analyzed she had heard herself saying, "Is there still arbutus growing in New England woods?" John had looked at her then, his sensitive brown eyes under the heavy brows drawn into a puzzled wonder. "Why did you ask that, here?"

Ellen couldn't have told why. Indeed, what had New England woods in spring—moist, wet earth and trailing, stubborn vines and exquisite, fragile flowers—what had they to do with the quintessence of blueness in the glass before them?

"Perhaps because I was consciously aware of beauty for the first time in the spring once in a New England wood."

Ellen's whisper went up and was lost in the stillness which had taken so many whispers through the years.

John tucked her gloved hand under his arm and patted it. "Dear Ellen," he said. That was all. Then they had gone on to other windows.

It was the old countess who finally had the last words with John. She it was who had given him Ellen's message.

The season had swung her around to the first fortnight in September and to the château in Criqueboeuf, and on arrival she had been mildly surprised to find John and his crazy little car installed in the neighborhood.

"He's sailing from Havre in a day or two," Ellen had said casually. "He's been about here for the last few weeks."

Thérèse, who had been staying there at the time, laughed and looked towards her mother. Thérèse was the only one who commented to Ellen on the boy's being so constantly about, and she had only said, half enviously, half satirically, "What it is, Ellen, to have an impeccable reputation for *sagesse!* You have been wise for so long that you are beyond reproach. You range all over Normandy in a way which would call down upon my iniquitous head the frowns of the entire family, but no one questions that it isn't Falaise or Bayeux or Caen you are going to see!"

Ellen had been able to laugh at her. "You will never understand how simple Americans are!"

Quite irrelevantly, apparently, Thérèse answered, "You are very beautiful this summer, you know, Ellen. . . . Why, I believe you are actually blushing!"

Was she blushing and was she *"en beauté"* as Thérèse said? And if so when had the summer for her begun? Ellen knew herself that July had scarcely counted, for John had gone away in the car to the Loire, to Brittany. She had received scrawled postcards and then his letter from Concarneau: "May I come back and stay near where you are? I've felt like a stupid tourist —blind—without your eyes to help me see. You spoiled me my first weeks here, and I can't get on without you."

Such a baffling little letter! She had written him that it was very tranquil in Normandy but to come if he wasn't afraid of being bored; and he had wired back impetuously, "How could I be bored?" Ellen had been almost frightened by the wire, but then when he had come, everything had seemed so simple and easy and uncomplicated again, at least for a little while. . . .

Madame d'Evreux had seen Ellen's blush. "Don't tease her, Thérèse. She has never grown accustomed to our hardy, naughty tongues. If I can't chaperon my daughter-in-law adequately . . ." She had left the phrase in the air, and Thérèse had laughed again and presently had gone away to stay elsewhere, and Ellen and the old countess were left alone in the aging, beautiful house.

The night Ellen had come in from her long walk in the forest with vague, unhappy eyes, Madame d'Evreux had begun to wonder whether she could adequately chaperon her daughter-in-law. Surely Ellen wasn't going to be silly and tiresome about this young man. It had been all very well to race over the Norman roads, if it amused her to get dusty and bedraggled; but surely Ellen would finally let him go with the calm dignity she had let everything else slip out of her life. Thérèse had been right in thinking that only Ellen's reputation for being *froide* had saved this summer friendship from appearing ridiculous in all their eyes; but had they been misjudging her from the beginning? Could a young, innocent, almost gauche compatriot unlock doors in her heart which had remained closed to the polished artistry the old countess had seen lavished through the years upon Ellen's smooth, unrevealing self?

The day had been very still. Yellow leaves were drifting down in the garden, for the gardener had complained to her of the impossibility of keeping the driveway neatly swept and raked. The old countess had noticed with very slight distaste the pro-

fusion, the rank, luxuriant growth of dahlias and asters and marigolds. The flowers were growing too tall, too lush, with overlong stems, as if in a hurry to push up to the sun before it should be gone. And, though she rarely went outside the park herself nowadays, she knew what the forest was like at this season. It had been in September that Max's father had first brought her here, a shy, almost frightened bride. They had walked the green tunneled lanes and come out upon the golden vistas up the valley. They were a hill away from the sea. The old countess remembered the soft golden haze of light over the stubbly fields, the blue shadows of haystacks and the yellow leaves drifting down.

In the lanes at this season it was still green and summer, with ducks quacking behind the mud-and-root walls, and the sound of pigeons cooing in the *pigeonnier;* but at the breaks in the walls and at the top of the hill in the forest it was already golden autumn. The bracken turned early, and in the apple orchards the trees were laden with ripe fruit. The apples weren't as vivid a red nowadays of course. The trees, too, were old. They had never again been as red as that first summer. Was Ellen seeing the golden haze from the hill as she had once seen it, old Madame d'Evreux wondered, and would Ellen's disillusionment be as sharp and swift as her own had been? Would the blue smoke always remind her of this one particular autumn here? If Ellen wasn't going to be tiresome, the old countess could feel tender and almost sorry for her, but if she was . . .

She was afraid it was more than likely, for after they had dined quietly together and Ellen had gone upstairs (she said to fetch a book), the old woman heard the car come around in the driveway. When Ellen came back into the room she had on a motoring coat and she looked extraordinarily tired and hard and as if a light had failed inside her. She had a book and a white envelope in her hand.

Madame d'Evreux looked at her daughter-in-law blankly. Had Ellen taken leave of her senses?

"I find I must go to Paris, *ma mère,*" Ellen said quietly. "I've already telephoned the rue de Grenelle, so they are expecting me."

Madame d'Evreux still said nothing, and Ellen went on, holding out the book with the note stuck in its pages. "Will you give

this to John when he comes to-morrow? He is sailing the next day, and I shan't be seeing him again."

The two women looked at each other in silence, but the old lady's comprehension was beyond words. They were both as aware as if they had spoken of the sea and a ship only a hill away.

"You *must* run away, Ellen?" Madame d'Evreux questioned slowly. Her voice was quite kind, though she herself felt it a lack of fine breeding to admit defeat by running away.

Ellen nodded and repeated her words quite simply. "I must run away."

She bent over her mother-in-law and kissed her quickly and then she stood for a second in the doorway. The light from the hall was behind her, and Madame d'Evreux could not see her eyes. Ellen paused as if to find some quite simple word, either of explanation or farewell, but the word did not come, and she closed the door quietly behind her without speaking again.

The old countess heard the car go out of the driveway and off up to the Deauville road. She disliked intensely finding herself alone here and she hated these impulsive rushings about. She could remember when the journey from Criqueboeuf to Paris had been a matter of serious planning for a fortnight, and now one had a whim and jumped into a car after dinner. . . . But Ellen wasn't given to whims. It must be a strong necessity that had sent her out to drive until midnight along black roads.

The house seemed very empty and cold after Ellen had gone. Madame d'Evreux was glad she had ordered the fire lighted here in the salon before dinner. She sat listening as the motor raced away in the darkness and soon she couldn't even hear it any longer.

How strange that Ellen should leave her this task to do—but of course they couldn't have the boy turned away in the morning by servants when he came expecting to find Ellen herself still there. It was an odd task for a mother-in-law, but Ellen had been right to trust it to her, for the old woman knew, despite her own rigid observance of forms and ceremonies, that life never lived up to discreet formulæ. It always broke away somewhere, like water rushing through a dike; but, none the less, dikes were useful and necessary, and she had always done her best to keep them intact as long as possible. She would see the boy and send him away

as gently as she could, and of course there probably wouldn't be much she would have to say.

She sat for a long while with the book in her hands. Though she would have liked to know what was in the unsealed letter it was safe with her, but at the book she thought she might honorably look. She sniffed a little—poetry—only an Anglo-Saxon woman would thus send away her lover. Had he ever been her lover? Madame d'Evreux thought not, for if he had been, then Ellen would not be going away with such wide, tragic eyes. In that case the tragedy would have come only later. But only an Anglo-Saxon woman could have done it with a cold book of poems.

The book fell open at the page where the letter was inserted—Masefield: "On Growing Old."

She read English with difficulty, but because of her curiosity Madame d'Evreux puzzled through the sonnet. What was it Ellen was trying to say to the young man?

> Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
> My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
> Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying . . .

The old countess stopped. The phrase came through to her, though the language was alien. . . . She didn't know what spindrift was, but that was what youth assuredly did do.

> Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying
> Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
> I take the book and gather to the fire,
> Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute
> The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
> Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
>
> I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
> Your mountains, nor your downlands nor your vallies
> Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
> Where your young knight the broken squadron rallies,
> Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
> The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.*

* By permission of John Masefield.

The beauty of embers? The old countess felt cold and tired. Where were they all? Where had every one gone, and why was she here alone reading cold English words which chilled her to the marrow, though she could not even understand all of them? Would that young man on the morrow make better sense out of it than she had . . . before he took his boat and set out across the sea? Why had Ellen gone racketing off through the night to Paris? The young couldn't stay still and accept the inevitable. She closed the book with a shrug of impatience and rang for her *tilleul*. She would never understand this. . . . Why, Ellen had never even had a dog. . . .

A RED COAT FOR NIGHT[1]

By MANUEL KOMROFF

(From *The Yale Review*)

WHEN I went to Paris last year, I met for the first time the father of my friend Raoul. He was a very old man and lived quietly in the country, but on this day he had come to Paris to consult his doctor. We had lunch together. He was tall and thin with a fine head of white hair. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor was sewed into his lapel.

"You are an American," he said, "and Raoul tells me that you write. Are our French writers known in America?"

I said that they were very well known. The waiter came up behind us to take the order. He made suggestions, and I think he must have mentioned fish for I heard the old man exclaim in an angry voice: "I never eat fish. Never!"

He asked me about my work and gave me fatherly advice, which he tempered by saying that he was not a literary man. When we left the restaurant we went to his hotel and had our coffee sent up to his rooms. For a few moments it seemed as if the afternoon were going to be very tiresome, but suddenly the old man rubbed his hands together and told me something that I have never been able to forget. He began with a few quiet observations about the strange lives that writers lead and the various traps that they so often fall into, speaking at first clearly and slowly. Then his remarks took a personal turn, into a story, which I will give in his own words as I remember them. . . .

I was a young officer just returning from Africa, and I was considered one of the fortunate, not because of the decoration I had won but because of my engagement to a certain young lady. This was in 1889. Long ago—and there is no need for secrecy.

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I was very much in love with Louise who was gay and beautiful. In fact she had everything: family, position, beauty, wit, personality, and—I must also add to complete the picture—her father was a retired general, who still allowed his influence to be felt in military circles. They were refined and cultured people, had sufficient means to travel, and were free from the cares of life. You see why I was looked upon as one of the fortunate. But there is an underside to certain social groups that is horrible and cruel. Louise seemed radiant and most lovely. As I have already said, she had everything—everything except that special little sense that is seldom given to the rich, the sense to know what is comic and what is tragic.

This none of them knew, and because of that I was a bit troubled. While I was still in Africa, we had exchanged many letters, and I recall now how pleasant it was to receive her accounts of life in Paris. Her letters were well written. They were lively and made me long to be back. She wrote full descriptions of events and parties that were taking place and stories of all the little intrigues and of the practical jokes that were being played at the time. Once she wrote me about a young shopkeeper who sold antiques on Rue Jacob. They had visited his shop and pretended to discover a Rembrandt on his walls. The poor man was so excited that he ran through the streets with the painting under his arm. The dealers laughed at him. But he had always distrusted the dealers, and he now said that they laughed because they wanted his picture without paying for it. This happened before Louise met the short-story writer.

Her first account of this writer was rather curious. It seems that Louise and her mother had gone to a reception given by a certain nobleman. When the guests were all assembled and the footmen were passing large trays with glasses of champagne, the host went around and said: "We are expecting a very amusing fellow. Eccentric and crude. An able writer, they say, though hardly a refined talent. He kept asking me what he should wear at this reception, and I said that it was to be in fancy dress and he could wear his red hunting jacket. Ha, Ha! I warn you beforehand, he will be here for your amusement." All this to let the guests into the secret of the jest. In a few minutes this writer arrived, and at a prearranged signal—some one

dropped a glass—they all turned round and bowed to him. The man in the red coat was far from embarrassed. He seemed really composed, and he bowed twice in reply. He smiled, hurriedly made his way into the more soberly dressed group, and before the host could present him, he introduced himself.

Then about a week later another letter from Louise said that, thanks to this eccentric Norman author, who claimed he had written a dozen volumes of short bits of fiction, their season was proving a great success. She wrote that he boasted of his strength and told every one of the great weights he could lift and of the boat races he had won. And so it went on. All winter I got reports of this strange fellow who suddenly had thrust himself into Parisian society and, believing that their jokes at his expense were a sort of initiation, continued in good humor to provide them with fun.

It was the following winter that I returned from Africa, and naturally when I saw Louise, I asked after the clown writer. Louise laughed and said we should meet. "He is no end amusing. The last time he came here he asked mother to watch his table manners and tell him if he made a blunder. This in all seriousness, and then turning to me, he said that I should see some day the muscles in his back. He rows a boat on the Seine. We will ask him for dinner next week—you will not be disappointed."

That is how it was. He was already there when I came into the room. His head was square and dark, the hair heavy and oily, his mustache waxed. As he shook hands with me, I noticed that his fingers were thick and very short, but his grip was powerful. There was a nervous look in his eyes. "This is my fiancé, Captain Aubert," said Louise, "and this is our writer friend, Monsieur de Maupassant."

He sat next to me at table. There was a queer mixture of daring and shyness in his manner. When he spoke, his words were simple, as if a child were speaking, but behind the words—the thought behind was strange and haunting as if from another world. His eyes were deep and piercing. It was obvious that his recently acquired interest in matters social made him a bit awkward.

"Is it true," he asked, "that gentlemen entering the drawing-

room of the Countess Seville are by custom required to kneel before each lady and kiss her hand? Is it true?"

"Quite so, monsieur. Quite true," replied Louise. And to my astonishment her mother joined in and explained how the formality had originated in the Seville family long before the Revolution. But this was all fabrication. There was no such custom then in any Parisian house. Evidently another joke was to be played on this unfortunate man of genius. My position was difficult. I could not contradict my hostess, and I could not bring myself to take a hand in their follies.

When dinner was over, the ladies proposed that Maupassant rehearse his entrance into the Seville drawing-room, for he had been invited to attend a function at the Countess's. He hesitated and, changing the subject, asked: "Does any one here believe that there are people on other planets who can come to ours and make themselves invisible?"

"What a strange notion," said the old general.

"I think it very possible, General."

"But for what purpose?"

"Purpose! A hundred or more. If we had that power, we could vanquish the world; and may not these creatures from Mars, or where you like, weary of their little planet and sweep down upon us like a colorless, poisonous smoke? Like—"

But the ladies interrupted and insisted upon the rehearsal. The poor man consented. He went out into the hall. We heard him cough behind the door.

"Ready. We are waiting," called Louise.

There was no reply. Then some one went to the door and opened it. We could see him putting on his overcoat and taking his hat.

"You are not leaving us," exclaimed Louise's mother. "Not without the little rehearsal."

They ran into the hall and took his hat and coat away from him. As he stood under the hall lamp, I could see that something was torturing the man. But when the ladies' arms were about him, he smiled and consented to the rehearsal.

He came into the room, stiff and formal. He walked to the divan where Louise reclined. She held out her hand and threw

back her head. He went down on both knees, kissed the tips of her fingers, and got up. Then he walked towards her mother and was just about to repeat the ceremony—but I could not bear it a moment longer.

"Well done. Well done!" I cried as I broke the silence, and rushing over to him, turned him about. "They tell me, monsieur," I said, "that you know a good deal about weight-lifting. I am much interested."

"Of course. Of course. I could tell you very curious things about strange powers that can enable an ordinary man to lift enormous burdens."

I led him from the centre of the room, and as I did so I noticed that the ladies frowned. My object being accomplished, I did not listen closely to what he was saying. He said something about a fire in a house he had heard of and about a man who, under stress of emotion, had saved a piano that, in ordinary circumstances, it required four men to move. I wondered as he spoke what stress of emotion led him into this perfume-and-lace society. Soon it came time to go.

"My dear, you have not been very attentive this evening," Louise said as I left. I had no reply to offer.

Once in the street, I ran and caught up with the writer.

"Can't you see," I cried. "Are you blind? Can't you see that they are only making sport of you? Why do you allow it? I must tell you."

He stood still. "Really, you truly think so?" he said in a childish manner. "You are the first person who has said so. But I think you are right. When I wore my red coat last year, all the other men were in black evening clothes. Then they told me that at the last moment it had been decided not to have a fancy dress affair, and they notified me, but the messenger must have lost the note."

"It's not true," I said. "It's all a lie. They never sent a note."

"Yes, that is what I think too," he said simply.

"And the Countess Seville is also—there is no such custom now in any house in Paris. They want to make you look like a fool."

"But every one I ask says it is so."

"Yes, they are all parties to the joke."

"That's what I thought too. But when every one tells you the same thing, you begin to believe it. I have had three letters from the Countess three times putting off the invitation. Strange, isn't it? How strange!" Suddenly he looked searchingly into my face and cried out, "And you. You! Why do you tell me? Why are you not in league with them? Why don't you also laugh? Why?"

"I don't know," I said, "I don't know."

"Isn't it dreadful? Why do they joke with me so? Give me your advice. What would you do about it?"

"Do? Why, I would—I really don't know." Seeing how anxious he was to associate with the social idlers, I could not advise him to stand off.

The very next day he came to see me with a book under his arm. It contained some of his stories. He asked: "Do you believe a French woman who had lost her only son in war at the hands of the enemy would carry the grief in her heart and when they invaded her country—then could she lock some of the young soldiers in her barn and set fire to the hay? Could a woman do this?"

"Yes," I said, "I think she could."

"And do you think a servant girl could lead enemy troops into a cellar where there was wine and shut them in and then through a hole in the floor pour down water until they all perished like rats?"

"War knows no mercy," I said.

"But the critics say no. They say it is not natural and could never happen and even if it did, the story couldn't be art. That is why I bring you the book that contains these stories so that you may read them, and—you are a soldier—you would know."

Then he showed me a letter from the Countess Seville again putting off the reception but inviting him to come the next evening at a certain hour for a "little heart-to-heart talk." The letter ended by saying: "Do come, I long once more to look into your full, sad eyes. You will tell me a story, and I will forget how lonely a countess can be. Your friend, affectionately, Seville."

"This is not her handwriting," I said. "This is nothing but a trap. I know it and I know the Countess. She has her maid write these letters for her, and then hidden behind the furniture

she conceals her degenerate friends while you, too hopeful, come and display yourself. It's a trap!"

He would not believe it. He did not think it possible. He even suggested that I was jealous of his success and wanted to prevent him from going. He left me saying: "If I am a fool, at least I will remain an honest one. You will see."

Several days later he came again. "You were right," he said sadly. "It was a trap. Oh, but they act so well! Then suddenly at a signal—oh, it was horrible! Why did they do it? Why? Why did I go? Why!"

This is how they tortured one of our most original writers. Will they never stop? I asked myself. I took his hand and said: "Forget them. Forget them. They are made like that. Their world is foreign to you and you are foreign to them. It is in their power to laugh because—because they do not know—they do not understand."

Tears came to his eyes. He embraced me. "You are my friend. A good friend. I will listen to you. Tell me what I should do. Advise me."

"Forget them," I repeated. "Go on with your work and forget them."

"I will. I will." He went out of the room and came back again. "I forgot to ask you something. Do you think that if spirits were invisible they could have strength, as if it were muscular, to overpower man? Or do you think that they would rather come at night and enter the chamber like a faint smoke through the shutters and then suck the life from their sleeping victim? Which do you think? It is something I am writing about and I must know. I think perhaps the idea of the sleeper is better for I have had it myself often. Suddenly at night when I awake, I feel weak and exhausted; it must be that something draws off my life. I must ask my doctor about it. But you know what scientific men are like. Good-bye. But truly you were right. It was a trap. What a horrible moment!" He left.

Why did nobody see what was going on in the man? How could they sit back and enjoy the torment that raged in his brain? How could they laugh at the clown-like gestures of the powerful body that was losing its mind? Where were his friends? Were they blind? Or is it part of the scheme of things that every

dreamer and creative writer must be made unbalanced in order to amuse?

For a week or more I did not see him. Then he came and sat down silently in a chair. I asked him how he was, and he said he was better but his doctor had advised him to go away. He sat for an hour or more without a word, and suddenly he got up and went home.

Then I had a letter from him saying that he was giving a little farewell dinner to some friends at a certain restaurant and asking me to attend. He came to see me a day before this dinner to ask if I would be good enough to come early so that I could be with him when the others arrived.

I went at the time appointed. A private dining-room had been reserved. Here the table was laid for about twenty guests. I noticed a large fish in a silver platter on the buffet. Two small spirit lamps were keeping the plate hot. My friend had on his red hunting jacket. He was pleased I came so early.

As I looked about, I saw that there were place cards at the table. I was to be seated next to the host, and at my right was a card for Louise and the next place was for her mother. Opposite was the card of the Countess Seville and that of some Prince with a Russian name, and there were places for many others whom I did not know.

"Are they all coming?" I asked.

"Yes, they all accepted."

"I wonder."

"What! You don't think they will come? But they all said they would. I have their letters, and everything is ready."

"I wonder."

He looked at his watch. "There is time yet. They will come. And I have prepared a little speech for them."

We waited a full hour, and nobody appeared. He kept consulting his watch as I talked to him about life in Africa. At length he called the waiter, spread out his napkin, and said: "You may serve now. We are ready."

I noticed a key beside his plate on the table—the table set for twenty at which there were only we two. He kept watching the flame of the spirit lamps under the fish platter. When we had finished our soup, he said to the waiter: "Now you may

serve the fish." The man gave me my portion and was about to give my friend his. "No," he said. "Serve every one else first." The waiter looked about. There was nobody else. But he repeated, "Serve all my guests first and me last." The waiter went from place to place and put a piece of fish on each empty plate. When all the twenty were served, the waiter shrugged his shoulders and left the room.

As soon as the door was closed, my friend leaned over to me and whispered in my ear: "Don't eat the fish. You are my friend. Don't eat. Wait and see." Then he got up from his chair and taking the key from the table locked the door behind him. He came back to his place.

After several minutes he stood up. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, in a loud and clear voice, "I have prepared for you a little speech which, with your kind permission, I shall now deliver. So many of my friends have asked me what is the occasion of this dinner that a few words of explanation are now in order. I am always brief, and I promise not to bore you. You see I am wearing my red coat as I always do to please you, and if you asked me to kneel, or make love, or dance you would find me always ready. Always, but now I must remind you that you have forgotten something—a very little thing indeed, but important—you have forgotten that some day my turn must come. I have learnt from you, and now I will play and you will dance and kneel and kiss my boots. I say you will—and I know that you will! Yes, my dear Prince Brotsky, even you, and you will not need your fancy costume. And my dear critics, too, who carry rusty surgical instruments in their pockets to cut up everything that is alive. You are wrong, my friends, the old woman who sets fire to the hay is true, and so is the servant—I have it on military authority." Then turning to me, "Isn't that so?" he asked.

"Yes, my dear critics, you are wrong, and, ladies and gentlemen, I leave it to you which is the most cruel. These critics say I am cruel, and that may be so, but when you strip life—its naked flesh should not make you squint. I must add that at least I am honest, and so is my work. But you, you know no end to your tortures, and they are, as you are, the result of falsehood and fraud. That's what I think of you. And you too, my dear

Countess. Your maid makes love for you, and your lisping dandies peep behind the curtains. And you, my dear and charming Louise—under your respectable varnish is milk, sour and foul. What a lovely Madonna you would make for the Society of Pornographers. You think you will marry a soldier and cover up the smell that exudes from your vile nature. But it would be no secret to him—he would soon find it out. But no, I have arranged differently for you. My dear Louise, you will kindly kneel; all, all must kneel before the Countess of human rubbish. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to announce to you that at last I have become refined and humane. The fish that you have just eaten was poisoned. The door is locked, and the first person who cries out will be strangled by my own hands!"

His hands trembled as he brought them down full force upon the table. The plates rattled, and some of the silver fell to the floor. There was a knock upon the door. The waiter was turning the knob trying to enter.

"Die, you rats! Kicks for fools and poison for rats. Dance now and may your agony teach you to know comedy."

He sank into his chair. The knocking became louder. I went to the door and opened it. Two waiters came in and looked around in amazement. Only myself and my friend were in the room. He was now silent and brooding. "Bring the check," he ordered, "we have eaten enough. We will go."

We walked home in silence. Before we parted he took my arm and said, "It is a pity they did not come. The fish was not poisoned, but it might have done them good to think so. It would have been a pretty scene. I leave to-morrow. Don't wish me luck. I have a long dark night to go through, and there is nothing that can prevent it. I will wear my red hunting coat. It is gay and bright and cheering. It will lead me through the night. Good-bye." We embraced. His eyes filled with tears. "Good-bye, good-bye."

I left him at his door and walked to the end of the street. Here I sat down at a table of a café as if in a trance. After about an hour, I pulled myself together, called a cab and drove to Louise's house.

As I entered they saw that something was wrong. "My dear, you look so pale. What is the matter?"

"Don't come near me," I cried. "Stay where you are. I have come to tell you that I will never marry you. Never in God's world. You and your idle fools have tortured a man into madness. I need explain no further, but I will never be one of your set. Never! Never!"

The next day I left for Africa. I suffered agonies trying to forget Louise. But I do not think she suffered very much, for several months later I heard she had married a very fast man of that set and acquired a title. After a year or two her memory only brought a salty smile to my lips. That is how it was. As for Maupassant, I had only one letter from him all that time. He was then in a private sanitarium.

Three years afterward, I again visited Paris. I returned with one of my superior officers who had brought with him several Arabian horses trained for the race track. One afternoon, I went to see them run. I saw Louise in the stand. She was dressed in the very latest fashion; she had taken on a bit of weight. The lines in her painted face were hard and deeply etched. I could not help thinking of the words at the dinner—the milk of her nature was sour and foul. It was true.

I did not wait for the races but hailed a cab.

"Passy," I called. "Drive at once to Passy. There is a little sanitarium there on the Rue René."

I rang the bell. The man who received me at the door told me that I had come too late—Maupassant had died that morning. He said there would be an announcement in the papers the next day.

On one of the hooks in the hall I saw his red coat hanging, and I kissed the sleeve as I went out.

AT THE SWAMP[1]

By JANET LEWIS

(From *The Bookman,* New York)

THE three boats lay drawn up part-way on the narrow stony beach, their deep hulls tipping, sails not yet furled. This old canvas stained with hemlock had the color of red clay, deep carrot-color but more tawny. The light intensified it, for it was late afternoon. It hung slack, swaying in a little wind. From the mast of one to the tip of the bowsprit a line was tied to which were fastened colored handkerchiefs hung out to dry.

A hum of voices above the boats: women's voices, light as children's, the low round vowels and nasals of Indian speech in curious, falling cadences. Their rounded backs under the cotton and faded calico blouses, disappeared and rose beside the unpainted gunwales as they sorted and lifted out their belongings, now mostly very wet. They had come across from Lime Island to this lee side of the Point, quartering with a heavy north wind, and had shipped much water, both forward and stern.

The prows rested above dry reeds, water-drifted. Beyond the stones a thicket of tag alders with dense green leaves shut them from the actual woods. The sunshine was still and pleasant. There was a scent of sweet grass and warm bodies.

The Hay Point ran out from St. Joseph's Island narrowly, and ended in a rather blunt tip where there were woods. On one side of the Point were quicksands. The rest was mainly swamp-grass and cranberry-bog. Old John and Young John had been cutting hay. At the end of the day Old John sat down on the wagon to rest him, while his son finished the last stack. The swamp stretched from his feet, golden and stubble where the land was dry, golden and waving where the marsh was real. There was the bleached radiance of fields at evening.

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Very far away a cluster of birches and poplars hid a house, its gray front barely visible, and Old John watched it idly. His pale blue eyes, like those of the cherubim, very clear and translucent, and preternaturally untroubled, saw a little cloud of smoke rise gradually among the birch leaves, gather and flash away in the wind—the apparition of a white wing. And thereupon he got up slowly, for he was troubled with sciatica, and walked out upon the marsh toward the house.

Young John saw him go, but said nothing, and went on tying birch poles together in a tripod to weight down the hay.

The short gaunt figure in the snuff-colored shirt moved out across the brilliance. He sometimes took laudanum for the pains —one pain or another, chiefly the sciatica. He was born in Ullswater in England seventy-three years ago.

The house stood facing the swamp, its back to the west. It had no windows in the front, and the door was closed, which gave it a strange visage. A batten door it was, much under six feet low, fastened with a piece of twisted wire. A small tin chimney projected from the board roof against which the branches of the birch tree perpetually swept and scraped this day of wind. From a distance the trees hid the house, but as one approached they seemed to disperse and stand away, leaving the gray walls visible —logs, slatted at the cracks instead of chinked. The ground about was sandy. All morning a yellow-jacket had been about the door, advancing and retreating from the wire, as if it had news of something sweet inside. The trees to the left were poplars, with small, pale green trunks that had the texture of a moth wing. The round crisp leaves whirled and clashed upon each other.

As Old John came up he had glimpses of the water beyond it, rushing in thin and foaming over the quicksands and the shallows to die among the upright green rushes, and strain back again slowly. He knew the motion of it well. A great square haystack stood between the house and the shore. All the late afternoon the light had lessened over the swamp, with no appreciable shadows, for there were no interruptions. It grew slowly horizontal, and, the air cooling, the swamp and the stacks assumed the brilliance of sand. The house cast a shadow forward, over ground littered with chips and loose hay. Old John trod upon blackberry vines as the grass grew shorter, and then stepped into

the shadow of the house and trod upon the worn ground there. He heard, or thought he heard, a humming, and paused to hear it better. It was within the house . . . voices in a foreign speech, and the whimpering sounds of birds.

He knocked; the door was opened to him from within, and he went inside. The room was full of Indians, in silhouette against the window at the far end, or seated with the light falling across their knees, giving them the appearance of a heavy substance, solid as marble. My God, he thought, there was all the Indians of the country there. They had a fire going in the short pot-bellied stove in the center of the room.

Old John made his way across the room and sat down, where they had cleared a place for him, on the one-plank bench built against the wall. He stretched his game leg straight before him to rest it, let his arms cross, wrist upon wrist, hanging loosely, his shoulders bent. He puckered up his mouth under the short, sandy moustache until it became like the mouth of a sucker. He breathed hard, and his eyes, serene and abstracted, glanced from figure to figure. Then, as no one spoke, he lapsed into a trance-like stillness, gazing steadily before him at nothing.

One of the younger Indians, a short plump fellow with a great bush of hair standing straight out from his head, and tawny at the ends like the pelt of a bear, said very amiably:

"This your house?"

Old John turned to him and nodded. The Indian beside the stove, directly across from Old John, with his black felt hat on the back of his head, promptly took off his hat and balanced it on his knee. He regarded Old John with bright, contented eyes. Lips full and smooth, mouth very wide, a little Mongolian fold of brown skin shortening his eye on the inner corner.

Old John said, "Whence d'ye come?"

"F'om Man'toulin," answered the Bear, and added, "We go 'way to-morrow."

Old John shook his head. "No, my dear man," he said slowly, and with finality, "you'll not go away to-morrow unless you go right back where you come from. Nor the next day nuther."

"No?" said the Bear politely.

The man next the stove translated to a woman in the corner. There was a return of the humming Old John had heard from

without, an eddy of protest, light, and yet guttural, as the woman answered, and those behind her repeated what she had said, and the man with the hat on his knee repeated it all again in turn to the Bear.

The Bear put his hand behind his neck and rubbed it, and said beguilingly, "We got to go. We ain' go' no more bread." A pause. "We ain' go' no more bread sin' we leave Lime. They women, they tired to eating stick-bread."

After this speech every one looked to Old John. The weight of the situation seemed to have fallen upon him, and no one said anything more. The man by the stove got up and tiptoed across the room to a pile of maple chunks that had evidently been there upon the Indians' arrival, and tiptoed back with one for the fire. The sunlight poured through the one window, crowned every one with a sort of glory, and, by reason of the sun's being low, reached even into the bunks in the corner, built in one above the other, sailor fashion, and filled with hay.

The woman who had spoken was sitting on a bundle of quilts at the foot of the bunks, leaning back against the two-by-four at the corner. She must have been thirty, or thirty-two, and was very large. She wore a black serge skirt, and a pink blouse, and a short string of black beads around her throat to keep back the goitre. When she smiled she showed a toothless gum, and when her mouth was closed she kept a certain froggy complacency. She was wind-burned, and the sunlight gave her an added ruddiness under the ripe smooth brown of her skin. Her hair drawn back close to her head left the forehead clear. There was something pleasant in the modeling of the smooth flesh over the skull. Little soft wisps of hair fell down over it.

Behind her Old John could see the short bare legs of a little boy, who presently crawled out of the bunk, and went to sit on the floor with his back against the door. Old John smacked his mouth with the sound of a toad catching flies.

"Yes," he said, "I give a look at yon water as I come up, and I said to myself that it wasn't likely noboddy would cross yon water for some days, for when it hasn't blown like this for a long time after a sultry spell it's likely to keep on blowing for two or three days.

"It blowed like this when Sundby and I come up here for the

first time. Yeh, Sundby and I built this house. We built it in a week, and it ain't been touched since. That was . . . well, that was about fifteen years ago. We used to stay here, but a year or so ago some vagabones got in here and filled it up with bugs. So we ain't used it none since. John and I, we sleep under the wagon. So you can stay here as long as you like. And if anybody says you can't, you say John Porter said you could."

At this point he paused and turned his head aside with the movement of a man about to spit. He did not spit, however, and after a period of meditation he began again. At any time when he had more than a single disconnected remark to make his voice assumed a narrative tone, slightly softer and more resonant than his usual speech. Like the steady unseeing gaze of his eyes it seemed to carry attention upon a single thread. It produced a certain impersonality, on the smooth ground of which figures moved.

"Sundby and I, we built it. But I built my own house nigh thirty-five years ago, by myself, in less than a week, and the Missus moved in, and we've stayed there ever since. And for that same period of time I've worked the ground at the Mountain, and pretty nearly every summer I've been down here to cut hay. To say nothing of the hours I've nigh broke my back and scraped my fingers to the bone picking marsh-berries."

"Mash-ki-gi-min," said the Bear softly.

"Before that time," went on Old John, "I was a railroader, and before that I worked in the stables. Yet I never laid no bet on any horse, and I never touched liquor, though I've been a bar-keep in my day, too."

The Indians were listening with great attention, the many pairs of dark eyes fastened on the white man, dark eyes with a film of blue over the pupils.

"I never touched liquor and I never will. I was near to dying one day and the engineer and another chap they took me into the round-house and they laid me out there. And they got the Doctor and the Doctor said, 'Man, you need something quick; here, swallow down this whiskey,' and I said, 'No, sir, I don't touch the stuff and nothing will make me,' and I didn't either. Nor I don't smoke nor chew. By Jiminy Blue, I come to some conclusions in my life, and I hold by 'em."

All this while the voice never altered pitch, but when the Bear lifted a small round pasteboard box from the table, he laughed. The box was a Copenhagen snuff box, filled with granulated sugar, the great coarse flakes of the Canadian manufacture.

"No, by Jiminy Blue," said Old John, "that's Sundby's, that old Swede."

The Indians laughed, a soft ripple of amusement, though it was certain that no one but the Bear knew what the joke was.

Old John was launched on a discourse on the brutality of killing beef without due precaution for cleanliness and against bleeding, the Indians still laughing gently, and smiling and nodding, when there came a knock at the door. The little boy rolled out of the way. For a moment, as the door opened and he stooped to enter, the face of Young John appeared, ruddy, smiling, with the whitest of teeth. His stiff yellow hair was alight with sun, eyes clear and blue, chin with a long clear sweep of jaw, slightly undershot.

"John," said his father, "these folks are staying here until the wind goes down. How many loaves of bread have we?"

"Two," said John, "and some onions."

"Well, fetch them here. We shan't need them any more."

The ruddy face disappeared, and the Indian boy sat down on the door step, hands clasped about his knees. The dust on the floor cast fine, tall shadows. He could look far across the fields to the fringe of small bush where Young John was going, and above which hung the Mountain, a blue lake. To the north a heavy bank of cloud, blue like the Mountain, sombre and cold, was gathering with speed, but left the sunset unobstructed. John's hair, like straw, burned with a steady gold.

The Indians began to move about. Pitonoquod had hung his felt hat on a nail. The women were making up the bunks. There was a little talk; the pat and shuffle of feet on the boards, slowly. Old John sat very still, and felt tired. He was covered with light, like a very fine sand thrown over body and feet. Among the darker, moving figures, he loomed, somehow, like far shores on still sunny mornings.

By the time Young John returned the quilts were spread, cups and plates on the table, and Pitonoquod had gone for water. The

northern cloud, too, had drawn closer. Old John came out and joined his son.

The Indians watched them go. As they entered the small bush, where the wagon was, the first drops of rain struck sharply on the roof, and sang, like whips, on the tin of the stove-pipe. The Indians shut the door.

THE LITTLE WIFE[1]

BY WILLIAM MARCH

(From *The Midland*)

JOE HINCKLEY selected a seat on the shady side of the train and carefully stowed away his traveling bag and his heavy, black catalogue case. It was unusually hot for early June. Outside, the heat waves shimmered and danced above the hot slag roadbed, and the muddy river that ran by the station was low between its red banks. "If it's as hot as this in June, it sure will be awful in August," he thought. He looked at his watch: two twenty-eight—the train was five minutes late in getting out. If he had known the two twenty-three was going to be late he might have had time to pack his sample trunk and get it to the station, but he couldn't have anticipated that, of course. He had had so little time after getting that telegram from Mrs. Thompkins—barely time to pack his bag and check out of the hotel. Joe loosened his belt and swabbed his neck with a limp handkerchief. "It don't matter so much about the trunk," he thought. "One of the boys at the hotel can express it to me, or I can pick it up on my way back."

Joe noticed that one end of his catalogue case protruded slightly. With his foot he shoved it farther under the seat. It was a battered black case, made strongly to withstand constant traveling and reinforced at its corners with heavy copper cleats. One of the handles had been broken and mended with newer leather. On the front of the case there had once been stamped in gilt the firm name of "Boykin & Rosen, Wholesale Hardware, Chattanooga, Tenn.," but time had long since worn away the gold lettering.

The telegram had upset Joe: it had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly. He felt vaguely that somebody was playing a joke on him. He felt confused and helpless. It was difficult to believe

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that Bessie was so desperately sick. He sat for a time staring at his finger nails. Suddenly he remembered an appointment for four o'clock with the buyer for Snowdoun and Sims, and he rose quickly from his seat with some vague idea of telephoning or sending a message to explain his absence. Then he realized that the train was in motion. "I'll write him a letter when I get to Mobile," said Joe to himself; "he'll understand all right when I explain the circumstances. He won't blame me for breaking that date when I tell him about my wife being so sick." Joe sat down heavily in his seat and again looked at his hands.

Ahead of him two young girls were leaning out of the window and waving to their friends. Their eyes were shining and their cheeks were flushed and they were laughing with excitement at the prospect of going away.

Across the aisle sat a gaunt farm-woman. Her red-veined eyes protruded. Her neck was swollen with a goitre. In her arms she held a bouquet of red crêpe-myrtle, which was already wilting in the heat. Beside her she had placed her straw suitcase and several bulky paper-wrapped parcels. She gazed steadily out of the window as if afraid that some one would catch her eye and try to talk to her.

It was very hot in the coach. The small electric fan at the end of the car droned and wheezed sleepily but succeeded only in stirring up the hot air.

Joe took from his pocket the telegram that he had received from his mother-in-law and read it again: "J. G. Hinckley, American Hotel, Montgomery, Ala. Come home at once. Doctor says Bessie not expected live through day. Will wire again if necessary. It was a boy. Mother."

Joe's hands clenched suddenly and then relaxed. It had all happened so suddenly; he couldn't quite get it through his head, even yet. He had taken a buyer to lunch that day and they had laughed and talked and told each other stories. Then at two o'clock he had gone back to the hotel to freshen up and the clerk had reached into his box and taken out the key to his room and the telegram. The telegram had been waiting for him for two hours, the clerk said. Joe read it through twice and then looked at the address to make sure that the message was really for him. He hadn't understood: Bessie was getting along so nicely—she

had had no trouble at all—and the baby was not expected for a month. He had arranged his itinerary so that he would be with her when the baby was born. They had gone over all that and had arranged everything. And now everything was upset . . . Then he thought: "I was out talking and laughing with that buyer and the telegram was waiting here all the time." That thought hurt him. He stood repeating stupidly: "I was out laughing and telling smutty stories and that telegram was here all the time."

Joe leaned his head against the red plush of the seat. He felt numb and very tired. At first the signature "Mother" had puzzled him. He couldn't understand what his mother would be doing in Mobile with Bessie; then he realized that it was Bessie's mother who had sent the telegram. He had never thought of Bessie's mother by any name except Mrs. Thompkins.

When he had married Bessie her mother had come to live with them as a matter of course. He was rather glad of that arrangement: he was really fond of the old lady in an impersonal sort of way. Then, too, it was pleasant for Bessie to have some one with her while he was on the road. His work made it impossible for him to get home oftener than every other week end; and many times it was difficult for him to get home that often, but he had always managed to make it, one way or another. He couldn't disappoint Bessie, no matter what happened. Their year of married life had been the happiest that he had ever known. And Bessie had been happy too . . . Suddenly he had a clear picture of her lying on their bed, her face white with suffering, and a quick panic gripped his heart. To reassure himself he whispered: "Those damned doctors don't know everything. She'll be all right. Mrs. Thompkins was just excited and frightened. Everything's going to be all right!"

Ahead of him a white-haired old gentleman opened his bag and took out a traveling cap. He had some difficulty in fastening the catch while holding his straw hat in his hand; but his wife, sitting with him, took the bag and fastened it at once. Then she took his hat and held it on her lap. The wife was reading a magazine. She did not look up from the magazine when she fastened the bag.

Down the aisle came the Negro porter. He had a telegram in his hand. When he reached the center of the coach he stopped

and called out: "Telegram for Mr. J. G. Hinckley!" Joe let him call the name three times before he claimed the message. The porter explained that the telegram had been delivered to the train by a messenger from the American Hotel just as the train was getting under way. Joe gave the porter twenty-five cents for a tip and went back to his seat.

The country woman looked up for an instant and then turned her eyes away. The young girls giggled and whispered and looked boldly at Joe; and the old gentleman, after settling his cap firmly on his head, took a cigar from his case and went to the smoking-room.

Joe's throat felt tight, and he noticed that his hands were shaking. He wanted to put his head on the windowsill, but he was afraid that people would think him sick and try to talk to him. He placed the unopened telegram on the seat beside him and stared at it for a long time. Then he re-read the first telegram very slowly. "It must be from Mrs. Thompkins, all right," he thought; "she said she'd wire again if—" Then he thought: "It may not be from Mrs. Thompkins at all; it may be from somebody else; it may be from Boykin and Rosen about that cancellation in Meridian. That's who it's from: it's from the House; it's not from Mrs. Thompkins at all!" He looked up quickly and saw that the two young girls had turned around and were watching him, making laughing remarks to each other behind their hands.

He arose from his seat feeling weak and slightly nauseated, the unopened telegram in his hand. He passed through several coaches until he reached the end of the train, and went out on the rear vestibule. He had a sudden wish to jump from the end of the train and run off into the woods, but a brakeman was there tinkering with a red lantern and Joe realized that such an act would look very strange. When the brakeman looked up and saw Joe's face, he put down his lantern and asked: "Are you feeling all right, mister?" Joe said, "Yes, I'm feeling all right; but it's a little hot, though." Finally the brakeman finished his job and left, and Joe was very glad of that. He wanted to be alone. He didn't want anybody around him.

The rails clicked rhythmically and the wilted countryside flew past. A little Negro girl . . . in a patched pink dress . . . ran

down to the track . . . and waved her hand. A lame old country man . . . ploughing in his stumpy field . . . pulled up his lazy mule . . . to stare at the passing train. The rails clattered and clicked and the train flew over the hot slag roadbed. "There's no need of going so fast," thought Joe, "we've got all the time in the world." He felt sick. In the polished metal of the car he caught a distorted glimpse of his face. It was white and terrified. He thought: "No wonder that brakeman asked me how I was feeling." Then he thought: "Do I look so bad that people can tell it?" That worried him. He didn't want people to notice him or to talk to him. There was nothing that anybody could say, after all.

He kept turning the telegram over in his hand, thinking: "I've got to open it now; I've got to open it and read it." Finally he said aloud: "It's not true! I don't believe it!" He repeated these words a number of times and then he said: "It's from the House about that cancellation in Meridian—it isn't from Mrs. Thompkins at all." Then he tore the unopened telegram into tiny bits and threw the pieces from the end of the train. A wind fluttered and shimmered the yellow fragments before they settled down lightly on the hard hot roadbed. He thought: "They look like a cloud of yellow butterflies dancing and settling that way." Immediately he felt better. He drew back his shoulders and sucked in lungs full of the country air. "Everything's all right!" he said. "I'm going home to see the little wife and everything's all right!" He laughed happily. He felt like a man who has just escaped some terrible calamity. When he could no longer see the scraps of paper on the track he went back to his seat humming a tune. He felt very gay and immensely relieved.

Joe reached his seat just as the conductor came through the train. He nodded pleasantly as he gave up his ticket.

"Don't let nobody talk you out of a free ride," he said.

"No chance of that, Cap'," said the conductor.

Joe laughed with ringing heartiness and the conductor looked at him in surprise. Then he laughed a little himself. "You sure are in a good humor, considering how hot it is," he said.

"And why shouldn't I be in a good humor?" asked Joe. "I'm going home to see the little wife." Then he whispered, as if it were a great secret, "It's a boy!"

"That's fine; that's simply fine!" said the conductor. He put his papers and his tickets on the seat and shook Joe's hand heartily. Joe blushed and laughed again. Then, as the conductor moved off, he nudged Joe's ribs and said: "Give my regards to the madam."

"I sure will," said Joe happily.

Joe was sorry that the conductor couldn't stay longer. He felt an imperative need of talking to some one. He felt that he must talk about Bessie to some one. He looked around the car to see if there was any one whom he knew. The two young girls smiled at him. Joe understood perfectly; they were just two nice kids going on a trip. Either one, alone, would never think of smiling at a strange man, but being together changed things entirely. That made it an exciting adventure—something to be laughed over and discussed later with their friends. Joe decided that he would go over and talk to them. He walked over casually and seated himself.

"Where are you girls going?" he asked.

"Don't you think that you have a great deal of nerve?" asked the black-eyed girl.

"Sure I have. I wouldn't be the best hardware salesman on the road if I didn't have lots of nerve," said Joe pleasantly.

Both of the girls laughed at that and Joe knew that everything was all right. He decided that the blue-eyed girl was the prettier of the two but the black-eyed girl had more snap.

"We're getting off at Flomaton," said the blue-eyed girl.

"We've been in school in Montgomery," said the black-eyed girl.

"We're going home for the summer vacation."

"And we want the cock-eyed world to know we're glad of it!"

Joe looked at them gravely. "Don't make a mistake, young ladies; get all the education you can—you'll regret it later on if you don't."

Both the girls started laughing. They put their arms around each other and laughed until tears came into their eyes. Joe laughed too, although he wondered what the joke was. After a while the girls stopped laughing, but a sudden giggle from the blue-eyed girl set them off again, worse than before.

"This is awfully silly!" said the black-eyed girl.

"Please don't think us rude," gasped the blue-eyed girl.

"What's the joke?" asked Joe, who was really laughing as much as either of the girls.

"You sounded so—so—" explained the blue-eyed girl.

"So damned *fatherly!*" finished the black-eyed girl.

Then they went off into another whirlwind of mirth, laughing and hugging each other. The old lady across the aisle put down her magazine and started laughing too, but the woman with the goitre held her bouquet of crêpe-myrtle rigidly and stared out of the window.

Joe waited until the girls had exhausted themselves. Finally they wiped their eyes and opened their vanity cases to look at themselves in their mirrors and to repowder their noses. Then he said:

"Well, I guess I ought to sound fatherly: I just got a telegram saying that I was a proud parent."

That interested the young girls and they crowded him with questions; they wanted to know all about it. Joe felt very happy. As he started to talk he noticed that the old lady had been listening and that she had moved over in her seat in order to hear better. Joe felt friendly toward everybody. "Won't you come over and join us?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," said the nice old lady, and Joe moved over and made a place for her.

"Now tell us all about it!" demanded the blue-eyed girl.

"You must be very happy," said the nice old lady.

"I sure am happy," said Joe. Then he added: "There's not a whole lot to tell except that I got a telegram from Mrs. Thompkins—Mrs. Thompkins is my mother-in-law—saying that Bessie had given birth to a fine boy and that both of them were doing splendidly; the doctor said that he'd never seen anybody so well before, but of course my wife wanted me to be with her, and so I just dropped everything and here I am. You see Bessie and I have only been married for a year. We've been very happy. The only bad thing is that I don't get home very often; but it wouldn't do to have everything perfect in the world, would it? She sure is the finest little wife a man ever had. She don't complain at all about my being away so much. But some day we hope to have things different."

"There isn't anything nicer than a baby," said the blue-eyed girl.

"What are you going to name him?" asked the nice old lady.

"Why, Bessie wants to name him for me, but I can't see much sense in that. My first name's Joe and I think that's a little common, don't you? But I'll leave the naming part up to Bessie. She can name him anything she wants to. She sure has been a fine little wife to me."

Then Joe started talking rapidly. He told in detail of the first time he had met Bessie: it had been in the home of Jack Barnes, one of the boys whom he had met on the road, and he had been invited over for dinner and a little stud poker later. Mrs. Barnes didn't play poker, so Bessie, who lived across the street, had been invited over to keep Mrs. Barnes company while the men played. He had liked Bessie at once, and the boys had kidded him about not keeping his mind on the game. He had never told anybody this before, but when the boys started kidding him he made up his mind not to look at Bessie again, as he didn't want her to think that he was fresh; but he couldn't stop looking at her, and every time he caught her eye she would smile in a sweet, friendly sort of way. Finally everybody noticed it and they started joking Bessie too, but she hadn't minded at all. He had lost fourteen dollars and fifty cents that night, but he had met Bessie. You couldn't call Bessie exactly beautiful but she was sweet and nice. Bessie was the sort of girl that any man would want to marry.

He told of their courtship. He quoted whole paragraphs from letters that she had written, to prove a particular point which he had brought up. Bessie hadn't liked him especially, not right at first, at any rate; of course she had liked him as a friend from the first but not in any serious way. There were one or two other fellows hanging around, too. Bessie had a great deal of attention: she could have gone out every night with a different man if she had wanted to. Being on the road all the time had been pretty much of a disadvantage. He didn't have an opportunity to see her often. Or maybe that was an advantage—anyway, he wrote her every day. Then, finally, they had become engaged. She hadn't even let him kiss her until then. He knew from the first that she would make a wonderful little wife, but

he was still puzzled why a girl as superior as Bessie would want to marry him.

He talked on and on, rapidly—feverishly. He told how he had once determined not to get married at all, but that was before he had met Bessie. She had changed all that . . . Two hours passed before he knew it. His audience was getting bored, but Joe didn't realize it.

Finally the old gentleman with the cap came back from the smoking room; and his wife, glad of a chance to get away, made her excuses and went over to sit with him. Joe smiled and nodded, but paused only a moment in his story. He was in the midst of a long description of Mrs. Thompkins. Mrs. Thompkins wasn't at all like the comic-supplement mother-in-law. Quite the contrary. He didn't see how he and Bessie would get along without her. To show you the sort of woman she really was, she always took his side in any dispute—not that he and Bessie ever quarreled! Oh, no! But occasionally they had little friendly discussions, like all other married couples, and Mrs. Thompkins always took his side of the argument. That was unusual, wasn't it? Joe talked and talked and talked, totally unconscious of the passing of time.

Finally the train reached Flomaton, and the porter came to help the girls off with their bags. They were very glad to get away. They were getting a little nervous. There was something about Joe they couldn't understand. At first they had thought him just jolly and high spirited, but after a time they came to the conclusion that he must be a little drunk or, possibly, slightly demented. For the past hour they had been nudging each other significantly.

Joe helped them off the train and onto the station platform. Just as the train pulled out, the black-eyed girl waved her hand and said: "Give my love to Bessie and the son and heir," and the blue-eyed girl said: "Be sure and kiss the baby for me."

"I sure will," said Joe.

After the train had passed the girls looked at each other for a moment. Then they started laughing. Finally the black-eyed girl said: "Well, Bessie certainly has him roped and tied." The blue-eyed girl said: "Did you ever see anything like that in your life before?"

Joe went back to the coach. "Just a couple of nice kids," he thought to himself. He looked at his watch. It was five twenty-five. He was surprised. The time had passed very quickly. "It won't be long now before I'm in Mobile," he thought.

He went back to his seat, but he was restless. He decided that he would have a cigarette. He found three men in the smoker. One of them was an old man with a tuft of gray whiskers. His face was yellow and sunken, and blue veins stood out on his hands. He was chewing tobacco gravely and spitting into the brass cuspidor. The second man was large and flabby. When he laughed, his eyes disappeared entirely and his fat belly shook. His finger nails were swollen and his under lip hung down in a petulant droop. The third man was dark and nervous looking. He had on his finger a ring with a diamond much too large.

They were telling jokes and laughing when Joe came in. Joe wanted to talk to them about Bessie, but he couldn't bring her name up in such an atmosphere. Suddenly he thought: "I was laughing and telling smutty stories with that buyer in Montgomery, and the telegram was there all the time." His face contracted with pain. He crushed the thought from his mind. Quickly he threw away his cigarette and went back to his seat.

A bright skinned waiter came through the train announcing the first call to dinner. At first Joe thought that he would have his dinner on the train, as that would break the monotony of the trip and help pass the time; but immediately he remembered that Mrs. Thompkins would have dinner for him at home—a specially prepared dinner with all of the things that he liked. "I'll wait till I get home," thought Joe. "I wouldn't disappoint Mrs. Thompkins and the little wife for the world after they went to all that trouble for me."

Again he felt that curious, compulsive need of talking about Bessie to some one. He had a feeling that as long as he talked about her, she would remain safe. He saw the old lady and her husband in their seat eating a lunch which they had brought with them and he decided to go over and talk with them. "Can I come over and talk to you folks?" asked Joe.

"Certainly, sir," said the old gentleman with the cap. Then in order to make conversation he said: "My wife has been telling me that you are going home to see your new son."

"That's right," said Joe, "that's right." He started talking rapidly, hardly pausing for breath. The old lady looked at her husband reproachfully. "Now see what you started!" her glance seemed to say.

Joe talked of his wedding. It had been very quiet: Bessie was the sort of girl who didn't go in for a lot of show. There had been present only a few members of the family and one or two close friends. George Orcutt, who traveled with a line of rugs out of New York, had been his best man. Bessie was afraid that some one would try to play a joke on them: something like tying tin cans to the automobile that was to take them to the station, or marking their baggage with chalk. But everything had gone off smoothly. The Barneses had been at the wedding, of course: he had met Bessie in their home and they were such close neighbors that they couldn't overlook them; but almost nobody else, outside the family, was there.

Then he told of the honeymoon they had spent in New Orleans —all the places they had visited there and just what Bessie had thought and said about each one. He talked on and on and on. He told of the first weeks of their married life and how happy they were. He told what a splendid cook Bessie was and what an excellent housekeeper, how much she had loved the home he had bought for her, and her delight when she knew that she was going to have a baby.

The old gentleman was staring at Joe in a puzzled manner. He was wondering if he hadn't better call the conductor, as it was his private opinion that Joe had a shot of cocaine in him. The old lady had folded her hands like a martyr. She continued to look at her husband with an I-told-you-so expression.

Joe had lost all idea of time. He talked on and on—rapidly, excitedly. He had gotten as far as Bessie's plans for the child's education when the porter touched him on the arm and told him that they were pulling into the station at Mobile. He came to himself with a start and looked at his watch; seven thirty-five! He didn't believe it possible that two hours had passed so quickly.

"It sure has been a pleasure talking to you folks," said Joe.

"Oh, that's all right," said the man with the cap.

Joe gave the porter a tip and stepped off the train jauntily. As he turned to pick up his bag, he saw that the woman with the

goitre was staring at him. He walked over to the window that framed her gaunt face. "Good-bye, lady; I hope you have a nice trip." The woman answered: "The doctors said it wasn't no use operating on me: I waited too late." "Well, that's fine!— That sure is fine!" said Joe. He laughed gaily and waved his hand. Then he picked up his bag and his catalogue case and followed the people through the gate. The woman with the goitre stared at him until he was out of sight.

On the other side of the iron fence Joe saw Mrs. Thompkins. She was dressed all in black and she wore a black veil. Joe went over to her briskly, and Mrs. Thompkins put her arms around him and kissed him twice. "Poor Joe!" she said. Then she looked at his smiling, excited face with amazement. Joe noticed that her eyes were red and swollen.

"Didn't you get my telegram?" she asked. Joe wrinkled his brow in an effort to remember. Finally he said: "Oh, yes, I got it at the hotel."

"Did you get my second telegram?" insisted Mrs. Thompkins.

She looked steadily into Joe's eyes. A feeling of terror swept over him. He knew that he could no longer lie to himself. He could no longer keep Bessie alive by talking about her. His face was suddenly twisted with pain and his jaw trembled like a child's. He leaned against the iron fence for support, and Mrs. Thompkins held his hand and said: "You can't give in. You got to be a man; you can't give in like that, Joe!"

Finally he said: "I didn't read your telegram. I didn't want to know that she was dead. I wanted to keep her alive a little longer." He sat down suddenly on an empty baggage truck and hid his face in his hands. He sat there for a long time while Mrs. Thompkins stood guard over him, her black veil trailing across his shoulder. Finally he asked: "What time did Bessie die?" His voice was tight and hard. It seemed to come from behind his teeth. Mrs. Thompkins answered: "She died at three minutes past two."

A man in a dirty uniform came up. "I'm sorry, mister, but you'll have to move. We got to use that truck."

Joe picked up his catalogue case and his bag and followed Mrs. Thompkins out of the station.

THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION [1]

By DOROTHY PARKER

(From *The New Yorker*)

THE two young New Yorkers sat on the cool terrace that rose sharp from the Mediterranean, and looked into deep gin fizzes, embellished, in the Riviera manner, with mint. They were dressed, the girl and the young man, in identical garments; but any one could easily have distinguished between him and her. Their costumes seemed to have been assembled in compliment to the general region of their Summer visit, lest any one district feel slighted; they wore bérets, striped fishing-shirts, wide-legged cotton trousers, and rope-soled *espadrilles*. Thus, a Frenchman, summering at an American resort, might have attired himself in a felt sombrero, planter's overalls, and rubber hip-boots.

A bay of smooth, silent water stretched between their backs and the green and white island where the Man in the Iron Mask had been prisoned, his face shrouded in black velvet and hope in his sick heart. To their right, back of the long rocks, lay the town the Phœnicians founded, and beyond it the four-pointed fort that the wise had proclaimed, when Vauban planned it, would end all war for all time. The mild harbor to which Napoleon had come back from Elba dented the shore to their left. Far in the hills above their lowered eyes hung the little vertical city from the walls of which the last of the relayed signal fires had risen, to flame back to Italy the news of Cæsar's fresh conquests in Gaul. . . .

"Come on, sea-pig," the young man said. "Get rid of that, and we'll fasten onto another. Oh, garçon. Encore deux jeen feezes, tou de suite."

"Yes, sir," his waiter said.

"And mettez un peu more de jeen in them cette fois, baby," the

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young man said. "Atta boy. Wonderful little yellow race, these French."

"They're crazy," the girl said. "You should have seen that poor nut Bill and I crashed into, driving back from the Casino at four o'clock this morning. My God, all we did was bust his bumper a little, and you'd have thought we'd killed him. He kept screaming all this stuff about why did these Americans come over here, anyway. And there was Bill, so tight he couldn't see, yelling right back at him, 'Yes, and if we hadn't come over, this would be Germany now.' I never laughed so hard in my life."

"Casino any good last night?" he said.

"Oh, it was all right," she said. "Bill lost eighty-five thousand francs."

"How much is that in money?" he said.

"Lord knows," she said. "I can't be bothered figuring. We didn't stay long. I was in bed by half-past four."

"I got in at seven," he said. "And woke up at eleven o'clock, still stewed."

"What did you do all evening?" she said.

"I don't remember much about it," he said. "I must have barged all around. There was one place where I got up and led the orchestra—I guess that must have been at the Splendide. Oh, yes, I remember now. And Bob Weed got this idea in his head he wanted to play a violin, and this Frog violinist they have in the orchestra wouldn't let him have his, and the thing got broken in the struggle, and the Frog cried. Honestly. Cried his head off. Bob gave him five hundred francs."

"He's crazy," she said. "A hundred would have been more than enough."

"Well, Bob was drunk," he said.

"I'm crazy about the Splendide," she said. "It's just like the Desert Club, back in New York."

"There was a good crowd there last night," he said. "Lady Sylvia Goring was giving a big party."

"Was she tight?" she said.

"Oh, sure," he said. "To the eyes. Gosh, she's an attractive jane. I think I'll have to go to work on that."

"You haven't a chance," she said. "She only likes chauffeurs and sailors. Who else was there?"

"Oh, tout le monde," he said. "The whole bunch."

"I wish we'd gone," she said. "But Bill couldn't have made it. He couldn't have kept on his feet for the President of France—whoever that may be."

"It's Poincare or however you say it, isn't it?" he said. "Or somebody."

"Well, it's my idea of nothing to worry about," she said. "I've got other things to think of. Oh, look. See that girl over there?"

She pointed to a neighboring table where sat four other heirs of the ages, two young women and two young men, all with New York in their voices, all dressed in fishing-shirts and bérets and wide trousers.

"The one that forgot her brassière?" he said.

"No," she said, "the one with her feet in the man's lap. Well, she's the one that gave that marvelous party last week, where a lot of people got tight and went in swimming off the rocks with nothing on, and she had big searchlights played on them. Isn't that the most divine idea?"

"That was before I came down from Paris," he said. "I was still trying to get out of the Ritz bar, last week. Who's the pansy she's got her feet on?"

"I think he writes or something," she said. "There's an awful mob of those kind of people around here. Somebody said What's-his-name was here last year—you know, writes all those plays. Oh, *you* know. Shaw."

"He must have looked great," he said, "in swimming with a beard on."

"Oh, they're all nuts," she said. "I wasn't here last year. They say there's a much better crowd this Summer. Did you know Peggy Joyce has taken a villa?"

"This Riviera gets them all," he said. "It's a darned good little dump. I think I'll stay another week, if the life doesn't get me."

"I'm getting sort of fed," she said. "These French people get on my nerves."

"Where did you see any French people?" he said.

"Oh, you can't help knowing they're all around," she said. "It gets on your nerves. They're so damn dumb, they make me sick. Why, they don't even speak English in the post-office."

"They're a hot lot," he said. "Hey, garçon, you big stiff. Oh, garçon. Encore deux jeen feezes, and vitez it up a little, s' i' vous plaît."

He tilted his chair, stretched himself vastly, and yawned in loud arpeggio, his head sliding from side to side to the slow rhythm. The sheet of Mediterranean caught his eye.

"Hey, look at that damn mill-pond, will you?" he said. "Blue as a fool. Know what they used to call that puddle? The cradle of civilization, they called it. How's that—am I educated, or aren't I?"

"Oh, you're a knockout in every line," she said. She glanced over her shoulder at the sea. "I don't think I'll go in swimming again."

"What?" he said. "Not in the cradle of civilization?"

"Oh, shut up," she said. "I suppose you'll be pulling that for the next year. No, I'm not going in. The water's rotten to-day."

"You're right, at that," he said. "It's lousy."

THE WHITE PIGEON [1]

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

(From *The Commonweal*)

ALICANTE is a small town with a harbor. Along the waterfront runs a wide avenue shaded by palm trees. To the left of the docks and the shipping are the bathing establishments. Three piers run a hundred yards out over the shallow sea. You change your clothes in cabins on these piers and climb down a ladder from each cabin into the sea. At the end of each pier is a small restaurant and café where you sit and watch people swim. In summer, that is, for in winter, the waiter says, only vegetarians and foreigners swim. By foreigners he means the English. Both terms mean crazy people.

We sat on the terrace and watched the sun go down. Back of the town there was a cliff. On top of the cliff there was a fort. Back of that there were mountains, endless rows of mountains with between them a few plains here and there. And that was Spain. To our right were the docks and the smoke going up in the still air from a few tramp ships. A British ship was loading manganese. The cranes were working and as they dumped the manganese it made a yellow dust in the air. To the left the coast curved out to a lighthouse and they were testing the light although it was too early to turn it on. It gave two short flashes and one long and then it stopped for half a minute—then it gave them again. There was not a breath of wind: it was December: we sat out of doors in the sunset and watched the color change on the quiet sea. The water was transparent and you could see the bottom. Next to us some Spanish were throwing bits of bread to the fishes. You could see the fish clearly. They were big fish: they swam very fast. Some of the bread was in pieces too big for them. They would jab at the bread and it would bob.

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If one of them got hold of a piece too big to swallow the others would attack him and he would let it go. They swam swiftly up and down waiting for the bread to get soggy so that they could tear it to bits. At the end of the next pier there were no customers. Four waiters were playing cards at a table. A half-empty bottle of grenadine, on the shelf above them, occupied the attention of a solitary fly.

The papers those days were filled with shipwrecks and storms. Even the *Bremen* and the *Berengaria* were three or four days late. The Atlantic, the Channel and the Bay of Biscay were in a terrible state. Ships were calling for assistance, ships were disabled, ships that were badly loaded sank—and crews were lost. It seemed impossible and remote as we looked out on this water as quiet as any lake. Newspapers were extraordinary things. They tended to make no one place complete because they forced on one a certain consciousness of what was happening everywhere else. The Mediterranean here was peaceful but it was not the only sea. Long ago people who lived here thought it was and on an afternoon like this they could feel that the whole world was at peace. The newspapers had stopped that.

"Does it bother you a great deal?" said the Spanish priest who sat with us.

"No, it does not," I said.

"Yet clever people accuse us of making God in our own image," he said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I mean that we live by appearances," he said. "We pity what we actually see before us and not even that if we see it too often. A beggar on a lonely road but not the fifty beggars between here and your hotel. We love or we hate the people we know and they are a fraction of living people too small to express. By extension we have general loves and hatreds but they are as weak as ethics without religion. We all kill flies because they are so small we cannot imagine their suffering. Many of us would dislike to have to kill a chicken and you foreigners go pale when our bulls kill the horses in the arena. It is a matter of immediate visual repulsion. You want the old cab horses to die somewhere out of sight. Only"—he paused—"they do not die out of the sight of God."

For a moment the old priest looked straight out toward the sea. A ship had left the harbor. It was in ballast and you could see the propeller blades half way out of water turning slowly.

"That is why we have not made God in our image," he said. "God is omniscient and no man nor any conception of man could suffer what God knows or what he sees. Our pity goes for fragments of things, for the half of a story, for incidents. It is limited by what we see and we never look behind closed doors."

I had the sensation that something passed me in the air but it was out of my field of vision. I stood up and leaned on the rail and looked down at the water. I saw, floating directly beneath me, a white bird. It was very beautiful. I thought it was a gull. It had its white wings slightly extended on the water. It turned its head and looked at the pier. Then it was absolutely motionless.

"Look," I said, "that is more lovely than any swan."

"That," said the priest, "is a pigeon and it has fallen into the sea."

The Spanish who had been throwing bread to the fishes had seen it now and they shouted. The waiters playing cards on the other pier left their game and leaned over to watch. The café manager came out. We all leaned over the rail and watched the pigeon. The water was wetting its wings and it began to realize its danger. So did we. It started to beat its wings but they were wet and it could not rise. Yet by beating its wings against the water it began to move forward toward the other pier. The manager shouted orders. An attendant from the bathing establishment went into a locker room and came out running with a long pole and a round net at the end of it. He climbed over the rail and we held on to him as he reached out as far as he could. It was not far enough. The pole frightened the pigeon. It was aiming for the shore between the two piers. But its wings were getting heavier with the water and the distance was too great. Visibly the bird was beginning to tire. The white of the wings was losing color where the water soaked through. A man had a net now on the other pier. He was ducking under the rails that divided each cabin from the next and at the same time had to pass the long rod with the net along the outside of the balcony. He would duck under a rail, pass himself the rod, run a few steps,

and then do it all over again. It was a queer sort of obstacle race. If the bird got beneath the pier and out of reach of the net it would drown. If it remained equally distant from the two piers no one could reach it and it would drown. We all shouted at the man on the other pier not to frighten it and let it get near. We cursed him for being slow. It was easy to see how he could have passed the rod with the net over his head and saved time. It was doubtful whether he would be able to intercept the bird before it disappeared beneath the pier. The pigeon now was desperately tired and its wings were heavy. It struggled at intervals and advanced. But when it rested you could see it sinking.

Finally the man on the other pier reached it with his net. He took it out of the net and held it by its wings. The pigeon did not struggle. Every one was happy that the pigeon was safe. We had felt very sorry for that lovely white bird. We felt it would have been filthy to sit there and let it drown. But now the man with the net had saved it. We all talked at once.

"In another minute," some one said, "it would have drowned."

On the other pier the man who held the pigeon called across to our pier:

"Where did it come from?"

No one knew. The man with the pigeon shrugged his shoulders, looked appraisingly at the pigeon, shrugged his shoulders again, and grinned. Then he opened a door back of the restaurant and went inside.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire," our waiter said.

We sat down again at our table. The sun had set and the sea had lost its color. It was dark now and the stars were out. The air was cool and calm.

"Consider the story of the white pigeon," the old priest said.

THE PATRIOT [1]

By WILLIAM POLK

(From *The Hound and Horn*)

WHEN it got too dark to read, the old man with the grizzled beard laid his book on the window-sill—it was *The Republic* of Plato—and took up the fruit jar of corn liquor.

The room was dark, dusty, cavernous. The fading fringe of orange light that slipped through the tattered curtains and lost itself in the black marble mantel, dimly disclosed a chaos of old furniture, bottles, and books.

The door flew open so violently that it banged against the wall.

A negro stumbled in hatless, sweating, trembling. He fell on his knees and begged the old man to hide him. He had, he said, killed a country storekeeper in a fight over some tobacco. He had been put in jail. A mob had taken him out to lynch him. In the woods he had escaped and run a long way. He was afraid now that the mob would find him and finish its work.

The old man called. A mulatto boy answered.

"Take this note to town and give it to the Sheriff." He wrote: "A man here has killed another. Come and get him." He signed it, "Hugh Clark."

He went back to the window and picking up the fruit jar unscrewed the top. He heard an automobile stop in the road beyond the hedge. The negro trembled visibly. Hugh Clark put down the fruit jar. From the shadows of the room he produced a pistol, antique, rusty and apparently useless.

"Go upstairs," he ordered, "and hide under that pile of fodder in the hall." The negro bounded up the spiral staircase.

Clark threw open the front door and stepped out on the porch.

He peered sharply into the thicket that had grown up in front of the house, where long ago a terraced lawn had stretched its

[1] Copyright, 1930, by The Hound and Horn.
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green smoothness. He saw no mob, but only two men and a woman walking up the path. It was strange to have visitors. They walked slowly, gazing at the old mansion. It stood on the crest of the rising ground, far from the road, strongly and simply proportioned. Gray it was and, on close view, dilapidated; nevertheless, the symmetry and dignity of its colonial architecture were unimpaired.

This place had belonged to the Clark family for many generations. Hugh had been there for some thirty years, alone except for two or three negro families that lived in the cabins that squatted near.

The two men who came up the path were unfamiliar to Clark, but the woman—her walk, her mauve dress, the lift of her arm as she pointed out something to the young man—he knew her.

At first she did not recognize him. He had changed so much. Thirty years can be a long time. She thought, it would have been better not to have come.

Then she cried, "Oh, Hugh!" and taking his hands in hers turned to the men with her. "This is my son, Christopher," she said, "and this is my husband, Aubrey, Aubrey Holladay."

A little later, when Aubrey and Chris started to look around the house and grounds before it got too dark to see, Serena—that was her name—said:

"Wait, Hugh, I want to have a talk with you."

They sat on the wide steps of the porch—Beauty and the Beast. The amber air was warm and still. The distant woods were like a tapestry woven of many hued greens. On a little hill far off to the right lay a farmhouse, like a mouse, in the center of a vivid pool of wheat, surrounded by the coffee-colored stalks of last year's cotton patch. Over the wheat field floated the dim pink cloud of a peach tree in bloom.

The woman laid her hand on the man's arm and said softly:

"My dear . . ."

"You have been gone a long time," he answered.

"Yes, a long time and a long way."

Her husband, Aubrey Holladay, was one of those Southerners who had left the South of Reconstruction times, gone North and become rich. He and his wife had lived out West, in New York, and, intermittently, in Europe.

She spoke impulsively. "I had to leave, Hugh. Did you blame me—you didn't, did you? You know I loved you—never any one else . . . But I was withering up here. That's why I ran away. I had a dread of being tied down here . . . fixed, fastened in this country. You know? I hated it . . . poverty . . . heat . . . niggers . . . dullness."

She looked at him, an old man now, much older than he should be, old and worn, wrinkled and ragged.

She thought: I knew it. I knew it would be this way with him . . . too impatient, too impractical. How could he expect people to listen to him and his ideas.

"Of course," he answered. "I never blamed you. You were sensible."

He glanced at her. She was still beautiful, still charming, with her eyebrows wide apart as in the lovely marble Aphrodites, the soft brown eyelids low over the deep blue resourceful eyes, the sweetly determined chin and the lips that had always asked and taken the pleasant things of life. Her little hat hid the graying hair but not the jade earrings.

She had always loved money, pretty things, admiration—and, he thought, deserved them. If he had married her, how could he have given them, how could she have secured them, in the South of thirty years ago?

He thought of himself as he was then, a few years out of college, a teacher of Greek and of history, believing that through his teaching and talking and writing he could make the gracious ideals of the ancient Grecian civilization sweep like a flood of light over the turbulent, prejudiced, passionate South of his younger days.

She asked as a child might have questioned:

"Why didn't you run away, too?"

It was now the time of day that is known in the language of the countryside as "dusty dark." The oaks and elms deepened from pale to olive green, and the cedars and pines to black. The sky was a dull, blank gray, and a gray light sifted like ashes down over the land. The jagged branches of a lightning-blasted oak stood sharp against the sky, as if cut out of night itself and pasted on it.

He said, "Well, I don't know."

He sat there thinking, staring out under his eyebrows, his knee drawn up and his chin resting on his fist. He was thinking of all the things in this country of his that he had once so ardently fought and always so bitterly hated . . . poverty . . . ignorance . . . virulent intolerance . . . masked violence.

He stopped thinking and listened. She had been talking, but he had not heard her.

"I forgot to tell you," she continued, "Chris is an architect. He's a good one already. Has been doing well in New York. But now he wants, of all things, to locate down here. He keeps talking about the South, its growth, the opportunities for development. Hugh, won't you tell him how foolish it is?"

But the old man was thinking of himself and his relation to this land. This love of country . . . patriotism . . . how curious! "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." . . . Take the South after the Civil War. Why should anybody with means of locomotion have stayed in it? And yet, all the fine people, the finest, that did stick by it! He thought of his father killed in battle fighting for the Confederacy . . . of his mother in the Reconstruction South . . . of all the gallant and honorable men and women who had so freely given to this much-loved country all of themselves, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." And he felt that he had always been bound by bonds invisible but secure.

"I couldn't have lived out of it," he said, "any more than you could have lived in it."

Dusty-dark was giving way to the robin's-egg blue of the end of twilight. It was as if the opaque gray sky had been drawn up silently, like a curtain, leaving nothing between earth and heaven but the tenderly crystalline, vivid, infinite blue. The blue deepened around the slim new moon in the western sky. Blue night, thought the old man, this must be that vision of perfect beauty which Socrates saw that evening on his way to the banquet.

Serena laid her finger-tips on the man's shoulders caressingly.

"Do you remember," she asked softly, "the last night that I was here?"

He remembered. A night in May. Such a night as ought never to have happened in those Victorian days. He had not even yet forgotten the soft warm darkness, the shadows of the mag-

nolia leaves outlined by the moonlight on the wall, dancing to some unheard music, the warm, snowy blossoms of the cape jessamine . . . the moonlight white on her throat and purple on her hair . . . the sweetness of her lips . . . the pressure of her arms.

He said, "I remember."

She frowned a little, as if in doubt about something, then spoke hurriedly. "There's something I ought to tell you—should have told you long ago, perhaps. Chris, my son, is not—he is not my husband's—not Aubrey's—son."

She hesitated and Hugh looked up at her in astonished silence.

"He is your son," she said.

His son!

He arose abruptly and went into the house. The oil lamp was lit in his room. Aubrey Holladay and Chris were there. He looked keenly at his new-found son. There was a resemblance. The same long, loose-jointed body, and that same trick of walking up and down with long strides and stuttering when excited, as just then when he was arguing with Aubrey, and the same way of thrusting his fingers through his hair until it stood wildly upright.

Serena called Aubrey out on the porch.

Hugh Clark, alone with his son, wondered what this young fellow would think of him. He could think of nothing to say.

Chris was turning over the books that were scattered everywhere. He would like to borrow, if he weren't presuming too much on such short acquaintance, this one, Castiglione's *Book of the Courtier*.

Yes, Mr. Clark was delighted to let him have it—a charming picture of the brilliant Florentine Renaissance. Mr. Holladay was an architect and intended to locate in the South?

Exactly. Very shortly. The South was the place. It was settled. The final argument had taken place a few minutes ago. He would come South. What would he design? Schoolhouses, bridges, public buildings, among other things.

Mr. Clark would be glad to see some of his plans, blue prints, if he would come again soon. Really? Of course.

When Serena and Aubrey came back, they found the young man and the old one leaning together over the table. Chris was

sketching on the flyleaf of the *Book of the Courtier* the plan of a schoolhouse that he would put up some day in the South.

They left.

The old man was alone again, but not lonely. His heart was light. He felt himself linked to life again. What was that phrase—from *The Tale of Two Cities,* wasn't it?—that his mind kept groping for? Restored to life? No. "Recalled to Life!" The struggle with ignorance, poverty, ugliness was not over yet. His son, better equipped and with a mind more practical than his own, would succeed where he had failed. Perhaps from out of the bitterness of his own experience he might advise and help him. He saw great powerful buildings rising up under his son's hand. He saw the sanity and freedom and beauty of his old Greek world passing insensibly into his South over the long white curves of the mighty concrete bridges that his boy would build.

He looked into the night, over the woods and the fields sleeping under the inky blue sky and across the hills where the town tinged the skyline with a faint flush. *Recalled to life!*

He sat there for an hour, maybe two.

Then he caught sight of a dim figure dodging behind the trees to the left of the house. With a start, he remembered the negro who had come to him that evening for protection.

So, the house was watched. Would there be a mob and would they attempt to search the house. Well, if so, there would be trouble.

He did not like the affair. Yesterday he would have welcomed such an opportunity for a fight, yesterday he put no value on life. But now that his son had come and lighted again within him the love of life, he felt a strange desire to avoid danger.

He called his old servant. "Tell the nigger upstairs he'll have to get out," he ordered. But as his servant started up the creaking spiral staircase, old Hugh took a second thought: "If the nigger goes out now he'll probably be killed. He came to me for protection—a human being—came to this house. Was anybody ever turned out of this house because the owner was a coward?"

"Come back," he called to the old servant. "Let him stay."

He went into the house and got his pistol again.

When he came back to the porch he heard some one walking up the path toward the house.

He pointed the pistol at the figure indistinct in the darkness. "Stop! Stop, or I'll fire!"

"Hello, what's up?" It was his son's voice. The pistol sank down. "I came to bring you some of those blue prints of mine to look over and tell me what you think of them." The young man entered the strip of light that stretched from the hall door across the porch and into the night a little way.

The old man trembled. He had come close to shooting the boy.

"You'll have to go back," he commanded harshly. "Right away. I'm busy."

As his son, offended, turned to go, fear seized old Hugh, fear that his son might be mistaken in the darkness for the fugitive and shot.

"Wait," he pleaded. "Go in my room and wait for me there."

Surprised at the insistence of his voice, Chris went in.

An automobile came speeding along the bumpy road half screened by the thicket from the house. Its brakes screeched; its light went off; its motor was silenced. Then another stopped—and another—and another . . . The old man lost count of them.

He heard stumbling footsteps and whispered curses and saw a fitful flashlight on the path. There must have been forty or fifty men, keeping close together, with handkerchiefs masking the lower parts of their faces.

One of them stepped forward. "Stand aside," he commanded. "We are going to search this house."

Old Hugh cocked his antiquated pistol.

"I'll shoot the first one of you," he said almost gently, "that puts his foot on these steps."

His son appeared in the doorway. "Here, what's all the racket?" he asked, stepping out on the porch in the light from the hall.

The old man jumped in front of his son. "Stay behind me," he begged. "For God's sake, go back—go back in the house."

He stretched out his left arm to hold his son behind him.

The leader of the men below fell back a step at this sudden movement. Something flashed in his hand. He fired. His shot was low.

"Thank God I am in front," thought Clark. He pulled the trigger of his pistol. It snapped.

Something fell behind him. He turned. It was his son. The bullet from the leader of the mob below had struck the stone pedestal of a porch column and ricochetting had missed the old man and hit his son in the temple. The blood was streaming from the wound. Hugh knelt by the boy.

The young fellow's breath was already coming in labored, raucous gasps. The men on the ground heard it. They had killed a white man. This was something serious. They withdrew and disappeared quickly.

The boy's breathing ceased.

The old man got up from his knees painfully. He wiped his bloody hands on his trousers. There was a tight feeling across the bridge of his nose, his eyes burned and the corners of his mouth twitched uncontrollably.

He walked to the door, as if asleep, and stood there for a long time, staring at something—a dirt-dauber's nest in the paneled door—but without seeing it.

After standing perfectly still for several minutes, he suddenly strode into the house. Walking straight to the window of his room, he took from the window-sill the fruit jar and held it up to the light. It held nearly a quart of colorless corn whiskey. He turned it up to his mouth and took a long steady drink. The fiery liquor seemed to soothe the dull, tired ache of his body. Scraps of verse were running senselessly around in his brain, around and around.

Stepping over to his bed, he picked up a book that lay upon it, turned the pages carefully, stopped, read one page slowly, tore off part of it and, holding it in his hand, went on the porch. Kneeling by the body of his son, he placed the scrap of paper on the boy's forehead, gently gluing it on with the blood.

Then he staggered back into the house and sank down in his chair by the window. His heart pained him and he drew his breath with difficulty.

He reached for the fruit jar and drank again and again, like a tired horse at a brook. The floor of the room tipped gently and he felt himself sinking down—down—down—softly into nothingness. The empty jar fell from his hand and broke on the floor without disturbing him.

When the sheriff and his deputy arrived the next morning, they

found old Hugh slumped down in his chair, oblivious of the flies that swarmed upon his face. They also found the body of a young stranger on the porch.

The circumstances caused the Sheriff to think it probable that Clark had killed the young fellow.

"Arrest him and bring him along," he said.

The deputy bent over the old man.

"I can't," he answered. "He's dead."

They went on the porch. The scrap of paper was still sticking to the forehead of the young man. The Sheriff tried to read it but finally gave it up as a mystery. It was printed in Greek.

He suspected that it was a curse the old man had put on the boy.

But when it was translated, it turned out to be only some poetry from that part of the Iliad in which Helen is watching the battle from the walls of Troy and wondering where two of her kinsmen are:

> " 'Two, two only remain whom I see not among
> the commanders . . .
> Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the
> council of heroes?'
> So said she. They long since in Earth's soft
> arms were reposing,
> There, in their own dear land, their Father-
> land, Lacedæmon."

THEFT [1]

By KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

(From *The Gyroscope*)

SHE had the purse in her hand when she came in. Standing in the middle of the floor, holding her bathrobe around her and trailing a damp towel in one hand, she surveyed the immediate past and remembered everything clearly. Yes, she had opened the flap and spread it out on the bench after she had dried the purse with her handkerchief.

She had intended to take the Elevated, and naturally she looked in her purse to make certain she had the fare, and was pleased to find forty cents in the coin envelope. She was going to pay her own fare, too, even if Camilo did have the habit of seeing her up the steps and dropping a nickel in the machine before he gave the turnstile a little push and sent her through it with a bow. Camilo by a series of compromises had managed to make effective a fairly complete set of the smaller courtesies, ignoring the larger and more troublesome ones. She had walked with him to the station in a pouring rain, because she knew he was almost as poor as she was, and when he insisted on a taxi, she was firm and said, "You know it simply will not do." He was wearing a new hat of a pretty biscuit shade, for it never occurred to him to buy anything of a practical colour; he had put it on for the first time and the rain was spoiling it. She kept thinking, "But this is dreadful, where will he get another?" and compared it with Eddie's hats that always seemed to be precisely seven years old and as if they had been quite purposely left out in the rain, and they sat with a careless and incidental rightness on Eddie. But Camilo was far different, if he wore a shabby hat it would be merely shabby on him, and he would lose his spirits over it. If she had not feared Camilo would take it badly, for he insisted on the practise of his little ceremonies up to the point he had fixed

[1] Copyright, 1929, by Yvor Winters.
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for them, she would have said to him as they left Thora's house, "Do go home. I can surely reach the station by myself."

"It is written that we must be rained upon to-night," said Camilo, "so let it be together."

At the foot of the platform stairway she staggered slightly—they were both nicely set up on Thora's cocktails—and said: "At least, Camilo, do me the favor not to climb these stairs in your present state, since for you it is only a matter of coming down again at once, and you'll certainly break your neck."

He made three quick bows, he was Spanish, and leaped off through the rainy darkness. She stood watching him, for he was a very graceful young man, thinking that to-morrow morning he would gaze soberly at his spoiled hat and soggy shoes and possibly associate her with his misery. And as she watched, he stopped at the far corner and took off his hat and hid it under his overcoat. She felt she had betrayed him by seeing, because he would have been humiliated if he thought she even suspected him of trying to save his hat.

Roger's voice sounded over her shoulder above the clang of the rain falling on the stairway shed, wanting to know what she was doing out in the rain at this time of night, and did she take herself for a duck? His long, imperturbable face was streaming with water, and he tapped a bulging spot on the breast of his buttoned-up overcoat: "Hat," he said. "Come on, let's take a taxi."

She settled back against Roger's arm which he laid around her shoulders, and with the gesture they exchanged a glance full of long amiable associations, then she looked through the window at the rain changing the shapes of everything, and the colours. The taxi dodged in and out between the pillars of the Elevated, skidding slightly on every curve, and she said: "The more it skids the calmer I feel, so I really must be drunk."

"You must be," said Roger. "This bird is a homicidal maniac, and I could do with a cocktail myself this minute."

They waited on the traffic at Fortieth Street and Sixth Avenue, and three boys walked before the nose of the taxi. Under the globes of light they were cheerful scarecrows, all very thin and all wearing very seedy snappy-cut suits and gay neckties. They were not very sober either, and they stood for a moment wobbling in front of the car, and there was an argument going on among

them. They leaned toward each other as if they were getting ready to sing, and the first one said: "When I get married it won't be jus' for getting married, I'm gonna marry for LOVE, see?" and the second one said, "Aw, gwan and tell that stuff to HER, why'nt yuh?" and the third one gave a kind of hoot, and said, "Hell, dis guy? Wot the hell's he got?" and the first one said: "Aaah, shurrup yuh mush, I got plenty." Then they all squealed and scrambled across the street beating the third one on the back and pushing him around.

"Nuts," commented Roger, "pure nuts."

Two girls went skittering by in short transparent raincoats, one green, one red, their heads tucked against the drive of the rain. One of them was saying to the other, "Yes, I know all about THAT. But what about me? You're always so sorry for HIM . . ." and they ran on with their little pelican legs flashing back and forth.

The taxi backed up suddenly and leaped forward again, and after a while Roger said: "I had a letter from Stella to-day, and she'll be home on the 26th, so I suppose she's made up her mind and it's all settled."

"I had a sort of letter to-day too," she said. "I think it is time for you and Stella to do something definite."

When the taxi stopped on the corner of West Fifty-third Street, Roger said, "I've just enough if you'll add ten cents," so she opened her purse and gave him a dime, and he said, "That's beautiful, that purse."

"It's a birthday present," she told him, "and I like it. How's your show coming?"

"Oh, still hanging on, I guess. I don't go near the place. Nothing sold yet. I mean to keep right on the way I'm going and they can take it or leave it. I'm through with the argument."

"It's absolutely a matter of holding out, isn't it?"

"Holding out's the tough part."

"Good-night, Roger."

"Good-night, you should take aspirin and push yourself into a tub of hot water, you look as though you're catching cold."

"I will."

With the purse under her arm she went upstairs, and on the first landing Bill heard her step and poked his head out with his

hair tumbled and his eyes red, and he said: "For Christ's sake come in and have a drink with me. I've had some bad news.

"You're perfectly sopping," said Bill. They had two drinks, and Bill told how the director had thrown his play out after the cast had been picked over twice, and had gone through three rehearsals. "I said to him, 'I didn't say it was a masterpiece, I said it was a good show.' And he said, 'It just doesn't *play*, do you see? It needs a doctor.' So I'm stuck, absolutely stuck," said Bill, on the edge of weeping again. "I've been crying," he told her, "in my cups." And he went on to ask her if she realized that his wife was ruining him with her extravagance. "I send her ten dollars every week of my unhappy life, and I don't really have to. She threatens to jail me if I don't, but she can't do it. God, let her try it after the way she treated me! She's no right to alimony, and she knows it. But I send it because I can't bear to see anybody suffer. And I'm way behind on the piano and the victrola, both—"

"Well, this is a pretty rug, anyhow," she said.

Bill stared at it and blew his nose. "I got it at Ricci's for ninety-five dollars," he said. "Ricci said it once belonged to Marie Dressler and cost fifteen hundred dollars, but there's a burnt place on it. Can you beat that?"

"No," she said.

They had another drink and she went to her apartment on the floor above, and there, she now remembered distinctly, she had taken the letter out of the purse before she spread the purse out to dry.

She had sat down and read the letter over again: but there were phrases that insisted on being read many times, they had a life of their own separate from the others, and when she tried to read past and around them, they moved with the movement of her eyes, and she could not escape them . . . "thinking about you more than I mean to . . . yes, I even talk about you . . . why were you so anxious to destroy . . . even if I could see you now I would not . . . not worth all this abominable . . . the end . . ."

Carefully she tore the letter into narrow strips and touched a lighted match to them in the coal grate.

Early the next morning she was in the bath tub when the janitress knocked and then came in, calling out that she wished

to examine the radiators before she started the furnace going for the winter. After moving about the room for a few minutes, the janitress went out closing the door very sharply.

She came out of the bathroom to get a cigarette from the package in the purse. The purse was gone. She dressed and made coffee, and sat by the window while she drank it. Certainly the janitress had taken the purse, and certainly it would be impossible to get it back without a great deal of ridiculous excitement. Then let it go. With this decision of her mind, there rose coincidentally in her blood a deep almost murderous anger. She set the cup carefully in the centre of the table, and walked unsteadily downstairs, three long flights and a short hall and a steep short flight into the basement, where the janitress, her face streaked with coal dust, was shaking up the furnace. "Will you please give me back my purse? There isn't any money in it. It was a present, and I don't want to lose it."

The janitress turned without straightening up and peered at her with hot flickering eyes, a red light reflected from the furnace in them. "What do you mean, your purse?"

"The gold cloth purse you took from the wooden bench in my room," she said. "I must have it back."

"Before God I never laid eyes on your purse, and that's the holy truth," said the janitress.

"Oh, well then, keep it," she said, but in a very bitter voice, "keep it if you want it so much." And she walked away.

She remembered how she had never locked a door in her life, on some principle of rejection in her that made her uncomfortable in the ownership of things, and her paradoxical boast before the warnings of her friends, that she had never lost a penny by theft; and she had been pleased with the bleak humility of this concrete example designed to illustrate and justify a certain fixed, otherwise baseless and general faith which ordered the movements of her life without regard to her will in the matter.

In this moment she felt that she had been robbed of an enormous number of valuable things, whether material or intangible: things lost or broken by her own fault, things she had forgotten and left in houses when she moved: books borrowed and not returned, journeys she had planned and had not made, words she had waited to hear spoken to her and had not heard, and the

words she had meant to answer with bitter alternatives and intolerable substitutes worse than nothing, and yet inescapable: the long patient suffering of dying friendships and the dark inexplicable death of love—all that she had had, and all that she had missed, were lost together, and were twice lost in this landslide of remembered losses.

The janitress was following her upstairs with her purse in her hand and the same deep red fire flickering in her eyes. The janitress thrust the purse towards her while they were still a half dozen steps apart, and said: "Don't never tell on me. I musta been crazy. I get crazy in the head sometimes, I swear I do. My son can tell you."

She took the purse after a moment, and the janitress went on: "I got a niece who is going on seventeen, and she's a nice girl and I thought I'd give it to her. She needs a pretty purse. I musta been crazy, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind, you leave things around and don't seem to notice much."

She said: "I missed this because it was a present to me from some one . . ."

The janitress said: "He'd get you another if you lost this one. My niece is young and needs pretty things, we oughta give the young ones a chance. She's got young men after her maybe will want to marry her. She oughta have nice things. She needs them bad right now. You're a grown woman, you've had your chance, you ought to know how it is!"

She held the purse out to the janitress saying: "You don't know what you're talking about. Here, take it, I've changed my mind. I really don't want it."

The janitress looked up at her with hatred and said: "I don't want it either now. My niece is young and pretty, she don't need fixin' up to be pretty, she's young and pretty anyhow! I guess you need it worse than she does!"

"It wasn't really yours in the first place," she said, turning away. "You mustn't talk as if I had stolen it from you."

"It's not from me, it's from her you're stealing it," said the janitress, and went back downstairs.

She laid the purse on the table and sat down with the cup of chilled coffee, and thought. I was right not to be afraid of any thief but myself, who will end by leaving me nothing.

THE VINEYARD AT SCHLOSS RAMSBURG[1]

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

(From *The Saturday Evening Post*)

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HOTEL FRAU EMMA, MERANO, ITALY.
Wednesday Evening, March 21, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: It is with a feeling of the greatest optimism that I write you to report that I have just arrived in this charming city along with Mrs. Botts—or Gadget, as I usually call her—and that we are about to start the great selling campaign which we feel sure will proceed from one success to another until at last there will be a real American Earthworm tractor on every farm, every dirt-moving project, and every hauling job in the entire kingdom of Italy, from the southernmost shore of sunny Sicily to the northernmost pass in the snow-covered Alps.

Right now we are in the Alps. I would like to write a whole book about this place, but as I do not wish to be prolix I will merely state that the town of Merano is in a deep valley at the confluence of two rushing mountain torrents. There are splendid

[1] Copyright, 1930, by The Curtis Publishing Company.
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hotels and stores and hundreds of ancient stone villas with beautiful gardens and parks and avenues of trees—very fine to look at in the first green of the springtime. The sides of the valley, which rise up very steep all around the town, are covered with vineyards. There are grim-looking medieval castles on a number of the lower hills. And behind these are the dizzy peaks and snowfields of the Tyrolean Alps. In short, this is indeed a swell place, and in every way worthy to be the scene of our first Earthworm-tractor sale in Italy.

Our ten-horse-power demonstration machine has already arrived by freight from Genoa, and to-morrow morning we are going to call on Graf Anton Hasendorf, who lives in a near-by castle called Schloss Ramsburg. [Note: *Graf* is German for count, and *Schloss* means castle.] This count sent me a letter in German—which Gadget, who knows all these languages, translated—saying that he had seen one of our advertisements and would buy a ten-horse-power Earthworm provided it was as good as the advertisement claimed. This guy uses the German language because he is an Austrian count. Apparently this region used to belong to Austria. It didn't become part of Italy until after the war, and most of the people here speak German. All of which makes no difference to us, as Gadget is such a splendid linguist that she can talk to any of them.

I will write you again to-morrow night and let you know how we get along. But don't worry; I have a feeling that this count is going to be as putty in our hands.

Most sincerely,

Alexander Botts.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HOTEL FRAU EMMA, MERANO, ITALY.
Thursday Evening, March 22, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

Dear Henderson: We have called on Count Hasendorf, and it has been a very hard day. I will have to admit that I am amazed and bewildered, and almost ready to give up trying to sell this gentleman a tractor. I will give you a brief account of what has occurred, and in the course of the narrative I will make a few remarks about the advertising department of the Earthworm Tractor Company, and the truly remarkable way they seem to translate their publicity into foreign languages.

The beginning of our day's work was entirely favorable. We had already inquired the way to the castle; so, after an early breakfast, we got the tractor at the freight station, filled it with gas and oil, and climbed on board.

With the gears in high, and with the clear morning sunshine playing on the brand-new paint of the tractor, we rolled majestically down the Corso Goethe, waking all of the guests in the swell hotels along the way with the cheery, whole-souled roar of our motor. At the municipal theater we turned to the right, crossed the bridge over the swift, glacier-fed waters of the Passirio, and followed the Viale di Campi past the Camp Sportivo—where our advent temporarily interrupted several early-morning games of tennis.

A mile or so farther on we passed the bottom of a beautiful new funicular railway, if that is what you call it—two big cables stretched right through the air from the bottom of the valley to a town called Avelengo about three thousand feet up on the mountainside. A little car, hung on rollers, and pulled by a smaller

cable, was running up one of these big cables, and a second car was coming down the other. There were passengers in both cars. Right beside the splendid new funicular was an older one, which had apparently been abandoned.

It seemed to me that all this was a good omen. If the people of this region used such magnificent transportation equipment, they ought to be machinery-minded and apt to look with favor on that greatest of mechanical masterpieces, the Earthworm tractor.

As we continued on our way the road began to climb, and directly ahead and far above us we saw Schloss Ramsburg itself, perched on top of a rocky hill or promontory. The road zigzagged up the side of the valley, circled around behind the castle, and then took us out along a narrow ridge that connected the main range of mountains with the hill on which the castle was built. At length we came to a deep gully which was spanned by a drawbridge leading to a big gate in an ancient stone wall. We had arrived.

We parked the tractor beside the road, walked across the bridge, and rang a large bell. I expected to see a guy in armor come out, but such was not the case. A little door in the big gate opened, and a very harmless-looking old woman greeted us. Apparently she was the cook or housemaid or something.

Gadget told her in German that we wanted to see the boss, and she led us inside. We walked through a couple of arches and came out into one of the best-looking courtyards I have ever seen. It was paved with big blocks of stone and surrounded by stone buildings with beautiful arched doors and windows, tile roofs, towers, gables and balconies. One of the buildings, at the lower end of the court, seemed to be a sort of combination stable and servants' quarters. In this country the servants and the animals rank about the same. In front of the stable was a batch of laundry drying on a clothesline, and a large and very rich manure pile with a flock of fat hens scratching around in it. All this looked most domestic and homelike. And the whole place, taking it by and large, was undoubtedly a swell joint. All the stonework was very old and covered with lichens and moss and ivy. Very fine, indeed.

The old woman took us through an archway at the opposite end

of the court from the stable, and we entered the great hall of Schloss Ramsburg, which was filled with a warm glow from a cheerful fire in the big fireplace. I had just time to notice the magnificent Turkish rug on the stone floor, the rows of distinguished-looking old portraits on the wall, and the huge beams overhead, when Count Hasendorf himself came in.

He was better than any of the portraits—about six feet tall, about seventy-five years old, and with a face and a beard like the pictures of old man Moses. Beside him was the Countess Hasendorf, a quiet, gentle-looking woman with very lovely white hair. After one look I knew that these people were the real stuff. And I congratulated myself for having been sensible enough to bring my wife with me. For Gadget is the real stuff too. Gadget at once addressed them—in German, of course—and they replied in the same language. We learned later that they speak German, French and Italian, but practically no English.

After the preliminary greetings were over, Gadget said, "We have brought an Earthworm tractor for you to look at."

"That is very kind of you," said the count.

"We understand," said Gadget, "that you want to buy one."

"Well," said the count, "I can't say that I really want to buy one."

"But I don't understand. I thought you wrote us that you would take a tractor if it was as good as the advertisement said it was."

"Exactly," said the count. "I may be compelled to buy one of your machines. But I don't want to. I am an old-fashioned man, Mrs. Botts, and I hate this frightful modern machinery. Every fiber of my being is outraged at the thought of my beautiful vineyard being polluted by the presence of a vile tractor, clanking and puffing among the vines, destroying the peace of the whole countryside with its hellish noise, and polluting the very air with its foul exhaust. And when I consider the peasants who work for me—simple, sturdy souls whom I love as if they were my children, and who have always lived clean lives close to Nature—I am deeply distressed at the thought of their being tainted by contact with the soulless machine-made civilization of the cities.

"But these are evil days; I have encountered a difficulty in my

vineyard operations; I have apparently lost a valuable mule; and it may be that the only way I shall be able to solve my problems will be by the purchase of a tractor."

"Well, count," said Gadget, "that certainly is tough luck. But after you have bought an Earthworm tractor, you'll find out it's not half as bad as you think. Let's go out and look at the machine. Then you can tell us about your problems, and we'll see if the Earthworm can solve them." And she led the way back through the courtyard to where we had parked the tractor.

[Note: The above conversation, as I have said, was all in German. But as you guys at the home office would naturally be too ignorant to understand it in the original, I have put it down in English just as Gadget translated it. And here is another idea: I had always thought of German as essentially a comic language—it has so many silly gurgles and snorts in it. But the way the count talks it, it sounds most dignified. And the way Gadget handles it, it is actually musical.]

When we got out to the tractor, the count and the countess sort of hung back.

"Step right up, count," said Gadget. "It won't bite you. It's house-broken and everything. And its morals are clean and spotless—even if it does come from the materialistic machine-made civilization of the cities. It is guaranteed not to taint or sully the purity of even the most innocent Tyrolean peasant."

But the count wouldn't come within ten feet of it. "Suppose you drive it in," he said, "and I'll show you what I want you to do with it."

As soon as Gadget had explained this to me, I flipped the crank, climbed into the seat, and drove across the bridge, through the big gate and into the courtyard. Then the count directed me through another gate and out onto an open stone terrace on the side of the castle toward the valley, where we got one of the swellest views I have ever seen.

In front, and almost a thousand feet below us, was the town of Merano, with its churches, beautiful buildings, parks and trees. The two little streams—the Passirio and the Adige—glittered in the sunshine as they flowed along through the green fields and past a number of clustered little villages. On the hills across the valley were four or five big castles; the largest of which was Schloss Tirol,

from which this whole region takes its name. And above the castles were the snow-covered peaks of the higher mountains.

After we had admired this beautiful scene, the count explained all about his vineyard, and the troubles he was having, and what he wanted the tractor to do. As the conformation of the vineyard is the basis of most of the count's troubles—and of all of mine at this time—I will describe it in some detail.

As I have said, Schloss Ramsburg stands on top of a hill which juts out from the side of the valley much as a buttress juts out from the side of a building. The only road to the castle—the one we have followed—winds up the slope of the main mountain range at one side of the hill, circles around, and reaches the castle from the rear, where the little gully, crossed by the bridge just outside the big gate, is the only thing that separates the top of the hill from the main slope of the mountain behind.

The right and left sides of the buttresslike hill are almost perpendicular rock cliffs, but in front of the castle the ground slopes down at a forty-five-degree angle for several hundred feet, and then continues by a gentle descent to the bottom of the valley and the town of Merano. On the upper, or steep, part of the slope is the castle vineyard. It is terraced like a gigantic flight of steps; and each step, or terrace, is a level shelf of rich soil about a quarter of a mile long and ten feet wide, held in place by a vertical stone retaining wall about ten feet high. The grape vines grow on trellises made of wooden poles.

As we looked down from the castle on this remarkable vineyard, the count explained that it was one of the finest in the world.

"It was started by the ancient Romans," he said. "Possibly the stone walls that hold the terraces were begun two thousand years ago. It must have taken centuries to complete them—there are forty-four terraces in all—but apparently they were all finished when my family came into possession of the land in the year 1433. And the retaining walls are so solid that hardly any repair work is needed—which is fortunate, because with labor as expensive as it is to-day, and the price of wine so low, it would be impossible for me to do much stone construction."

"It looks like more work than it's worth," said Gadget. "Why couldn't the old Romans have put their vineyard on some level field?"

"A hillside vineyard is always better," said the count. "The air drainage protects the vines from the danger of frost and from the dampness which causes fungous diseases. And the drainage of the soil water keeps the earth moist, but never water-soaked. Furthermore, the soil in this particular slope is of a chemical composition peculiarly adapted to grapes."

"How interesting!" said Gadget.

"History records," said the count, "that the wine from this vineyard was the favorite drink of the great Emperor Augustus Cæsar himself. From his time on, down through the ages, it has remained the first choice of the greatest authorities."

"I see," said Gadget. "It's a very high-grade product, like champagne."

"The wines of Champagne," said the count, with the greatest contempt, "are mere trick beverages, filled with silly bubbles for the amusement of fools and the newly rich. The man of discernment wants flavor, not an imitation of soda water. The real connoisseur will use the products of Bordeaux, of Burgundy, perhaps even the famous Schloss Johannisberg on the Rhine. They are all good, but they do not completely satisfy him. And then, if he is fortunate, he discovers Schloss Ramsburg, and he knows that he has found the perfect wine, with a flavor, aroma and bouquet absolutely unique."

"You don't know how you impress me," said Gadget. "I didn't realize how famous the vineyard is."

"It is not exactly famous," said the count. "It is, in fact, practically unknown to the vulgar multitude. The vineyard which you see before you contains the only soil in the whole world capable of producing our heavenly nectar. There is very little of it, and it is therefore unknown to all except a chosen few."

"I understand you exactly," said Gadget. "And now suppose we get down to business. I think you said you were having some troubles in operating this splendid vineyard. You lost a mule or something."

"Yes," said the count. "I will explain the whole matter. You see, to get the best results, we must cultivate the vineyard very thoroughly."

"Naturally."

"And in former times this was easy. Labor was very cheap and the work was all done by hand—that is, with spades and hoes. But when I inherited the property about twenty years ago, the cost of labor had risen to some extent, and I decided to do the work with mules."

"Very sensible of you."

"But it was a difficult thing to manage. The vineyard was made for handwork only. There are no roads in it. The only way to get from one terrace to another is by means of steps. Come; I will show you."

The count led us down a short slope, through a gate, and out onto the uppermost terrace of the vineyard. We walked under the spreading trellis to the other side of the ten-foot strip of soil and looked down over the stone retaining wall to the next terrace, ten feet below. Running along the face of the wall was a steep flight of rough stone steps not more than a foot and a half wide.

"That," said the count, "is the type of steps we have all the way down the hill; perfectly adequate for the workmen, but not much good for animals or wagons."

"I should think not," said Gadget.

"At first," continued the count, "I despaired of ever being able to use mules here. But finally I discovered among my peasants an old man who seemed to be a genius in training animals. In the course of a single summer, by the use of infinite patience and endless hard work, he succeeded in training six young mules to walk up and down these steps as easily and as readily as a man."

"It seems incredible," said Gadget. "The steps are so narrow and so steep."

"I know they are," said the count, "but this man did it. And later, when some of the first mules died, he trained others to take their places."

"So that solved your problem?"

"It did for a while. But five years ago the old man died. And last fall the last of the mules which he trained also passed away. And we can't train any more."

"If it was done once," said Gadget, "you ought to be able to do it again."

"So I thought. But I have just about given up hope. The

son of the old man has tried again and again. He thinks he is using the same methods, but something must be lacking. Perhaps he does not have the angelic patience, or the sympathetic understanding of mules that was possessed by his genius of a father. At any rate, he has failed. I have hired professional horse-breakers and animal trainers from all parts of Europe. And they have failed."

"Absolutely no luck at all?"

"Well, we had one partial success—which has only made matters worse. Last winter a horse trainer by the name of Antonio da Vinci came up here from Florence. He claimed to be descended from Leonardo da Vinci, but he had none of the great qualities of his alleged ancestor. I let him try his skill with one of the best mules I have ever owned—a splendid, vigorous animal by the name of Brunhilde. He started in at the bottom of the hill, and succeeded in leading the poor creature up over twelve of the walls—the steps down there are a little wider than those higher up—but when he came to the thirteenth wall, Brunhilde would go no farther. He used persuasion. He used the whip until I had to order him to stop. He got ropes, and with fifteen men to push and pull, he tried to get that animal up those steps. But it was no use."

"So he finally had to lead her down again."

"Ah, no. He couldn't do that either. You see, it is harder for a mule to go down steps than up. And Brunhilde absolutely refused to go down. She would go neither up nor down."

"You mean she's still there?"

"For the past three months Brunhilde has been living on Terrace Number 12. You see that little patch of white down there?"

Far beneath us, near the bottom of the vineyard, was a little white square object.

"That," said the count, "is a tent we put up to protect the unfortunate beast from the weather. And there she lives in idleness while we ought to be using her to haul wood down from the mountain. This summer we can use her to cultivate Terrace Number 12, and that is all. Unless we find a way out of this difficulty, we shall lose most of her value. It is pitiful."

"Isn't there any way to get on and off these terraces from the ends?"

"The terraces terminate at both ends in rocky cliffs."

"Couldn't you build ramps of some kind which mules could walk up and down?"

"It would be too expensive. Remember, there are forty-four terraces."

"It seems like quite a problem," said Gadget.

"I have been very much worried about it," agreed the count. "I have worried about the mule, and also about the cultivation of the vineyard. Labor is now far more expensive than it was when I first began to use mules. If I had to go back to the old hand methods of cultivation, I would surely go bankrupt. Up to a few weeks ago I was almost in despair. And then I happened to see your advertisement down at the Merano Chamber of Commerce, and it occurred to me that one of your tractors would solve all my difficulties."

"Well, that's interesting," said Gadget. "But just what was your idea? Exactly what were you going to do with the tractor?"

"I thought we would drive it down into the vineyard, load the mule onto it and drive out again. After that we would keep the mules out altogether, and cultivate the whole thing with the tractor. You can cultivate a vineyard all right with a tractor, can't you?"

"Sure we can," said Gadget. "That is, we could cultivate any one of those terraces if we once got onto it. But what bothers me is this driving in and out that you speak of."

"That ought to be easy enough," said the count.

"But those steps aren't wide enough."

"Then you could drive your machine right up and down the walls."

"Pardon me?"

"I say you could drive right up and down the faces of the walls."

"I'd certainly hate to try that."

"You needn't be afraid of hurting the walls. They are so solid that it wouldn't hurt them at all."

"No, probably not. But suppose you just wait a minute, count. I've got to discuss this with my husband."

Gadget at once went into conference with me in English, explaining exactly what the old guy wanted.

"Let me get this straight," I said. "He wants to drive the tractor right down over the tops of those stone walls?"

"Not only that," said Gadget; "after he has driven down, he wants to drive up again."

"He's full of bananas," I said. "What does he think a tractor is—an airship, or some sort of a steel grasshopper or something? Are you sure that's what he wants to do?"

"That's what he said."

"Gadget," I said, "you are a wonderful linguist, and nobody admires you more than I do, but this time you have pulled a boner. You have misunderstood this guy."

She turned back to the count. "Possibly I didn't quite understand you," she said. "Did you really think a tractor could be driven up and down those walls?"

"Certainly. It looked to me like a difficult feat, but I know very little about this modern machinery. And the advertisement said it could be done."

"What advertisement?"

"The one which your company sent out, and which the Merano Chamber of Commerce was kind enough to turn over to me. I have it here in my pocket."

"Would you just as soon let me see it?"

"With pleasure."

The count reached inside his coat and handed Gadget a small folder. Gadget went into conference with me for the second time. We looked over the pamphlet.

And right at this point I want to interrupt my narrative and offer a little mild criticism of the advertising department of the Earthworm Tractor Company. Of all the low-grade morons that ever foisted their alleged services on a trustful and unfortunate corporation, those babies in the so-called advertising department are the most amazing.

In the first place, this ad they sent the count is in French. Can you tie that? Apparently the stenographers in the advertising department think that if a guy is a foreigner, all they have to do is send him an ad in some foreign language—any foreign language will do. So they send a French pamphlet to a part of Italy where everybody speaks German. But let that pass. We once sent some literature in English to New York City, and they finally found

somebody that could translate it into Yiddish for them. And in this case the count knows French, so he could understand what it said. In some ways it would have been better if he couldn't have understood it.

Because, in the second place, it was translated in a completely idiotic manner. And in the third place, the English pamphlet from which it was translated was no good in the first place.

I have a copy of the English edition with me. It is called, The Earthworm in the Mountains, and it describes the use of tractors in hauling freight over the high passes of the Sierras and the Rockies. Among other things it says, "The Earthworm, because of its marvelous clawlike steel grousers, is easily able to climb the highest and most difficult of the Rockies," referring, I suppose, to the fact that an Earthworm has actually been to the tops of such mountains as Pikes Peak. Now this sentence, although somewhat idiotic, would probably be fairly harmless in the United States. But what does the advertising department do? It hires some boob of a professor of romantic languages, and he translates it into French as follows: *"Le Ver de Terre, à cause de ses ongles d'acier merveilleux, sait grimper facilement sur les rochers les plus hauts et les plus difficiles."*

Probably this dizzy translator thought he was doing all right to translate "Rockies" into the French word *"rochers."* But *"rocher,"* although it is from the same root as our word "rock," is used to refer to a cliff or precipice made of rock. So the French advertisement really says, "The Earthworm, because of its marvelous steel claws—or toenails—is able to climb with ease up the highest and most difficult cliffs."

When Gadget had explained all this to me, I was, naturally, much disturbed. For the moment I was even what you might call nonplused. For it was evident that Count Hasendorf had acted in entire good faith. He was, by his own admission, completely ignorant of modern machinery and had no way of judging what a tractor ought or ought not to do. When he read that the Earthworm could climb right up the face of a cliff or a precipice, he was surprised—just as he had no doubt been surprised at the performance of airplanes and the radio—but as long as the advertisement claimed this feat of climbing could be done, he assumed that we could back up our claim. If we could climb a cliff, he reasoned,

we could negotiate a little ten-foot wall with no trouble at all.

"Oh, that advertising department!" said Gadget, as we considered the situation. "I would like to put my foot in their face."

"When we get back to the United States," I replied, "we will do exactly that—that, and much more. But for the present we must consider what we are to do here and now."

We considered. We decided on a course of action. And Gadget once more addressed the count.

"Count," she said, "we want to tell you about the Earthworm Tractor Company. It's the finest company in the world. The departments which handle the engineering, design, production, service, and particularly sales, are made up of men of the highest intelligence. But unfortunately, as Shakspere says, there may occasionally be something rotten even in so fine a kingdom as Denmark. And this is the case with our splendid company. In the interest of truth we must admit it, much as it shames us."

"I don't understand," said the count.

"It's like this," said Gadget: "Through a mistaken sense of charity, the Earthworm management has seen fit to hire for our advertising department a small crew of pathetic incompetents, who, except for this aid, would no doubt be totally unable to gain a livelihood, and would, in consequence, be on the town or confined in some institution for the feeble-minded. This group of alleged advertising men have produced, in their ignorance and folly, the unfortunate little booklet which you have shown me. And it is my painful duty to tell you that the statements in this booklet are largely apple sauce and broccoli. There is no tractor built, not even the Earthworm, which can climb up or down vertical stone walls such as these in your vineyard, let alone wander around over cliffs like a fly on the wall. The advertisement was in error. We admit it, and we apologize."

[Note: This speech was all in German, of course. I have given you an English rendering so you can see what a splendid talker Gadget is, and so you can show it, with my compliments, to those poor fish down in the advertising department.]

"This is indeed too bad," said the count when Gadget had finished speaking. "I had hoped that your tractor could help me out of my difficulties. But I now see that it is impossible. I am

sorry that you have had this long trip to Merano to no purpose. And I sincerely hope that we may part friends."

"Not so fast, count," said Gadget. "Just keep your shirt on."

"Keep my shirt on?"

"Absolutely. We aren't licked yet by any means."

"But what can we do?"

"To tell you the truth, count, I don't know. But we have come many miles to sell you a tractor, and we don't like to leave without doing it. So, if you don't mind, we'd like to look this proposition over for a few days and see if we can't work out some system for using our machine in this vineyard."

"I should be very glad to have you," said the count. "My wife and I are leaving to-night for a few days in Vienna, but I will leave word with my men that you are to be given every opportunity to look over the vineyard and investigate our needs."

"That's fine, count," said Gadget. "And can we leave the tractor here?"

"Certainly," said the count.

We walked back into the castle, and I ran the machine into a stone shed at one side of the courtyard. Then Gadget and I said good-bye to the count and the countess, and walked down through the vineyard.

It was sure a tough-looking terrain for a tractor. I tried to think of some practical scheme for getting from one level to the next, and there just didn't seem to be any answer. It might be possible to break a hole in each one of those forty-four walls, and grade down the dirt so as to make a slope the machine could have climbed. But it would be too expensive. I thought of making a whole set of wooden ramps. Again too expensive. I considered a single portable wooden ramp. But if I made it strong and solid enough, it would be too clumsy to move. A portable crane to lift the machine up and down seemed out of the question. It was most discouraging.

We walked down from one terrace to the next, using the little narrow stone steps, until we came to the terrace where the tent had been pitched. As we passed the tent, Brunhilde looked out at us with a very sorrowful expression. Evidently she didn't like being marooned in this way. We had a lot of sympathy for poor old Brunhilde—we felt pretty sorrowful ourselves. After patting

her a bit, we wished her good luck and continued on our way to the bottom of the vineyard.

From here a short walk took us to a trolley line which brought us back to the hotel in time for lunch. This afternoon we spent wandering around the town, listening to the band on the promenade, and having afternoon tea at the Casino, or *Kurhaus*. All the time we meditated upon and discussed the problem of operating a tractor in the vineyard at Schloss Ramsburg. But we found no solution.

This evening I have been writing this report. And, as it is now eleven o'clock, I shall now go to bed, feeling very low in my mind, but hoping that the morrow may perhaps bring some new inspiration.

With kindest regards to all the boys—excepting the advertising department.

Most sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

MERANO, ITALY,
Thursday Evening,
March 29, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

Dear Henderson: Seven days have passed since my last letter. They have been days of terrific work and tremendous excitement. And, although we have not yet sold the tractor, we expect to do so to-morrow without fail. When you read what Gadget and I have done, and when you see the photographs, which I will send you as soon as they are developed, and which show the truly remarkable apparatus we have constructed, you will realize that we have inaugurated an entirely new era in the development of hillside vineyards.

I must begin at the beginning. You will remember that a week ago to-night Gadget and I went to bed weary and discouraged. We seemed to be licked. But after a splendid night's rest we awoke refreshed, and with a feeling of new hope. Before we had even got out of bed a great idea suddenly broke upon our minds. And it broke upon us simultaneously—such is the psychic interaction in our two minds.

"I know what we can do," said Gadget. "We can rig up an aerial cable railway like the one up the mountain over here. With that we can move the tractor to any level in the vineyard we want."

"The same thought had just occurred to me," I said. "We can buy up the abandoned railroad that is beside the new one."

"Splendid!" said Gadget. "That was my idea exactly."

"Let's go," I said.

We arose. We dressed. We grabbed a quick breakfast. We rushed over to the foot of the cable railroad. We inspected the abandoned equipment. The motors and winches had been removed, and nothing remained but the cables and the two little cars, but these were all we wanted. The cables were old and rusty; they were no longer strong enough to carry heavy loads up and down a three-thousand-foot mountain, but they were obviously all right to carry a small Earthworm tractor over five hundred feet of orchard.

We rushed back to town; we called on the owner of the property, and Gadget told him that if he would pay us a thousand lire we would cart away the old cables and cars for him—thus clearing up the landscape and making a more pleasing and artistic view for his passengers. To this he replied that he would sell us the stuff for twenty thousand lire. Whereupon we walked right out on him, and he chased after us and said he would make it ten thousand. So we went back, and after about half an hour we bought his old railroad—which was, of course, worth nothing to him—for a thousand lire, or about fifty-five dollars.

Then we put in one week of the hardest work I have ever experienced, all of which—in order not to be tedious—I will describe only in the briefest way.

We transported the materials with the tractor and a farm wagon borrowed from Schloss Ramsburg. And Gadget persuaded a

bunch of the peasants at the Schloss to help us with the heavy part of the work. We ran a section of the big cable through a loophole in the twelve-foot-thick wall of the great donjon tower, and out another loophole. We carried the ends down the hill and anchored them around a jutting ledge of rock at the bottom of the vineyard; stretching them with a block and tackle hitched on to the tractor. This stretching pulled them up into the air until they were at most places forty or fifty feet above the vineyard. We mounted the two cars on these two lines of heavy cable, and connected them up with a length of the lighter cable which passed through a couple of pulleys attached to the donjon tower. This caused the two cars to balance; when one went up the other went down. Then we fastened heavy blocks and tackles, which I borrowed from the castle stable man, to the bottom of each car. And the job was done.

As I read over the above description, it sounds very simple and easy. But it was not. When you try to manipulate over a thousand feet of heavy steel cable, you find you have a real job. The cars were harder to handle than a couple of grand pianos. And there were other problems too numerous to mention. It was indeed a titanic task which we performed, and now that it is done we want you to know that Gadget and I both feel very proud.

To-morrow morning the count and the countess are due to arrive from Vienna. And to-morrow night I hope to write you that this excellent nobleman has bought the tractor and paid for the cost of installing the cable railroad.

We are now going down to the Kurhaus to have a cup of tea and listen to the music.

Most sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

MERANO, ITALY,
Friday Evening,
March 30, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

Dear Henderson: The count got back this morning, and we have demonstrated the tractor and the aerial railway. And as the results have been a bit curious and unexpected, I will have to give you a complete narrative of what happened.

Gadget and I met the count and the countess at the station right after breakfast, and the count was kind enough to invite us to ride up to the castle with him in his carriage. We all climbed aboard, and I wish to state that this ride gave me a feeling of aristocratic exclusiveness that would be hard to beat. The carriage was one of those open affairs known as a victoria. It was polished up like an old-fashioned barroom, and was pulled by two beautifully groomed hackney horses—the high-stepping kind. On the seat in front were a coachman and a footman—both in some sort of uniforms like naval officers. Of course, I usually prefer machinery to horses, but I will have to admit that there was an old-fashioned elegance and *je ne sais quoi* to this equipage that you could never get in a mere automobile, no matter how expensive.

When we came in sight of Schloss Ramsburg, and the count got his first distant view of the great aerial railroad, he acted surprised and not entirely enthusiastic. Even after Gadget had attempted to explain that the railroad would solve all his problems, he still appeared doubtful, and said he was afraid it would spoil the looks of the place. Gadget very wisely refrained from arguing this point with him, merely remarking that she thought the cables added to the picturesqueness of the place, and certainly were no worse than the decorated clothesline and the manure pile in the courtyard.

To this Count Hasendorf made no reply, maintaining a thoughtful silence for the rest of the ride. The countess, as usual, had nothing at all to say.

When we arrived at the castle I proceeded to put on a demonstration—one of the finest tractor demonstrations ever seen in this or any other country. I cranked the machine, drove it through the small gate onto the upper terrace of the vineyard, and stopped underneath Car Number 1, which was suspended from its cable about forty feet above me, Car Number 2 being on the other cable at the bottom of the hill. I looped a couple of logging chains around the hook of the pulley block which hung within reach. I fastened the ends of one chain to the drawbar and the ends of the other around the front part of the main frame of the tractor. Then I attached the end of the tackle rope to a winch drum which I had previously installed on the power take-off shaft on the rear of the tractor transmission case. And finally I let in the power clutch—thus setting the winch in motion—and the tractor began rising majestically into the air.

Meanwhile Gadget—who had followed along with the count and countess—was explaining what it was all about. "You will observe," she said, "that the little cable railway car up there is held in place by a sort of brake which grips the large cable like a vise. The power of the tractor is used only to work the block and tackle and get the machine into the air. When Mr. Botts is ready to go down the hill he will partially release the brake, which is controlled by those two small ropes you see hanging from the car. This will let him roll down along the cable until he is over whatever terrace he wishes to land on. Then he will set the brake, and let himself down to terra firma with the block and tackle. Most of the energy is thus supplied by utilizing the force of gravity. In other words, we let Sir Isaac Newton do the work. A very clever arrangement, do you not think so?"

To this question the count made no reply.

By this time I was about thirty feet in the air, and close enough to the car so that there would be no excessive swinging about of the tractor when the car moved. I shut off the power and applied the brake which was attached to the winch. So far everything had gone beautifully, but as I looked about me I will have to admit that I suddenly had a sickening feeling of doubt. I seemed

to be so high up. And the big cable, which had been so heavy to move around, now looked like a mere thread from a spider web. Furthermore, this cable had been discarded as unsafe by the proprietors of the funicular railway. What if it should break? What if the block and tackle or the chains around the tractor should give way? I was only thirty feet above the upper terrace, but that is a long way to drop with a tractor.

And that wasn't the worst of it. The cable went down the hill at an angle of about forty-five degrees. If the brake failed to hold, I would go coasting down that fearful slope at the speed of a cannon ball. Far away and at an incredible distance below me, I could see the jagged rocky ledge where I would end up. My gaze wandered to the distant city of Merano and to the snowy peaks rising in splendor and beauty across the valley. When I had first seen this view from the castle I had been filled with admiration. But now I couldn't seem to get much enjoyment out of it.

I glanced down at the people on the upper terrace. The snowy whiskers of the count were waving and rippling gently in the breeze. I noticed how stylish Gadget looked in her neat little coat and close-fitting hat, and I was glad she was standing a little to one side, so she wouldn't get squashed in case the tractor and I busted loose.

Then all at once it occurred to me I was getting foolish in my old age. I told myself that never before had Alexander Botts weakened in the presence of danger. He would not do so now! Resolutely, but cautiously, I pulled the brake rope. The car began to move. And slowly and smoothly it rolled down the cable until we were over the second terrace from the top. At once I set the cable break, then slipped the winch brake, and descended to the ground. I threw off the chains, hooked onto a light harrow I had carried down there the day before, and dragged it up to the end of the terrace and back, cultivating the ground between the vines.

After this I took off again—this time with much greater confidence—and gracefully descended the hill. As the car I was using went down, the other car, of course, came rolling up the other cable. In the course of my descent I landed at several different levels, just to show how easy it was. Gadget and the

count and countess followed, walking down the little flights of steps, and they caught up with me soon after I had come gently to rest beside the rocks at the extreme bottom of the vineyard. By this time a dozen or more peasants had arrived. They had been attracted by my spectacular demonstration, and were now standing around gazing at me with respectful admiration.

While I was taking the chains off the tractor, Gadget explained to the count that if we wanted to take the machine back into the vineyard again, it would be necessary to drive it around and up to the castle by the road, hoist it up under Car Number 2—which was now at the top—and repeat the process we had just been through with Car Number 1.

"Any such repetition, however," said Gadget, "would be unnecessary at this time. I feel that we have already proved to you that you can use our Earthworm tractor in your vineyard with the greatest ease."

While Gadget was speaking I was observing the count very closely, and I began to be a little worried. Apparently he was not very enthusiastic. And when he looked at the tractor, it was with an expression of considerable distaste.

"You will have to admit," continued Gadget, "that we have solved practically all your problems. The only remaining difficulty is that your mule, Brunhilde, is still marooned up there. We are going to get busy at once, however, and rescue this excellent, but unfortunate, creature. And then you can go ahead and operate your vineyard on a completely motorized basis."

Without waiting for a reply from the count, Gadget turned to the peasants who were standing around, and asked if they would be so kind as to assist us. They said they would, so I had them take hold of the end of the tackle rope which went through the pulley blocks on the bottom of the car, and carry it up the stone steps into the vineyard. I led the way up from one terrace to another, and they followed after, dragging the rope and thus pulling the car along. As this car was very nicely balanced against the other car, it rolled up the cable with the greatest ease. When we had reached Terrace Number 12, I grabbed the little brake rope and set the brake.

Then Gadget and I went into the tent and led out Brunhilde. While Gadget held the patient creature's head, I quickly strapped

about her body a neat, close-fitting jacket, or brassière, of stout canvas, which we had manufactured the day before. On the top of this garment we had fastened a couple of loops of rope; it was but the work of a moment to slip these loops through the hook on the pulley block suspended from the car. Gadget then gave the high sign to our sturdy Tyrolean peasants; they heaved on the rope, and Brunhilde was swung high in the air. I will never forget the expression which suddenly appeared on the poor animal's face—pained surprise, coupled with a look of philosophic resignation which indicated great strength of character.

When we had ascended to a height of thirty or forty feet, I eased off on the brake. As the car gently rolled down the cable, the rest of us followed down the steps, holding on to the rope so as to keep Brunhilde clear of the ground. When the car reached the bottom, we landed our passenger neatly and quietly, and I removed the canvas union suit.

"Well, count," said Gadget, "what do you say now?"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he replied. He was more enthusiastic than I had believed possible. "You don't know how much you have helped me. Brunhilde is the finest mule in my stable. I had supposed she was destined to spend the rest of her life up there on that terrace. And now you have rescued her. And not only that—you have solved the problem of cultivating the vineyard."

"Well, count," said Gadget, "we're certainly glad you are pleased with what we have done."

"I am overjoyed. What can I ever do to repay you?"

"The answer to that," said Gadget, "is easy. First of all, you can pay the somewhat modest cost of the cable railway—a thousand lire plus a few extras."

"Gladly!" said the count. "But that is not enough. I must beg you each to accept at least another thousand for the time you have put in. Let us say three thousand lire altogether. And is there nothing else I can do?"

"There sure is. You can buy the tractor."

"Buy the tractor?"

"Yes."

"But I would have no use for it."

"No use for it? Why, you can't get along without it, count. You'll need it to cultivate your grapes."

"Oh, no. Now that you have shown me how to get mules around the vineyard, I can cultivate with them, just as I did in the good old days."

"You mean you don't want our tractor?"

"Of course not. The only reason I ever considered a tractor was because I thought there was no other way I could manage. Certainly no man in his right mind would ever put into his vineyard one of those horrible, poisonous machines if it were in any way possible to do the work as the Lord intended, by horses or mules. And that is why I am so grateful to you, my dear children."

"Oh! You feel grateful to us?"

"Believe me, I do." The count became quite affectionate. "I sent for you as a last resort. And you, in your clever American way, have done far better than I ever expected. I had feared I would be compelled to use a tractor. You have shown me that a tractor is unnecessary. You are wonderful. I hope you will both stay for dinner."

"Thanks," said Gadget. "We will."

We stayed for dinner. It was a swell meal, with wine from the famous Schloss Ramsburg cellars. But, although Gadget talked as cleverly and persuasively as she knew how, and although the count was most courteous and friendly, it was impossible to get him to take the slightest interest in even considering the possibility of buying such a hideous and immoral contraption as a tractor.

In the end I couldn't help but admire him. A splendid old gentleman, and an independent thinker.

He paid us three thousand lire for the cable railroad, so we made a profit on that anyway. When we finally left, he and the countess bade us a most affectionate farewell.

"I cannot tell you," said the count, "how surprised I was at the result of your week's work here."

"Well," said Gadget, "the result was something of a surprise to us too."

Most sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY
JUNE, 1929, TO APRIL, 1930

ABBREVIATIONS

I. PERIODICALS

A. L. ..... American Literature.
A. Merc. ..... American Mercury.
A. S. S. ..... American Short Story.
Adv. ..... Adventure.
Am. ..... American Magazine.
Am. B. ..... American Boy.
Am. H. ..... American Hebrew.
Archive ..... Archive.
Atl. ..... Atlantic Monthly.
Atlan. ..... Atlantica.
B. E. T. ..... Boston Evening Transcript.
B. S. ..... Black Swan.
Blue Bk. ..... Blue Book Magazine.
Blues ..... Blues.
Book. (N. Y.) ... Bookman. (New York.)
Books ..... Books. (New York Herald Tribune.)
C. For. ..... Canadian Forum.
C. G. ..... Country Gentleman.
C. H. J. ..... Canadian Home Journal.
C. Merc. ..... Canadian Mercury.
C. Nat. ..... Canadian Nation.
C. R. ..... Cedar Rapids.
Can. ..... Canadian Magazine.
Cath. W. ..... Catholic World.
Cen. ..... Century Magazine.
Chat. ..... Chatelaine.
Chic. Trib. ..... Chicago Tribune. (Syndicate Service.)
Col. ..... Collier's Weekly.
Colum. ..... Columbia.
Com. ..... Commonweal.
Cos. ..... Cosmopolitan.
Del. ..... Delineator.
Det. ..... Detective Story Magazine.
Dial ..... Dial.
Dub. M. ..... Dublin Magazine.
Earth ..... Earth.
For. ..... Forum.
Free. ..... New Freeman.
Frontier ..... Frontier. (Montana.)
G. H. (N. Y.) .... Good Housekeeping. (New York.)
Gol. ..... Golden Book.
Gy. ..... Gyroscope.
H. H. ..... Hound and Horn.

Harp. B. .....Harper's Bazaar. (New York.)
Harp. M. .....Harper's Magazine.
Hol. .....Holland's Magazine.
House. .....Household Magazine.
Husk .....Husk.
J. F. .....Jewish Forum.
J. T. .....Jewish Tribune.
Janus .....Janus.
L. H. J. .....Ladies' Home Journal.
L. Merc. .....London Mercury.
Liv. A. .....Living Age.
Log. .....Log of the Circumnavigator's Club.
Ly. .....Liberty.
M. L. N. .....Modern Language Notes.
McCall .....McCall's Magazine.
MacL. .....MacLean's Magazine.
Men. J. .....Menorah Journal.
Mid. .....Midland.
Mis. .....Miscellany.
Mod. Q. .....Modern Quarterly.
Mor. .....Morada.
N. A. Rev. .....North American Review.
N. Mass. .....New Masses.
N. Rep. .....New Republic.
N. W. M. .....New World Monthly.
N. Y. .....New Yorker.
N. Y. Sun.....New York Sun.
N. Y. Times.....New York Times Book Review.
Nat. (N. Y.).....Nation. (New York.)
O. A. .....Outdoor America.
Opp. .....Opportunity.
Outl. (N. Y.).....Outlook. (New York.)
Over. .....Overland Monthly.
P. T. .....Plain Talk.
Pagy. .....Pagany.
Pict. R. .....Pictorial Review.
Pol. .....Poland.
Post .....New York Evening Post.
Pr. S. .....Prairie Schooner.
(R.) .....Reprint.
Red Bk. .....Red Book Magazine.
Ref. .....Reflex.
Rom. .....Romance.
S. E. P. .....Saturday Evening Post.
S. W. .....Southwest Review.
Sat. R. (N. Y.)..Saturday Review of Literature.
Scan. .....American-Scandinavian Review.
Scr. .....Scribner's Magazine.
Sh. St. .....Short Stories.
St. Nich. .....St. Nicholas.
Sport. .....Sports and Hobbies.
Strat. .....Stratford Magazine.
Sur. .....Survey.
Sym. .....Symposium.

T. Q. .....This Quarter.
Tamb. .....Tambour.
Tan. .....Tanager.
Tor. .....Toronto Star Weekly.
Transit. .....Transition.
U. S. A. .....U. S. A.
V. F. .....Vanity Fair.
Va. .....Virginia Quarterly Review.
W. H. C. .....Woman's Home Companion.
W. H. M. .....Western Home Monthly.
W. T. .....Weird Tales.
W. W. .....Woman's World.
Yale .....Yale Review.
Y. C. .....Youth's Companion.
Y. I. .....Young Israel.
(161) .....Page 161.
(2:161) .....Volume 2, Page 161.

II. BOOKS

Alarcón .....Alarcón. The Three-Cornered Hat. (English edition.)
Anderson F. .....Anderson. Alice. (English edition.)
Andrews D. .....Andrews. The White Satin Dress.
Andreyev D. .....Andreyev. The Abyss. (English edition.)
Arlen D. .....Arlen. Babes in the Wood.
Armstrong C. ....Armstrong. The Fiery Dive.
Asquith D. .....Asquith, *editor*. Shudders.
Babel .....Babel. Red Cavalry.
Barnes D. .....Barnes. A Night Among the Horses.
Bates B. .....Bates. The Hessian Prisoner. (English edition.)
Bates C. .....Bates. Seven Tales and Alexander. (English edition.)
Benson B. .....Benson. The Male Impersonator. (English edition.)
Beresford B. .....Beresford. The Meeting Place. (English edition.)
Blackwood C. ....Blackwood. Full Circle. (English edition.)
Blake B. .....Blake. Coasts of Normandy. (English edition.)
Boccaccio B. .....Boccaccio. The Amorous Fiammetta. (English edition.)
Boswell .....Boswell. Dorando. (English edition.)
Bowen B. .....Bowen. Joining Charles.
Bowen C. .....Bowen. Wishbone.
Brush .....Brush. Night Club.
Burke D. .....Burke. The Bloomsbury Wonder. (English edition.)
Byrne C. .....Byrne. A Party of Baccarat.
Calverton .....Calverton. Three Strange Lovers.
Calverton B. .....Calverton, *editor*. Anthology of American Negro Literature.
Capek .....Capek. Money.
Caravan C. .....New American Caravan.
Chesterton F. ....Chesterton. The Poet and the Lunatics.
Child C. .....Child. The Pitcher of Romance.
Connolly C. .....Connolly. Gloucestermen.

Cook ..... Cook, *editor*. Modern American Short Stories.
Coppard H. ..... Coppard. The Man from Kilsheelan. (English edition.)
Copy F. ..... Copy, 1930.
Corkery B. ..... Corkery. The Stormy Hills. (English edition.)
Cournos B. ..... Cournos, *editor*. Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia.
Cournos C. ..... Cournos, *editor*. American Short Stories of the Nineteenth Century.
Crompton ..... Crompton. Ladies First. (English edition.)
Crowley ..... Crowley. The Stratagem. (English edition.)
Cunninghame Graham ..... Cunninghame Graham. Thirty Tales and Sketches. (English edition.)
Dane B. ..... Dane. The King Waits. (English edition.)
Davies A. ..... Davies. The Bed of Feathers. (English edition.)
Davies B. ..... Davies. The Stars, the World, and the Women. (English edition.)
Douglas B. ..... Douglas. Nerinda.
Doyle H. ..... Doyle. The Maracot Deep.
Dreiser D. ..... Dreiser. A Gallery of Women.
Edmunds ..... Edmunds. Earthenware.
Farnol ..... Farnol. The Shadow.
Ferris B. ..... Ferris, *editor*. Love Comes Riding.
Flaubert C. ..... Flaubert. Bibliomania.
Forbes-Mosse .... Forbes-Mosse. Don Juan's Daughters.
Frank C. ..... Frank. Carl and Anna.
French O. ..... French, *editor*. Great Detective Stories of the World.
Froisland ..... Froisland. The Man with the X-Ray Eyes.
German ..... Melville *and* Hargreaves, *editors*. Great German Short Stories.
Gide ..... Gide. The School for Wives.
Glaser ..... Glaser. Brother Anselmo.
Gogol E. ..... Gogol. The Diary of a Madman. (English edition.)
Goodman ..... Goodman, *editor*. Creating the Short Story.
Graham ..... Graham, *editor*. Great Russian Short Stories.
Graves ..... Graves. The Shout. (English edition.)
Grazzini ..... Grazzini. Lasca's Story of Dottor Manente. (Florence edition.)
Green C. ..... Green. Christine.
Gunn ..... Gunn. Hidden Doors. (English edition.)
Hadfield ..... Hadfield. The Wise Man from the East. (English edition.)
Harré ..... Harré, *editor*. Beware After Dark!
Held ..... Held. Grim Youth.
Hergesheimer C. . Hergesheimer. Trial by Armes. (English edition.)
Herring ..... Herring. Adam and Evelyn at Kew. (English edition.)
Heyward ..... Heyward. The Half Pint Flask.
Jacob ..... Jacob. Jacqueline and the Japanese.
Jones ..... Jones *and* Gaul, *editors*. 131 Best Stories.
Kapustin ..... Kapustin. Crowd Your Luck On Death.
Keene ..... Keene. Peccadilloes.
Keller ..... Keller. People of Seldwyla.
Kent ..... Kent. Episode in Luxor.

Knowles .....Knowles. The Ladder. (English edition.)
Knox .....Knox *and* Harrington, *editors.* The Best English Detective Stories of 1928.
Kollontay .....Kollontay. A Great Love.
Komroff C. .....Komroff, *editor.* Oriental Romances.
Law C. .....Law, *editor.* Stories of To-day and Yesterday.
Le Rossignol B. ..Le Rossignol. The Flying Canoe.
Legion .....Legion.
Leslie .....Leslie. A Ghost in the Isle of Wight. (English edition.)
Locke B. .....Locke. The Town of Tombarel.
McFee .....McFee. Sailors of Fortune.
MacKaye B. .....MacKaye. Weathergoose-Woo!
McLaren .....McLaren. A Diver Went Down. (English edition.)
MacNamara .....MacNamara. Smiling Faces. (English edition.)
Mansfield F. .....Mansfield. The Aloe. (English edition.)
Marquis C. .....Marquis. A Variety of People.
Martyr .....Martyr. Not Without Dust and Heat.
Mercury C. .....Mercury Story-Book.
Merezhkovsky ....Merezhkovsky. Michael Angelo.
Meyer .....Meyer. The Saint.
Mitchison B. ....Mitchison. Barbarian Stories.
Moncrif .....Moncrif. Adventures of Zeloide and Amanzarifdine.
Morrough .....Morrough. The Temple Servant.
Nason D. .....Nason. The Incomplete Mariner.
Neale .....Neale, *editor.* Great Weird Stories.
Neumann .....Neumann. King Haber.
O'Brien W. .....O'Brien, *editor.* The Best British Short Stories of 1929.
O'Brien X. .....O'Brien, *editor.* The Best Short Stories of 1929.
O'Brien Y. .....O'Brien, *editor.* Modern English Short Stories. (English edition.)
O'Flaherty D. ....O'Flaherty. The Return of the Brute.
Overton B. .....Overton, *editor.* Great Modern Short Stories.
Owens .....Owens. Hobohemians. (English edition.)
Pain .....Pain. Humorous Stories. (English edition.)
Paul .....Paul. Low Run Tide.
Phillpotts G. ....Phillpotts. The Torch.
Powys E. .....Powys. The Key of the Field. (English edition.)
Present .....Present-day American Stories.
Prize L. .....Williams, *editor.* O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1929.
Read .....Read. Ambush. (English edition.)
Redman .....Redman. Down in Flames.
Rhys J. .....Rhys *and* Dawson Scott, *editors.* Mainly Horses.
Rickword .....Rickword. Love One Another. (English edition.)
Riordan .....Riordan. On the Make.
Risley .....Risley. The Road to Wildcat.
Rodker .....Rodker. Adolphe, 1920. (English edition.)
Rossmann .....Rossmann. Claus the Fish. (English edition.)
Russell D. .....Russell. Cops 'n' Robbers.
Sandburg .....Sandburg. Potato Face.
Schnitzler D. ....Schnitzler. Little Novels.
Schnitzler E. .....Schnitzler. Dr. Graesler.

Seaver ..... Seaver. The Company.
Seghers ..... Seghers. The Revolt of the Fishermen.
Sinclair B. ..... Sinclair. Fame. (English edition.)
Sobol ..... Sobol. Freak Show.
Steele E. ..... Steele. Tower of Sand.
Stephensen ..... Stephensen. Bushwhackers. (English edition.)
Strindberg B. .... Strindberg Tales. (English edition.)
Strong B. ..... Strong. The English Captain. (English edition.)
Study ..... Johnson, Cowan, *and* Peacock, *editors.* Study and Appreciation of the Short Story.
Sudermann B. ... Sudermann. The Excursion to Tilsit.
Svevo ..... Svevo. The Hoax.
Thiess ..... Thiess. Farewell to Paradise.
Thomason B. .... Thomason. Marines and Others.
Tomlinson ..... Tomlinson. Illusion, 1915. (English edition.)
Tomlinson B. .... Tomlinson, *editor.* Great Sea Stories of All Nations.
Tully ..... Tully. Shadows of Men.
Van Buren C. .... Van Buren *and* Bemis, *editors.* Father in Modern Story.
Van Roosbroeck . Van Roosbroeck. Grotesques.
Vandercook ..... Vandercook. Fools' Parade.
Wakefield B. .... Wakefield. Others Who Returned.
Warner ..... Warner. Some World Far From Ours. (English edition.)
Wheen ..... Wheen. Two Masters. (English edition.)
Whitaker ..... Whitaker. Frost in April.
Wilder ..... Wilder. The Woman of Andros.
Williams F. ..... Williams *and* Leiber, *editors.* Panorama of the Short Story.
Williamson B. ... Williamson. The Linhay on the Downs. (English edition.)
Wilson E. ..... Wilson. The Hill of Cloves. (English edition.)
Woodford ..... Woodford. Evangelical Cockroach.
World E. ..... World's Best Short Stories of 1929.

ADDRESSES OF MAGAZINES PUBLISHING SHORT STORIES

I. American and Canadian Magazines

Adventure, 223 Spring Street, New York City.
All's Well, Care of Mr. Charles J. Finger, Gayeta Lodge, Fayetteville, Ark.
Amazing Stories, 53 Park Place, New York City.
American Boy, 142 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
American Caravan, Care of Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, 77 Irving Place, New York City.
American Hebrew, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.
American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
American Mercury, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
American-Scandinavian Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
American Short Story, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.
Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Black Swan, 15 North Sixth Street, Richmond, Va.
Blue Book Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.
Blues, 144 Macdougal Street, New York City.
Bookman, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Canadian Forum, Aldine House, 224 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Canadian Home Journal, Richmond and Sheppard Streets, Toronto, 2, Ont., Canada.
Canadian Magazine, 345 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Catholic World, 401 West 59th Street, New York City.
Century Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Chatelaine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, 2, Ont., Canada.
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Columbia, New Haven, Conn.
Commonweal, Suite 4622, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.
Cosmopolitan, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.
Country Gentleman, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Delineator, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.
Detective Story Magazine, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Earth, 211 North Hale Street, Wheaton, Ill.
Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.
Farm and Fireside, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Farm Journal, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Forum, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Frontier, Care of Mr. H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.
Golden Book, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Good Housekeeping, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.
Harper's Bazaar, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.
Holland's Magazine, Dallas, Texas.
Hound and Horn, Box A, Cambridge, Mass.
Household Magazine, Topeka, Kansas.
Husk, Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.
Janus, 800 18th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Jewish Forum, 38 West 32nd Street, New York City.
Jewish Tribune, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.
McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.
MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Menorah Journal, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Midland, Box 457, Iowa City, Iowa.
Miscellany, 26 West 9th Street, New York City.
Morada, 220 North Maple Street, Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Munsey's Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York City.
New Masses, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.
New Republic, 431 West 21st Street, New York City.
New Yorker, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
North American Review, 9 East 37th Street, New York City.
Opportunity, 17 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Outdoor America, 549 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.
Overland Monthly, 1024 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.
Pagany, 109 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.
Pictorial Review, 216 West 39th Street, New York City.
Plain Talk, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Popular, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Prairie Schooner, Box 1232, Station "A," Lincoln, Neb.
Real Detective Tales, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.
Red Book Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.
Reflex, Suite 707, 8 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
St. Nicholas, Scholastic Publishing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Short Stories, Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
Smart Set, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
Southwest Review, Dallas, Texas.
Stratford Magazine, 289 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
Tambour, 3 Rue Berthollet, Paris (V), France.
Tanager, Box 66, Grinnell, Iowa.
This Quarter, 4 rue Delambre, Paris, France.
Toronto Star Weekly, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
U. S. A., 1224 Chancellor Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Vanity Fair, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Virginia Quarterly Review, 8 West Lawn, University, Va.
Western Home Monthly, Bannatyne and Dagmar, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.
Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.
World Magazine, N. Y. Sunday World, World Building, New York City.
Yale Review, 125 High Street, New Haven, Conn.
Young's Magazine, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

II. British, Irish and Colonial Magazines

All-Story Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Argosy, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Bermondsey Book, 171 Bermondsey Street, London, S. E. 1.
Blackwood's Magazine, 45 George Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.
Blue Magazine, 13 Whitefriars Street, London, E. C. 4.
Blue Peter, 12 St. Mary Ave., London, E. C.
Britannia and Eve, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Bulletin, 214 George Street North, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.
Bystander, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Chambers' Journal, 38 Soho Square, London, W. C. 1.
Colour, 31 Craven Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Corner Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Cornhill Magazine, 50a Albemarle Street, London, W. 1.
Criterion, 24 Russell Square, London, W. C. 1.
Dublin Magazine, 2 Crow Street, Dublin, Irish Free State.
English Review, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S. W. 1.
Everyman, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
Experiment, Care of G. F. Noxon, Trinity College, Cambridge.
Fortnightly Review, 8 More's Passage, 51 Carey Street, London, W. C. 2.
G. K.'s Weekly, 2 Little Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C. 4.
Good Housekeeping, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Grand Magazine, 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Graphic, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Happy Magazine, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Harper's Bazaar, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Home Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Hutchinson's Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Illustrated London News, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
John O'London's Weekly, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Lady, 39-40 Bedford Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Lady's World, Lennox House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Life and Letters, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
London Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
London Mercury, 229 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Manchester Guardian, 3 Cross Street, Manchester.
Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Nation and Athenæum, 38 Great James Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1.
New Adelphi, 19-19a Cursitor Street, London, E. C. 4.
New Age, 70 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.
New Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
New Statesman, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
Novel Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Outspan, P. O. Box 245, Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, South Africa.
Outward Bound, Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, London, S. W. 1.
Pearson's Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Piccadilly, Carlyle House, 211 Piccadilly, London, W. 1.
Premier, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Queen, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, London, E. C. 4.
Quiver, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Red Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.

Romance, 3 Lancaster Place, Wellington Street, London, W. C. 2.
Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Saturday Review, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Scots Observer, 7 Royal Bank Place, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, C. 1., Scotland.
Sketch, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Spectator, 99 Gower Street, London, W. C. 1.
Sphere, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Story-Teller, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Strand Magazine, 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Sydney Mail, 38 Hunter Street, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.
Tatler, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Time and Tide, 32 Bloomsbury Street, London, W. C. 1.
Truth, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S. W. 1.
20-Story Magazine, 93 Long Acre, London, W. C. 2.
Violet Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Window, 30 Museum Street, London, W. C. 2.
Windsor Magazine, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, London, E. C. 4.
Woman, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Woman's Journal, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Yellow Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.

ROLL OF HONOR

JUNE 1, 1929, TO APRIL 30, 1930

NOTE. *This list excludes reprints.*

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

ADAMS, BILL.
Able Sailor, Brave and True.

ADAMS, LUCY WILCOX.
Not Without Dust and Heat.

AIKEN, CONRAD.
No, No, Go Not to Lethe.

ANDERSON, SHERWOOD.
In a Strange Town.

BENEDICT, LIBBIAN.
Fledgling.

BENNETT, JAMES W., *and* KWEN-LING, SOONG.
Passing of Uncle Joh-on.
Stewing Pot Case.

BISHOP, ELLEN.
Along a Sandy Road.

BOYD, THOMAS.
Bloodhounds.

BRAGDON, CLIFFORD.
Suffer Little Children.

BROMFIELD, LOUIS.
Picture.

BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN.
Profaning of Granny Run.

BURNETT, WHIT.
Night of the Gran Baile Mascara.
Two Men Free.

CALDWELL, ERSKINE.
Strawberry Season.

Cantwell, Robert.
Under Every Green Tree.

Cassidy, Jane.
Bitter Siege.

Cather, Willa.
Neighbor Rosicky.

Christowe, Stoyan.
Eagles in the Meadow.
Father and Son.
Taro the Joy-Maker.

Coates, Grace Stone.
Corn Knife.
Glass.
Way of the Transgressor.

Coatsworth, Elizabeth.
Taza.

Colby, Merle.
Gambolier.

Coonradt, Paul.
Down by the Tracks.

Crane, Clarkson.
Theme with Variations.

Davis, John.
Escape.

De Jong, David Cornel.
And the Day Was Hot.
North Sea Shore.

Delano, Edith Barnard.
Out of Court.

Dobie, Charles Caldwell.
Crystal Ball.

Draper, Edythe Squier.
Poindexter.
Voice of the Turtle.

Dupee, Frederick W.
Death of the Raccoon.
Many Drown.

Edmonds, Walter D.
At Schoharie Crossing.
Old Jew's Tale.
Spring Song.

ELLERBE, ALMA *and* PAUL.
Perfect Devotion.

FINCH, EVERETT L.
Trade.

FURNISS, RUTH PINE.
Answer.

GEROULD, KATHARINE FULLERTON.
Centipede.

GILKYSON, WALTER.
Blue Sky.

GILMAN, G. LA SELLE.
Return.

GODDARD, GLORIA.
Known Soldier.

GORDON, CAROLINE.
Long Day.
Summer Dust.

GRANT, GEORGE H.
Rescue.

GREENE, WARD.
Rubber Stamp.

HAHN, EMILY.
Adventure.

HALE, J. C.
Strange Birds.

HALPER, ALBERT.
Relatives.

HARTLEY, ROLAND ENGLISH.
In the Park.

HARTWICK, HARRY.
Chicago Idyll.
Happiness Up the River.
Veni Sancti Spiritus.

HARTWICK, MARY HESSE.
Tony and Marcia.

HAYS, H. R.
Necessary Dismissal.

HOLT, ACHILLES.
Mirion's Death.

Huse, Harry G.
High Tension.

Johns, Richard.
Moonblind.

Kittredge, Eleanor Hayden.
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Komroff, Manuel.
Red Coat for Night.
Something of the Sting.

Kwen-Ling, Soong. *See* Bennett, James W., *and* Kwen-Ling, Soong.

Latimer, Margery.
Monday Morning.

Le Sueur, Meridel.
Holiday.

Lewis, Janet.
At the Swamp.
Little Hell Cat.
Nell.
Proserpina.
River.

MacKaye, Percy.
British Lady.

March, Joseph Moncure.
Evening at Home.

March, William.
Little Wife.

Marquis, Don.
Strong Grasses.

Mitchell, Joseph.
Quiet After Rain.

Moran, Helen.
Elsie's Boy.

Novak, Sonia Ruthele.
Tulip-Tree Honey.

Odum, Howard W.
Black Ulysses Goes to War.

O'Sullivan, Vincent.
They.

Outerson, William.
Castaway.
Round the Horn.

Parker, Dorothy.
Cradle of Civilization.

Patterson, Pernet.
Shoofly.

Paulding, Gouverneur.
White Pigeon.

Petersen, Elizabeth Benneche.
Lass Who Followed a Gypsy.
Sea Was Waiting.
Stars for Your Dreams.

Polk, William.
Patriot.

Porter, Katherine Anne.
Flowering Judas.
Theft.

Roberts, Elizabeth Madox.
Buried Treasure.

Roberts, Willa.
Living Dog, Dead Lion.

Rodson, Mark.
Return.

Ryan, Stella.
Frost on the Pane.

Salt, Syd S.
Daisies.

Savage, Courtenay.
Rain-Maker.

Seaver, Edwin.
Boss.

Sokoloff, Natalie B.
Commissar Zaharov.

Stanley, May.
Sailor Comes Home.

Steele, Wilbur Daniel.
Conjuh.
In the Shade of the Tree.
Quicksilver.

Steffens, Lincoln.
One Hundred and Sixty-Four.

Suckow, Ruth.
Experience.
Home-Coming.
Sunset Camp.
Susan and the Doctor.

Tarleton, Fiswoode.
Shame.

Terrell, John Upton.
Wind.

Thomas, Dorothy.
Three Blue Doves.

Thomas, Elisabeth Finley.
Treasures on Earth.

Toksvig, Signe.
Violet Crown.

Tully, Jim.
Graveyard That Moved.

Upson, William Hazlett.
Vineyard at Schloss Ramsburg.

Vandercook, John W.
Djombé River.
Funk.

Vorse, Mary Heaton.
In Tangier.

Warren, Dale.
Rabbits.

Winslow, Thyra Samter.
Custody of the Dog.
Vultures.

II. Canadian Authors

Barnard, Leslie Gordon.
Mr. Pinadeck's Day.
Shadowed Face.

Callaghan, Morley.
Faithful Wife.
Novice.
Now That April's Here.

GILLINGHAM, DONALD W.
In a Strange Town.

INGERSOLL, WILL.
Jehovah in the Field.

KENNEDY, RODERICK STUART.
Concerning the War.

KNISTER, RAYMOND.
Fate of Mrs. Lucier.

MURTHA, THOMAS.
Smart Work.

III. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

ATTENBOROUGH, G. M.
Brief Début of Lucian Mallady.

BENSON, STELLA.
Dream.
Hairy Carey's Son.
Prank.
Submarine.

BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
Invasion.

BUTTS, MARY.
House Party.

CHESTERTON, G. K.
Doom of the Darnaways.

COLLIER, JOHN.
Thing Seen.

COLUM, PADRAIC.
Journey.

CROMPTON, RICHMAL.
On Pixie Hill.

DAVIES, RHYS.
Revelation.

DE LA MARE, WALTER.
Cape Race.
Picnic.
Willows.

DINGLE, A. E.
Commissioner.

Galsworthy, John.
Aunt Juley's Courtship.
Forsyte Encounters the People.
Francie's Fourpenny Foreigner.
Midsummer Madness.
Revolt at Roger's.
Soames and the Flag.

Golding, Louis.
Happy Ending in Tiberias.

Hoult, Norah.
Way He Went.

Hughes, Richard.
Ghost in Rope Street.

Huxley, Aldous.
Claxtons.
Dangerous Game.

Kipling, Rudyard.
Debt.
Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

MacGill, Patrick.
Empty Cradle.

Maugham, W. Somerset.
Man Who Made His Mark.
Marriage of Convenience.
Mirage.

Merrick, Leonard.
Unmentionable Ghost.

Millin, Sarah Gertrude.
Why Adonis Laughed.

Powys, T. F.
Mr. Dottery's Trousers.
Mrs. Hockey's Cross.

Read, Herbert.
First Blood.

Richardson, Henry Handel.
Bath.

Strong, L. A. G.
Breakdown.
Innocence: A Nocturne.
Old Michael.

WALPOLE, HUGH.
Tarnhelm.

WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND.
"Stay, Corydon, Thou Swain."

WILLIAMSON, HENRY.
Swagdagger Crosses a Field.

WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
Lady in the Looking-Glass.

IV. TRANSLATIONS.

ASCH, SHOLOM *(Yiddish)*.
Heirloom.

DIXELIUS, HILDUR *(Swedish)*.
Mother Karin at Southcourt Farm.

DUVERNOIS, HENRI *(French)*.
Adelaide.

EHRENCRON-KIDDE, ASTRID *(Danish)*.
Tragedy at Herrhult Station.

GIDE, ANDRE *(French)*.
Return of the Prodigal Son.

GREEN, JULIAN *(French)*.
Christine.

KINCK, HANS E. *(Norwegian)*.
Sea Troll.

REMARQUE, ERICH MARIA *(German)*.
Enemy.

SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR *(Austrian)*.
Blind Geronimo and His Brother.

SERGEEV-TZENSKY, S. *(Russian)*.
Living Water.

SODERBERG, HJALMAR *(Swedish)*.
Parson's Cows.

WAGNER, ELIN *(Swedish)*.
Circle.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

NOTE. *These notices refer only to American authors whose work appears in the Roll of Honor in this series for the first time. Biographical notices of other authors included in this year's Roll of Honor may be found, with one or two exceptions, in earlier volumes of the series.*

ADAMS, LUCY WILCOX. Born in San Francisco of Australian parents. Spent most of her childhood on the Kern River oil fields and on a small ranch outside Los Angeles. Educated at Stanford University. Assisted Francis W. Hirst on his biographies of Jefferson and Lord Morley. Married William Forbes Adams, professor of history at Yale University, in 1927. Became interested in the study of revolutionary movements, out of which most of her stories have grown. Lives in Southern California.

BENEDICT, LIBBIAN. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, June 17, 1903. Unmarried. Came to New York in 1919. Attended New York University, but left at the end of her third year because she was afraid that the possession of a degree might tempt her to go in for teaching English. Lives in New York City.

BISHOP, ELLEN. Born in Nebraska City, Nebraska, April 23, 1908. Educated in Omaha schools and privately. Lived near and in Long Pine, Nebraska, until 1923. Now writing a novel. Lives in Omaha, Nebraska.

BOYD, THOMAS ALEXANDER. Born at Defiance, Ohio, July 3, 1898. Educated at public and private schools. U. S. Marine Corps, 1917-1919. Married. Author of "Through the Wheat," "The Dark Cloud," "Points of Honor," "Samuel Drummond," "Shadow of the Long Knives," "Simon Girty," and "Mad Anthony Wayne." No clubs, no societies, no politics, no religion. Lives in New York City.

BURNETT, WHIT. Born at Salt Lake City, Utah, August 14, 1899. Started life as a musician, but got no closer to the concert platform than the rickety stage of a Montana Dance Hall where, at sixteen, he was playing fiddle for the Heavers, the Hashers, and the Skinners. Turned to poetry, newspaper work, University of Utah, University of Southern California, short stories, and University of California. Published his first short story in 1918. Several years' newspaper work on the Pacific Coast, thence through Canal to New York, where he worked on the *New York Times* Cable and Telegraph copy desk, and in 1926 left for France and Spain. Since then he has continued newspaper work on the Associated Press in New York, the *New York Herald* in Paris, and is now Vienna correspondent for the Consolidated Press Association, covering the Balkans. Contributor to

Transition. Author of a novel on dissident Mormons and Jack-Mormons of Utah, the only novel on Utah by a Utahan. It is still in the hands of decisionless publishers. Lives in Vienna.

BRAGDON, CLIFFORD. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, October 3, 1905. Went through the ordinary schooling of a middle-class American, first at Saint Albans School in Washington, and then at Amherst College. Edited a college paper, wrote verse like David Morton, wrote stories like Ernest Hemingway who is an uncle by marriage, and visited Boston in a Ford. Teaches English at Hawken School, Cleveland, Ohio. Married.

CALDWELL, ERSKINE. Born at White Oak, Georgia, December 17, 1903. Educated at the University of Virginia. Reporter for *The Atlanta Journal.* Worked at various jobs in New Orleans, Memphis, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Author of "The Bastard." Goes to prize-fights fifty-two times a year. Temporarily living in Portland, Maine.

CANTWELL, ROBERT. Born in Little Falls, Washington, January 31, 1908. Attended public schools in the State of Washington, and spent one year at the University of Washington. From 1925 until 1929 he worked in a veneer factory at Aberdeen, Washington, and since that time has worked in various cities on the western coast. Is publishing a novel this autumn. Lives in New York City.

CASSIDY, JANE. Born in New London, Connecticut, August 1, 1902. Lived in Norwich, Connecticut, from 1905 until 1923. Educated at Norwich Free Academy and Smith College. Has spent several years in New York City doing editorial and kindred work. Married Robert D. Holran in 1925. Lives at New Preston, Connecticut.

COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH. Born in Buffalo in 1893. Educated there, in California, and at Vassar College. Author of three books of poetry: "Fox Foot-prints," "Atlas and Beyond," and "Compass Rose"; and of three books for children; "The Cat and the Captain," "The Sun's Diary," and "Toutou in Bondage." Two other books for children, "The Boy With the Parrot," and "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" are to be published shortly. Married to Henry Beston. Lives at Hingham, Massachusetts.

CRANE, CLARKSON. Born in Chicago, 1894. Graduated from the University of California, 1916. Drove ambulance with French Army, 1917-1918. Author of "The Western Shore." Has lived in Paris and California since the war. Now lives in San Francisco.

DE JONG, DAVID CORNEL. Born in Blija, the Netherlands, in 1904. At the age of thirteen he came to America, speechless in English, and settled with his parents in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he has lived ever since. Graduated from Calvin College in 1929. Is a teacher of English and History. His formal schooling was interrupted frequently by months or years spent in the holding of various jobs, ranging from bank guard to sodcutter, drug clerk to mason laborer, bank teller to gravedigger, and dozens of others. Unmarried.

DUPEE, FREDERICK W. Born in Chicago, 1904. Lived for several years in Joliet and Rockford, Illinois. Educated at the University of Chicago and Yale University. Taught English at Bowdoin College for two years. Editor of *The Miscellany*. Lives in New York City.

FINCH, EVERETT L. Born in Schenectady, New York, in 1903. Started newspaper work in 1918 and has been employed on newspapers ever since. Has travelled in Europe. Lives in New Rochelle, New York.

FURNISS, RUTH PINE. Born in Troy, New York, March 2, 1893. Educated at private schools in New York and Connecticut. Married in 1912. Author of "Gay" and "Snow." Is interested in sculpture. Lives in New York City.

GILLINGHAM, DONALD W. Born in Essex, England, February 26, 1906. Came to Vancouver with his parents when he was six years old, soon developed a love for nature, and spent a rather solitary youth out-of-doors. At seventeen he earned his way through high school by writing a series of nature articles for the *Vancouver Daily Province*. Spent two years at the University of British Columbia and studied art on the side. Looking for adventure, he sailed in the Western Arctic in 1925 as one of the crew of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessel, *Baychimo*. The two following years he travelled intermittently, worked in logging camps and in the harvest fields, and wrote articles and sketches for periodicals in several countries. Accompanied Count Felix von Luckner in his expedition to the Caribbean Sea. At present he is associated with Lowell Thomas in New York City.

GILMAN, G. LA SELLE. Born in Rochester, Minnesota, in 1908. Son of a small-town newspaperman who kept him busy his first five years following him about from press to press on the Dakota prairies. Since then he has lived in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he was educated in the public schools and at the University of Nebraska. Is now bound for New Zealand vagabonding.

GODDARD, GLORIA. Born in Philadelphia, February 18, 1897. Educated at Detroit Central High School and Detroit Junior College. Married Clement Wood, 1926. Has been a writer of publicity and advertising and is the author of "Backyard" and "These Lords' Descendants." Lives in New York City.

GORDON, CAROLINE. "I was born in 1895 on my grandmother's farm in Todd County, Kentucky, so near the state line that I hardly know whether I am a Kentuckian or a Tennessean. My people on both sides have been country-men as far back as there is any record. I received my early education mostly from my father, attending desultorily the classes in a boys' school that he had in Clarksville, Tennessee. After graduating from college I did newspaper work in the South and later in New York. In 1925 I was married to Allen Tate. I have lived since then in New York City, with the exception of one whole year in the country in New York State and two years abroad."

GRANT, GEORGE H. Born in Thornliebank, Scotland, August 1, 1896. Son of a theatrical manager. Went to sea at the age of fifteen.

During the war had five ships torpedoed or bombed under him. As second mate navigated open lifeboat with seventeen survivors for seven days from spot in South Atlantic where time bomb exploded on steamer to Saint Helena. Captain at the age of twenty-five. Has been with United Fruit Company as Captain for nine years. Lives in Belmont, Massachusetts.

GREENE, WARD, is a Georgian. Educated in Atlanta public schools and at the University of the South. On the staff of the *Atlanta Journal* for ten years. Has lived in New York City since 1921 where he is managing editor of King's Features Syndicate. Author of "Cora Potts."

HAHN, EMILY. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, 1905. Educated at the University of Wisconsin and Columbia University. She is a mining engineer and was the first woman to graduate in Engineering at Wisconsin. She has served in the engineering department of an oil company, as a guide in New Mexico, an artist in a Christmas card factory, a teacher of Geology at Hunter College, and as a research specialist in London for a New York newspaper. Author of "Seductio ad Absurdum."

HALE, JOSEPH CARROLL. Born in Kansas in 1893. Grew up on a farm near Loveland, Colorado. Graduated from Colorado Agricultural College, 1916. Homesteaded and ranched for two years in the Colorado mountains. Now an agricultural agent. Lives in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

HARTWICK, MARY SUSANNAH HESSE. She was taught German, Latin, and Greek by her father, a school teacher, a descendant of "the descending branches of eleven brothers of William of Hesse who settled in Pennsylvania." Her father, "a long lean visionary," was sent to Ohio to finish his education, and there married a daughter of the English Laverys. When her mother's inheritance was sold to an oil company, the father and mother "took the latter half of their sixteen children and migrated to Missouri." There, in Frederickstown, Mary Hesse Hartwick attended a Methodist training school and was graduated. After ten years of teaching in the Philippine Islands, in Alaska, and in an Indian school in Colorado, and after graduation from a business college in Denver, she "came back east as far as Montana to teach, to marry, to homestead, to climb the Rockies, to sit on a high pinnacle, writing, writing, flinging the pages to the winds that he who does not run may read." She lives near Holland Lake, Montana.

HAYS, H. R. Born in New York City. Educated in spite of Cornell University after which an outcropping of certain hereditary taints caused him to study art for a year. Took a degree at Columbia University and taught in the College of the City of New York and in the University of Minnesota. Is publishing a volume of verse this year. Attempts to live in New York City.

HOLT, ACHILLES. Born on the remnants of a plantation in the Sabine country of Texas, of Virginia and Alabama immigrant people. Edu-

cation received by reading. For some time he was in Juarez, Chihuahua. Has milked cows, picked cotton, acted as Spanish interpreter, and studied French poetry under Yvor Winters. Has worked in Albuquerque and Santa Fé. Lives in Palo Alto, California.

Huse, Harry G. Born in Fullerton, Nebraska, April 15, 1890. His father was a Vermonter who had gone west as a boy in 1856, gold-hunting in California and Nevada, and who finally settled down as a retail lumber dealer, first in Iowa and then in the newer state of Nebraska. His mother was a native Nebraskan, born of Canadian parents on a homestead. Educated in Nebraska public schools and in the Nebraska State University. Was in the advertising business in St. Paul and Chicago, 1911-17. Served as Captain, 810th Pioneer Infantry during the war. Returned to advertising after an unsuccessful wheat-raising experience in Montana, and remained engaged in advertising and selling in St. Paul and later in New York until 1924 when he started writing. "My interest in the dry-farming section of Montana dates back to the summer of 1910, the year of its settlement, which I spent on a dry-land homestead and from which I had to be dragged back to finish college. The high, dry benches were very glamorous for me then with whitened buffalo skulls still to be picked up and the old freighting trails still etched deeply into the tough sod of the prairie. They are still glamorous, although a third and final attacking wave of pioneers is now taming them with modern tractors and combines." Lives on an old farm in West Redding, Connecticut, during a portion of the year and spends the remainder of his time in or near Fort Benton, Montana.

Johns, Richard. Born in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1904. Educated at Andover, the University of Virginia, Harvard, and Columbia. Editor of "Pagany: A Native Quarterly." Lives in Boston.

Kennedy, Roderick Stuart. Born in Montreal, 1899. Educated at Mill Hill School, England, and McGill University (Macdonald College), Montreal, with degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. Farmed in Alberta until August, 1914, when enlisted in Canadian Expeditionary Force. Service in France and Belgium. Wounded at Loos and on Somme, and discharged 1917. O. C. Convalescent Hospital at Ottawa, and then in charge of vocational training of disabled soldiers. Since 1922 has been manager of *Montreal Star* advertising promotion department. Predilections for reading, football, book-collecting, logic, and against flabby thinking, gardening, Babbittry, and preciosity. Married and one dog. Lives in Montreal.

Kittredge, Eleanor Hayden. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, 1898. Educated at Lincoln School. Worked during the war on the *Providence Journal*. Free-lance in New York, 1920-21, writing chiefly for the *New York Times*. Married in 1921. Lived for a year in Geneva and since then in Paris.

Lewis, Janet. Born in Chicago in 1899. Graduate of the University of Chicago. Author of "The Wheel in Midsummer." Spent some years in New Mexico in bed, and is now well and married to Yvor Winters. Lives in Palo Alto, California.

MARCH, WILLIAM. Born in Mobile, Alabama, but has lived pretty much over the United States. Was educated mostly at home, but attended the now defunct University of Valparaiso, and later studied law at the University of Alabama. Was in the Marine Corps during the war, participated in considerable action, and was severely wounded and gassed. Has been working for a corporation since demobilisation. His writing is done at night and over week-ends. Is writing a novel. Unmarried. Lives in New York City.

MITCHELL, JOSEPH. Born on a farm near Fairmont, North Carolina, July, 1908. Has worked on a tobacco and cotton plantation and on newspapers. Received his education at the University of North Carolina. Is now on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Lives in New York City.

MYGATT, TRACY D. Born in Brooklyn, New York, 1885. Educated at Bryn Mawr. Author of "The Glorious Company" in collaboration with Frances Witherspoon. She devoted the years after college to suffrage and socialist propaganda. "Allied with the groups that tried to make the United States keep out of the war, she soon found her name on the would-be infamous Stevenson list." Author of many short plays. Lives in New York City.

NOVAK, SONIA RUTHELE. "I am Russian, Tatar, Scotch-Irish, English, Moravian, and Cherokee Indian, and was born July 15, 1900. I was reared in the south by my father's people—Americans. My husband was a Czecho-Slovakian." Author of "Winds from the Moon," and a forthcoming novel. Lives in New York City.

ODUM, HOWARD W. Born at Bethlehem, Georgia, 1884. Educated at Emory University, the University of Mississippi, Columbia University, and Clark University. Kenan Professor of Sociology, Director of the School of Public Welfare, Director of the Institute for Research in Social Science, University of North Carolina. Author of "Social and Mental Traits of the Negro," "Systems of Public Welfare," "Southern Pioneers," "The Negro and His Songs" (with Guy B. Johnson), "An Approach to Public Welfare and Social Work," "Negro Workaday Songs" (with Guy B. Johnson), "American Masters of Social Science," "Man's Quest for Social Guidance," "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," and "Wings on My Feet." Editor of "Social Forces" and general editor of The American Social Science Series. Lives at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

PETERSEN, ELIZABETH BENNECHE. Born in Molde, Norway, 1897. Came to America at the age of three and was educated in Brooklyn and New York schools. Returned to Norway on various occasions for the summer, and at the age of sixteen lived there for two years. Married to a native of Scotland. Has been writing stories about Norway and Norwegian folk since 1928.

POLK, WILLIAM T. Born at Warrenton, North Carolina, March 12, 1896. Educated at University of North Carolina. Phi Beta Kappa, Zeta Psi. Second Lieutenant of Infantry in various training camps in the South, 1917-18. Newspaper reporting in North Carolina and

journalism at Columbia University, 1919. Law at Harvard, 1920-21. Has practiced Law in Warrenton, North Carolina, since 1922, writing poetry, deeds, criticism, contracts, and stories.

ROBERTS, WILLA. Born in Connecticut of Irish and New England ancestors. Has lived all her life in Connecticut and New York. Educated at Vassar College. Worked on a farm unit the last summer of the war. Has since been engaged in editorial work. Now managing editor of *The Woman's Home Companion.* Lives in New York City.

SALT, SYD. S. Born in Philadelphia, in 1900. Writes poetry and short stories. Has wandered extensively over the United States. Lives in Philadelphia.

SAVAGE, COURTENAY. Born in New York City, July 29, 1890. Educated at public and private schools and at Columbia University. Began writing when he was about twenty-two. Was on the staff of *The Reader* for two years, spent several years on the staff of the Wildman Service, and was an associate editor of *The Forum* for two and a half years. Served in an executive position with a chain of motion picture theatres operating in New England from 1922 to 1929. Has written six plays. Married. Devotes his time to writing and travelling.

SOKOLOFF, NATALIE B. Born at Ekaterinoslav, Russia, of half-Russian, half-Scotch ancestry. Since 1905, has lived mostly in England and the United States. Educated in English and American schools. Went to Russia in 1917. Attended University of Ekaterinodar, Kuban Cossack Territory, Caucasus. Returned to America in 1921. Lives in Washington, D. C.

TERRELL, UPTON. Born in Chicago, December 9, 1900, and secured a mediocre book education in the local schools. Never had time to attend a college, being busy learning something of life. Gave up the thought of finishing high school at seventeen, and set out for the west. During the next ten years he was successively cowboy, guide, sailor, tramp, newspaper reporter, associate editor, and correspondent of several publications. Is now a newspaper man in Chicago. "Fisherman and bachelor, poet and farmer, hunter and hobo . . . all at heart. In reality, just another rewrite man in a local room at a starvation salary."

UPSON, WILLIAM HAZLETT. Born at Glen Ridge, New Jersey, September 26, 1891. Educated at Glen Ridge High School and Cornell University. Ran a farm and orchard in Virginia from 1914 to 1917. Was a private in the 13th Field Artillery, 4th Division, during the war. Saw service in the Marne-Aisne, St. Mihiel, and Argonne offensives and in the army of occupation in Germany. In 1919 got a job as service mechanic with a tractor company, and spent several years travelling about the United States demonstrating and repairing tractors. Has devoted himself to writing since 1924. Has travelled in Europe. Lives at Bread Loaf, Vermont.

THE BEST BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES OF 1930

I. American Authors

1. Calverton. Three Strange Lovers. Macaulay.
2. Dreiser. Gallery of women. Liveright.
3. Heyward. Half Pint Flask. Farrar and Rinehart.
4. Seaver. Company. Macmillan.
5. Wilder. Woman of Andros. Boni.

II. British and Irish Authors

6. Armstrong. Fiery Dive. Harcourt, Brace.
7. Bowen. Joining Charles. Dial Press.
8. Cunninghame Graham. Thirty Tales and Sketches. Viking Press.
9. Mitchison. Barbarian Stories. Harcourt, Brace.
10. Whitaker. Frost in April. Cape and Smith.

III. Translations

11. Babel. Red Cavalry. Knopf.
12. Busch, *editor*. Selected Austrian Short Stories. Oxford University Press.
13. Capek. Money. Brentano's.
14. Cournos, *editor*. Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia. Dutton.
15. Forbes-Mosse. Don Juan's Daughters. Dodd, Mead.
16. Frank. Carl and Anna. Putnam.
17. Gide. School for Wives. Knopf.
18. Graham, *editor*. Great Russian Short Stories. Liveright.
19. Green. Christine. Harper.
20. Keller. People of Seldwyla. Dutton.
21. Mann. Early Sorrow. Knopf.
22. Melville *and* Hargreaves, *editors*. Great Russian Short Stories. Liveright.
23. Meyer. Saint. Simon and Schuster.
24. Moncrif. Adventures of Zeloide. Dial Press.
25. Neumann. King Haber. King.
26. Schnitzler. Dr. Graesler. Simon and Schuster.
27. Schnitzler. Little Novels. Simon and Schuster.
28. Seghers. Revolt of the Fishermen. Longmans, Green.
29. Sudermann. Excursion to Tilsit. Liveright.
30. Svevo. Hoax. Harcourt, Brace.
31. Thiess. Farewell to Paradise. Knopf.
32. Unamuno. Three Exemplary Novels and a Prologue. Boni.

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

JUNE 1, 1929, TO APRIL 30, 1930

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction*

I. AMERICAN AND CANADIAN AUTHORS

ANDREWS, MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN. White Satin Dress. Scribner.
BARNES, DJUNA. *Night Among the Horses. Liveright.
BORDEN, MARY. Forbidden Zone. Doubleday, Doran.
BENET, LAURA. Goods and Chattels. Doubleday, Doran.
BOWEN, STIRLING. Wishbone. Dutton.
BOYTON, NEIL. In Xavier Lands. Benziger.
BRADFORD, ROARK. *Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys. Harper.
BRUSH, KATHARINE. Night Club. Minton, Balch.
BYRNE, DONN. Party of Baccarat. Century.
CABELL, JAMES BRANCH. *Way of Ecben. McBride.
CALVERTON, V. F. *Three Strange Lovers. Macaulay.
CALVERTON, V. F., *editor*. Anthology of American Negro Literature. Modern Library.
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W. Happy Parrot. Appleton.
CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN. Pitcher of Romance. Sears.
COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. Epic Peters, Pullman Porter. Appleton.
CONNOLLY, JAMES B. Gloucestermen. Scribner.
COOK, THOMAS R., *editor*. Modern American Short Stories. Scribner. Copy, 1930. Appleton.
COURNOS, JOHN, *editor*. *American Short Stories of the Nineteenth Century. Dutton.
DREISER, THEODORE. *Gallery of Women. 2 vols. Liveright.
EDGAR, DAY. In Princeton Town. Scribner.
EDMUNDS, MURRELL. *Earthenware. Lynchburg, Va.: Little Bookshop.
ETON, HAROLD T., editor. Short Stories for Study and Enjoyment. Doubleday, Doran.
EVANS, HUBERT. Silent Call. Dodd, Mead.
FERRIS, HELEN J., *editor*. Love Comes Riding. Harcourt, Brace.
FRENCH, JOSEPH LEWIS, *editor*. Great Detective Stories of the World. Dial Press.
GLASER, DOROTHY. *Brother Anselmo. Payson and Clark.
GLASS, MONTAGUE. You Can't Learn 'em Nothin'. Doubleday, Doran.
GOLDBERG, RUBE. Is There a Doctor in the House? Day.
GOODMAN, HENRY, *editor*. *Creating the Short Story. Harcourt, Brace.
HAINES, HELEN STUART COLBY. Patriots. Norfolk, Va.: Atlantic Coast Pr. Corp.

HALL, FREDERICK. Voice in the Night. Los Angeles: Biola Book Room.
HARRE, T. EVERETT, *editor*. Beware After Dark! Macaulay.
HARRISON, BELLE R. Pomp's People. Copeland.
HELD, *jr.*, JOHN. Grim Youth. Vanguard Press.
O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1929. Doubleday, Doran.
HEYWARD, DU BOSE. *Half Pint Flask. Farrar and Rinehart.
HILL, ELIZABETH REID. Pickin' Cotton. Badger.
HYDE, ROBERT. *Winds of Gobi. Brewer and Warren.
JOHNSON, ROY IVAN, *and others, editors*. Study and Appreciation of the Short Story. Silver, Burdett.
JONES, LLEWELLYN, *and* GAUL, CECILIA C., *editors*. One Hundred Thirty-One Best Stories. Reilly and Lee.
KAPUSTIN, HARRY. *Crowd Your Luck on Death. Harcourt, Brace.
KEENE, FARADAY. Peccadilloes. Day.
KELLY, ELEANOR MERCEIN. Spanish Holiday. Harper.
KENT, JOHN. Episode in Luxor. Brentano's.
KERR, SOPHIE. Tigers Is Only Cats. Farrar and Rinehart.
KERR, WESLEY B. Saving Sense. Omaha: Acorn Press.
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LEMMON, ROBERT STELL. Old Doc Lemmon. Minneapolis: Midwest Co.
MACKAYE, PERCY. *Weathergoose-Woo! Longmans, Green.
MARQUIS, DON. Variety of People. Doubleday, Doran.
MARSH, GEORGE T. Sled Trails and White Waters. Penn.
MEINE, FRANKLIN J., *editor*. *Tall Tales of the Southwest. Knopf.
NASON, LEONARD H. Incomplete Mariner. Doubleday, Doran.
NEALE, ARTHUR, *editor*. Great Weird Stories. Duffield.
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. Best Short Stories of 1929. Dodd, Mead.
O'DELL, G. E. Some Human Contacts. International Press.
OVERTON, GRANT M., *editor*. Great Modern Short Stories. Modern Library.
PAUL, ELLIOT H. *Low Run Tide. Liveright.
PIPER, HIRAM E. Piper Spins a Yarn. Meador.
*Present-Day American Stories. Scribner.
QUINN, JOSEPH J. Spangles. Stratford.
REDMAN, BEN RAY. Down in Flames. Brewer and Warren.
RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS. Romantics. Farrar and Rinehart.
RISLEY, ELEANOR. Road to Wildcat. Little, Brown.
RUSSELL, JOHN. Cops 'n' Robbers. Norton.
SANDBURG, CARL. *Potato Face. Harcourt, Brace.
Saplings. Fourth Series, 1929. Pittsburgh: Scholastic Pub. Co.
SAUNDERS, CHARLES FRANCIS, *and* O'SULLIVAN, ST. JOHN. Capistrano Nights. McBride.
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SHUTE, HENRY A. Plupy: the Wirst Yet! Dorrance.
SINGLETON, ESTHER. Shakespearian Fantasias. Privately Printed.
SMITH, EDWARD H. You Can Escape. Macmillan.
SPRINGS, ELLIOTT WHITE. In the Cool of the Evening. The Author.
STAMBAUGH, B. Z. At Bethlehem's Inn. Milwaukee: Morehouse.
STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL. *Tower of Sand. Harper.
STRIBLING, T. S. Clues of the Caribbees. Doubleday, Doran.

TARKINGTON, BOOTH. Penrod Jashber. Doubleday, Doran.
THAYER, TIFFANY. Thirteen Men. Kendall.
THOMASON, JOHN W., *jr.* Marines and Others. Scribner.
Thrillers. Clode.
TULLY, JIM. *Shadows of Men. Doubleday, Doran.
VAN BUREN, MAUD, *and* BEMIS, KATHARINE ISABEL, *editors.* Father in Modern Story. Century.
VAN ROOSBROECK, G. L. Grotesques. Living Art.
VANDERCOOK, JOHN W. *Fools' Parade. Harper.
WAREING, ERNEST CLYDE. Other Shepherd. Abingdon.
WILDER, THORNTON NIVEN. *Woman of Andros. Boni.
WOOD, CLEMENT. *Flesh. Hillman.
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World's Best Short Stories of 1929. Minton, Balch.

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ARLEN, MICHAEL. Babes in the Wood. Doubleday, Doran.
ARMSTRONG, MARTIN. *Fiery Dive. Harcourt, Brace.
ASQUITH, LADY CYNTHIA, *editor.* Shudders. Scribner.
Best Detective Stories of 1929. Liveright.
BOWEN, ELIZABETH. *Joining Charles. Dial Press.
CHESTERTON, G. K. Moderate Murderer. Dodd, Mead. *Poet and the Lunatics. Dodd, Mead.
CHRISTIE, AGATHA. Mysterious Mr. Quin. Dodd, Mead.
CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, R. B. *Thirty Tales and Sketches. Viking Press.
DAWSON, CONINGSBY. When Father Christmas Was Late. Doubleday, Doran.
DENISON, CORRIE. *Glimpses. McKee.
DOUGLAS, NORMAN. Nerinda. Day.
DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. Maracot Deep. Doubleday, Doran.
FARNOL, JEFFERY. Shadow. Little, Brown.
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *New Forsyte Stories. Random House.
HAMILTON, COSMO. Little Gold Ring. Putnam.
JOYCE, JAMES. *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun. Paris: Black Sun Press.
KNOX, RONALD, *and* HARRINGTON, H., *editors.* Best English Detective Stories of 1928. Liveright.
Legion. Doubleday, Doran.
LOCKE, W. J. Town of Tombarel. Dodd, Mead.
MCFEE, WILLIAM. Sailors of Fortune. Doubleday, Doran.
MACKAIL, DENIS. How Amusing! Houghton Mifflin.
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MITCHISON, NAOMI. *Barbarian Stories. Harcourt, Brace.
MORRIS, GWLADYS EVAN. Tales from Bernard Shaw. Stokes.
MORROUGH, E. R. ("ABU NADAAR.") *Temple Servant. Longmans, Green.
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor.* Best British Short Stories of 1929. Dodd, Mead.
O'FLAHERTY, LIAM. *Return of the Brute. Harcourt, Brace.
ORCZY, BARONESS. Adventures of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Doubleday, Doran.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. *Torch. Macmillan.
POWYS, T. F. *Fables. Viking Press.

RHYS, ERNEST, *and* DAWSON SCOTT, C. A., *editors*. Mainly Horses. Appleton.
"ROHMER, SAX." Emperor of America. Doubleday, Doran.
SAYERS, DOROTHY L., *editor*. Omnibus of Crime. Brewer and Warren.
SQUIRE, J. C., *editor*. Mercury Book. Longmans, Green.
TOMLINSON, H. M., *editor*. *Great Sea Stories of All Nations. Doubleday, Doran.
WAKEFIELD, H. R. Others Who Returned. Appleton.
WALLACE, EDGAR. Red Aces. Doubleday, Doran.
WHITAKER, MALACHI. *Frost in April. Cape and Smith.
WODEHOUSE, P. G. Mr. Mulliner Speaking. Doubleday, Doran.

III. TRANSLATIONS

BABEL, ISAAC *(Russian)*. *Red Cavalry. Knopf.
BALZAC, HONORE DE *(French)*. *Droll Stories. Liveright.
BUSCH, MARIE, *editor (Austrian)*. *Selected Austrian Short Stories. Oxford University Press.
CAPEK, KAREL *(Czech)*. *Money. Brentano's.
COURNOS, JOHN, *editor (Russian)*. *Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia. Dutton.
FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE *(French)*. Bibliomania. Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Library.
FORBES-MOSSE, IRENE *(German)*. *Don Juan's Daughters. Dodd, Mead.
FRANK, LEONHARD *(German)*. *Carl and Anna. Putnam.
FROISLAND, FROIS *(Norwegian)*. Man with the X-Ray Eyes. Harper.
GIDE, ANDRE *(French)*. *School for Wives. Knopf.
GRAHAM, STEPHEN, *editor (Russian)*. *Great Russian Short Stories. Liveright.
GREEN, JULIAN *(French)*. *Christine. Harper.
JACOB, HEINRICH EDUARD *(German)*. Jacqueline and the Japanese. Little, Brown.
KELLER, GOTTFRIED *(German Swiss)*. *People of Seldwyla. Dutton.
KOLLONTAY, ALEXANDRA *(Russian)*. Great Love. Vanguard Press.
KOMROFF, MANUEL, *editor*. Oriental Romances. Modern Library.
LOUYS, PIERRE *(French)*. Collected Tales. Argus Books.
MANN, THOMAS *(German)*. *Early Sorrow. Knopf.
MELVILLE, LEWIS, *and* HARGREAVES, REGINALD, *editors (German)*. *Great German Short Stories. Liveright.
MEREJKOWSKY, DMITRI *(Russian)*. *Michael Angelo. Dutton.
MEYER, CONRAD FERDINAND *(German Swiss)*. *Saint. Simon and Schuster.
MONCRIF, AUGUSTIN-PARADIS DE *(French)*. *Adventures of Zeloide. Dial Press.
NEUMANN, ALFRED *(German)*. *King Haber. King.
SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR *(Austrian)*. *Dr. Graesler. Simon and Schuster. *Little Novels. Simon and Schuster.
SEGHERS, ANNA *(German)*. *Revolt of the Fishermen. Longmans, Green.
SOBOL, ANDRE *(Russian)*. Freak Show. Kendall.
SUDERMANN, HERMANN *(German)*. *Excursion to Tilsit. Liveright.
"SVEVO, ITALO" *(Italian)*. *Hoax. Harcourt, Brace.
THIESS, FRANK *(German)*. *Farewell to Paradise. Knopf.

UNAMUNO, MIGUEL DE *(Spanish)*. *Three Exemplary Novels and a Prologue. Boni.

VOISENON, CLAUDE-HENRI DE FUSEE DE *(French)*. *All the Better for Her. McBride.

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WILSON, F. W., *editor (French)*. *Bachelor's Banquet. Oxford University Press.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN AMERICAN PERIODICALS

JUNE 1, 1929, TO APRIL 30, 1930

NOTE. *For articles in British and Irish periodicals, see "The Best British Short Stories of 1930."*

A

Adams, E. C. L.
By Howard W. Odum. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 27, '29. (6:1.)
Aldrich, Bess Streeter.
By James C. Rosse. Pr. S. Summer, '29. (3:226.)
American Short Story.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 8, '29. (2.) Dec. 22, '29. (7.)
By Alvin Barclay. N. Rep. Aug. 28, '29. (60:41.)
By W. D. Blake. Books. Jun. 30, '29. (13.)
By Herschel Brickell. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. '30. (70:562.)
By John Chamberlain. N. Y. Times. Nov. 10, '29. (5.)
By Dudley Fitts. H. H. Jul.-Sept., '29. (2:436.)
By T. O. C. Merc. Jun., '29. (1:141.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Oct. 27, '29. (22.) Feb. 9, '30. (20.)
By Lila Ridge. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 29, '29. (5:1145.)
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 7, '29. (9.)
Andersen, Hans Christian.
By Edythe Helen Browne. Cath. W. Apr., '30. (131:65.)
By Julius Clausen. Scan. Apr., '30. (18:228.)
By Kai Friis Möller. Scan. Apr., '30. (18:220.)
By H. G. Obrik. Scan. Apr., '30. (18:213.)
By Helge Topsoë-Jensen and Paul V. Rubow. Scan. Apr., '30. (18:205.)
Anderson, Sherwood.
By M. Adams. N. Y. Times Magazine. Sept., 22, '29.
By Norman E. Eliason. Pr. S. Winter, '30. (4:52.)
By A. Theodore Johnson. Southwestern Bulletin. Sept., '29. (3.)
By Camille McCole. Cath. W. Nov., '29. (130-129.)
By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Jun., '29. (17:253.)
By William Allen White. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 12, '29. (128:714.)
Arlen, Michael.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 3, '29. (6.)
By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 30, '29. (22.)
By Florence Haxton Britten. Books. Oct. 27, '29. (6.)
By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 25, '30. (6:669.)
Armstrong, Martin.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 2, '30. (8.)
By Norah Meade. Book. (N. Y.) Apr.-May, '30. (71:217.)
By Virgilia Peterson Ross. Books. Apr. 6, '30. (15.)
Austrian Short Story.
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 20, '29. (5:1191.)

B

Babel, Isaak.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 24, '29. (28.)
By Babette Deutsch. Books. Oct. 27, '29. (4.)
By Arthur Ruhl. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 11, '30. (6:635.)
By Clinton Simpson. N. Y. Sun. Sept. 7, '29. (6.)
Balzac, Honoré de.
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (70:103.)
By Henry James Forman. N. Y. Times. Mar. 23, '30. (19.)
By Herbert Gorman. N. Y. Times. Jul. 21, '29. (7.)
By Albert Guérard. Books. Sept. 1, '29. (1.) Mar. 30, '30. (15.)
Barnes, Djuna.
By Louise Bogan. N. Rep. Feb. 26, '30. (62:52.)
Benét, Laura.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 27, '30. (22.)
Bercovici, Konrad.
By David Karsner. J. T. Dec. 27, '29. (15.)
Bierce, Ambrose.
By Richard Burton. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 14, '29. (28.)
By Adolphe de Castro. J. F. Mar., '30. (13:121.)
By Herbert Gorman. N. Y. Times. Dec. 29, '29. (5.)
By C. Hartley Grattan. Books. Dec. 22, '29. (5.)
By Granville Hicks. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 19, '30. (130:223.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. A. L. Jan., '30. (1:434.)
By Leonard L. Mackall. Books. Jul. 7, '29. (15.)
By Carey McWilliams. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 26, '29. (128:768.)
By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Sept., '29. (18:124.) Feb., '30. (19:251.)
By Frank Monaghan. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 5, '29. (6:207.)
By Napier Wilt. A. L. Nov., '29. (1:260.)
Boccaccio, Giovanni.
By Joseph Wood Krutch. Atl. Apr., '30. (145:490.)
By Arthur Livingston. Books. Apr. 13, '30. (9.)
By Herbert L. Matthews. N. Y. Times. Apr. 13, '30. (6.)
Borden, Mary.
By Garreta Busey. Books. Apr. 13, '30. (24.)
Bowen, Elizabeth.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 24, '29. (7.)
By Florence Haxton Britten. Books. Nov. 24, '29. (4.)
By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 25, '30. (6:669.)
Bowen, Stirling.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 23, '30. (7.)
By T. S. Matthews. Book. (N. Y.) Apr.-May, '30. (71:213.)
By Alice Beal Parsons. Books. Feb. 16, '30. (4.)
Boyle, Kay.
By William Carlos Williams. Transit. Fall, '29. (147.)
Bradford, Roark.
By Marc Connelly. Books. Mar. 23, '30. (1.)
By Jonathan Daniels. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 19, '30. (6:941.)
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Mar. 23, '30. (10.)
British Short Story.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 8, '29. (2.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Dec. 15, '29. (10.) Feb. 9. '30. (20.)

Bromfield, Louis.
By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 1, '29. (5:1067.)
By Margaret Wallace. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (70:101.)
Brush, Katharine.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 4, '29. (6.)
By John Carter. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 17, '29. (6:53.)
By Florence Haxton Britten. Books. Aug. 4, '29. (5.)
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. Aug. 10, '29. (4.)
Bulgarian Short Story.
By Stoyan Christowe. Books. Dec. 15, '29. (9.)
Burdett, Osbert.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 23, '29. (9.)
Byrne, Donn.
By James T. Farrell. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 8, '30. (6:717.)

C

Cabell, James Branch.
By Emily Clark. Va. Jul., '29. (5:336.)
By Camille McCole. Cath. W. Jul., '29. (129:459.)
By Isabel Paterson. Books. Apr. 6, '30. (1.)
Callaghan, Morley.
By R. P. Blackmur. H. H. Jul.-Sept., '29. (2:439.)
By J. D. Robins. C. For. Aug., '29. (9:388.)
Calverton, V. F.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 27, '30. (9.)
Capek, Karel.
By Rose C. Feld. N. Y. Times. Feb. 2, '30. (9.)
Chekhov, Anton.
Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) Jul. 3, '29. (129:5.)
Chestnutt, Charles W.
By John Chamberlain. Book. (N. Y.) Feb., '30. (70:603.)
Chesterton, G. K.
By John Gilland Brunini. Com. Dec. 4, '29. (11:148.)
Child, Richard Washburn.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 27, '30. (23.)
Cobb, Irvin S.
By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Book. (N. Y.) Jul., '29. (69:511.)
Connolly, James B.
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Mar. 30, '30. (2.)
Conrad, Joseph.
Letters to Stephen and Cora Crane. Book. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (69:367.)
Conrad, Joseph.
By Carl Bohnenberger and Norman Mitchell Hill. Book. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (69:367.)
By Richard Curle. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 2, '29. (6:343.)
By Ford Madox Ford. Yale. Jun., '29. (18:699.)
By Marc T. Greene. Pol. Aug., '29. (10:539.)
By Granville Hicks. N. Rep. Jan. 8, '30. (61:192.)
Crane, Stephen.
By Carl Bohnenberger and Norman Mitchell Hill. Book. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (69:367.)
By Hamlin Garland. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '30. (70:514.)

Cunninghame Graham, R. B.
By Edwin Clark. N. Y. Times. Oct. 6, '29. (2.)
By Charles J. Finger. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 28, '29. (6:177.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Oct. 27, '29. (22.)
By Isidor Schneider. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 7, '29. (10.)

D

Dane, Clemence.
By L. A. Mackay. C. For. Jun., '29. (9:320.)
Dawson, Coningsby.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 15, '29. (22.)
De La Mare, Walter.
By Stanton A. Coblentz. N. Y. Times. Sept. 29, '29. (10.)
Delmar, Viña.
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. Jul. 13, '29. (9.)
Dostoevsky, Fyodor.
By Dorothy Brewster. Nat. (N. Y.) Jul. 3, '29. (129:18.)
By Alexander Nazaroff. N. Y. Times. Apr. 27, '30. (10.)
Douglas, Norman.
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Oct. 2, '29. (60:183.)
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 20, '29. (7.)
Dreiser, Theodore.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 1, '29. (2.)
By Rollo Walter Brown. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 8, '30. (6:707.)
By Thayer Hobson. Books. Dec. 1, '29. (5.)
By A. Theodore Johnson. Southwestern Bulletin. Sept., '29. (3.)
By Grant C. Knight. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '29. (70:320.)
By Gretchen MacArthur. Tan. Jan., '30. (5:50.)
By William McFee. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 21, '29. (22.)
By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Feb., '30. (19:254.)
By Burton Rascoe. P. T. Apr., '30. (6:498.)

E

Edgar, Day.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 9, '30. (8.)
Edwards, A. Cecil.
By Edwin Clark. N. Y. Times. Jun. 30, '29. (2.)

F

Farnol, Jeffery.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 24, '29. (28.)
Field, Eugene.
By Mary Goodrich. Over. Sept., '29. (87:271.)
FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE.
Letters to Ivan Turgenev. Liv. A. Nov. 1, '29. (337:295.)
Flaubert, Gustave.
By Will Durant. P. T. Aug., '29. (5:191.)
By M. Rudwin. Ref. Feb., '30. (6:59.)
France, Anatole.
By Nicolas Ségur. Liv. A. Dec. 15, '29. (337:501.)
Frank, Leonhard.
By Margaret Cheney Dawson. Books. Feb. 23, '30. (7.)
By Rose C. Feld. N. Y. Times. Feb. 23, '30. (7.)

Freedman, David.
By Aben Kandel. Am. H. Jan. 17, '30. (126:383.)
By Betty Ross. J. T. Jan. 3, '30. (10.) J. F. Jan., '30. (13:31.)
Fuller, Henry Blake.
By Victor Shultz. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (70:34.)

G

Galsworthy, John.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 28, '29. (2.)
By Geoffrey T. Hellman. Books. Jun. 16, '29. (2.)
By Thomas Mann. Va. Jan., '30. (6:114.)
By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 22, '29. (7.)
Garland, Hamlin.
Roadside Meetings of a Literary Nomad. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '29. (70:138.) Nov., '29. Dec., '29. (70:392.) Jan., '30. (70:514.) Feb., '30. (70:625.) Mar., '30. (71:44.) Apr.-May, '30. (71:196.)
Gide, André.
By John Chamberlain. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '29. (70:204.)
By Abel Chevalley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 5, '29. (6:205.)
By Malcolm Cowley. Books. Oct. 20, '29. (5.)
By C. Hartley Grattan. N. Y. Sun. Sept. 21, '29. (6.)
Gissing, George.
By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Post. Aug. 10, '29. (6 M.)
Glaser, Dorothy.
By Eileen Creelman. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 23, '29.
By Lila Ridge. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 12, '30. (6:918.)
Glasgow, Ellen.
By Hamlin Garland. Book. (N. Y.) Mar., '30. (71:44.)
Glass, Montague.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 9, '30. (25.)
Gold, Michael.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 11, '29. (6.)
By V. F. Calverton. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 5, '29. (128:675.)
Gorky, Maxim.
By Stefan Zweig. Va. Oct., '29. (5:492.)
Green, Julian.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 30, '30. (8.)
By Margaret Cheney Dawson. Books. Apr. 6, '30. (10.)

H

Hamilton, Cosmo.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 8, '29. (20.)
Hardy, Thomas.
By Martin Burrell. Tor. Jan. 11, '30.
By Anna McClure Sholl. Cath. W. Jun., '29. (129:374.)
Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
By Samuel E. Allen. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 20, '29. (5:1196.)
By Mary Ellen Chase. Com. Jan. 29, '30. (11:371.)
By Harry Hayden Clark. Yale. Mar., '30. (19:641.)
By Babette Deutsch. Books. Jun. 23, '29. (2.)
By Francis Ferguson. H. H. Apr.-Jun., '30. (3:436.)
By Robert M. Gay. Book. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (69:445.)

By Herbert Gorman. Cen. Jun., '29. (118:250.) N. Y. Times. Oct. 6, '29. (5.)
By C. Hartley Grattan. N. Y. Sun. Sept. 28, '29. (39.)
By Granville Hicks. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 13, '29. (129:554.)
By David John Marshall. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 22, '29. (7.)
By F. O. Matthiessen. N. Rep. Jan. 29, '30. (61:281.)
By Lloyd Morris. Books. Oct. 13, '29. (2.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 8, '29. (5:1105.)
By G. Harrison Orians. A. L. Mar., '30. (2:54.)
By Herbert Read. H. H. Jan.-Mar., '30. (3:213.)
By Henry Morton Robinson. Com. Oct. 16, '29. (10:622.)
By A. H. Starke. A. L. Nov., '29. (1:304.)
By Randall Stewart. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 20, '29. (5:1196.)

Held, *jr.*, John.
By Lisle Bell. Books. Apr. 27, '30. (5.)

Hemingway, Ernest.
Anonymous. Book. (N. Y.) Feb., '30. (70:641.)
By Kenneth Burke. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '29. (69:561.)
By Granville Hicks. Free. Mar. 22, '30. (1:40.)
By André Maurois. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:212.)
By Dorothy Parker. N. Y. Nov. 30, '29. (28.)

Henry, O.
By Robert H. Davis. Gol. Mar., '30. (44.)

Heyward, Du Bose.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 29, '29. (6.)
By R. Emmet Kennedy. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 5, '29. (6:205.)
By Mary H. Phifer. Hol. Dec., 29. (6.)

Hoult, Norah.
By Dudley Fitts. H. H. Fall, '29. (3:133.)
By Grace Frank. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 1, '29. (5:1068.)
By Alice Beal Parsons. Books. Jun. 2, '29. (2.)
By Marian Tyler. N. Rep. Jul. 24, '29. (59:269.)

Hughes, Richard.
By John Linnell. C. For. Jan., '30. (10:125.)

Hyde, Robert.
By Laura Benét. Books. Apr. 13, '30. (29.)

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Irving, Washington.
Extracts from a Journal. A. L. Mar., '30. (2:15.)

Irving, Washington.
By Miriam R. Small. A. L. Mar., '30. (2:21.)
By Stanley T. Williams. A. L. Mar., '30. (2:15.)

J

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Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 23, '30. (6.)

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By Matthew Josephson. H. H. Jan.-Mar., '30. (3:281.)

Jewett, Sarah Orne.
By Henry Hayden Clark. Yale. Mar., '30. (19:641.)
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By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '29. (70:414.)
Joyce, James.
By Maurice Murphy. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 16, '29. (129:426.)
By Rebecca West. Books. Jan. 12, '30. (1.)
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By Pierre Borel. P. T. Oct., '29. (5:385.)
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MELVILLE, HERMAN.
Family Correspondence, 1830-1904. Bulletin of N. Y. Public Library. Jul.-Aug., '29.
Journal of Melville's Voyage in a Clipper Ship. New England Quarterly. Jan., '29. (2:120.)
Melville's "Agatha" Letter to Hawthorne. New England Quarterly. Apr., '29. (2:296.)

Melville, Herman.
By Samuel E. Allen. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 20, '29. (5:1196.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 1, '29. (18.)
By H. A. Murray. H. H. Jul.-Sept., '29. (2:430.)
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By James W. Lane. Com. Jun. 26, '29. (10:234.)
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Morand, Paul.
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Negro Short Story.
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By V. F. Calverton. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 5, '29. (128:675.)
By R. de B. C. For. Feb., '30. (10:181.)
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By S. Guy Endore. Men. J. Feb., '30. (18:193.)
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By Clarence Britten. Post. Jun. 29, '29. (6 M.)
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Letters. Iowa Journal of History and Politics. Jul., 29. (27:409.)
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By M. M. Brashear. M. L. N. Apr., '29. (44:256.) A. L. Mar., '30. (2:25.)
By Cyril Clemens. Missouri Historical Review. Oct., '29. (24:40.)

By Fred W. Lorch. Iowa Journal of History and Politics. Jul., '29. (27:409.) Oct., '29. (27:507.) Palimpsest. Oct., '29. (10:353.)
By Donald McKay. N. Y. Times Magazine. Oct. 27, '29. (8.)

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JUNE, 1929, TO APRIL, 1930

The following table includes the averages of distinctive stories in thirty-four American periodicals. One, two, and three asterisks are employed to indicate relative distinction. "Three-asterisk stories" are considered worth reprinting in book form. The list excludes reprints.

Periodicals	No. of Stories Published	No. of Distinctive Stories Published			Percentage of Distinctive Stories Published		
		*	**	***	*	**	***
American Magazine	56	13	1	0	23	2	0
American Mercury	18	11	7	5	61	39	28
Atlantic Monthly	20	20	12	10	100	60	50
Canadian Home Journal	36	5	2	1	14	6	3
Canadian Magazine	60	17	8	6	28	13	10
Catholic World	26	14	4	0	54	15	0
Century Magazine	13	6	6	1	46	46	8
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)	48	11	3	1	23	6	2
Collier's Weekly	228	20	4	4	9	2	2
Columbia	36	14	5	2	39	14	6
Cosmopolitan	128	35	8	5	27	6	4
Country Gentleman	40	10	2	1	25	5	3
Delineator	53	17	8	6	32	15	11
Forum	15	15	11	6	100	73	40
Frontier	20	19	15	7	95	75	35
Good Housekeeping (N. Y.)	55	17	8	7	31	15	13
Harper's Bazaar (N. Y.)	32	12	2	0	38	6	0
Harper's Magazine	34	30	21	18	88	62	53
Ladies' Home Journal	69	11	4	0	16	6	0
McCall's Magazine	44	5	2	1	11	5	2
MacLean's Magazine	90	21	2	0	23	2	0
Menorah Journal	20	18	8	1	90	40	5
Midland	21	18	14	7	86	67	33
North American Review	21	14	4	2	67	19	10
Pagany	17	16	15	10	94	88	59
Pictorial Review	48	15	7	4	31	15	8
Plain Talk	34	20	9	4	59	26	12
Prairie Schooner (except Spring issue)	10	10	4	3	100	40	30
Saturday Evening Post	352	80	18	1	23	5	1
Scribner's Magazine	43	24	10	4	56	23	9
This Quarter	16	16	13	8	100	81	50
Transition	25	12	11	3	48	44	12
Vanity Fair	47	18	7	2	38	15	4
Woman's Home Companion	58	13	4	3	22	7	5

The following tables indicate the rank, by number and percentage, of distinctive short stories published, of fourteen periodicals coming within the scope of my examination which have published an average of 50 per cent or more of distinctive stories. The lists exclude reprints, but not translations.

By Percentage

1.	Atlantic Monthly	100%
2.	Forum	100%
3.	Prairie Schooner (except Spring issue)	100%
4.	This Quarter	100%
5.	Frontier	95%
6.	Pagany	94%
7.	Menorah Journal	90%
8.	Harper's Magazine	88%
9.	Midland	86%
10.	North American Review	67%
11.	American Mercury	61%
12.	Plain Talk	59%
13.	Scribner's Magazine	56%
14.	Catholic World	54%

By Number

1.	Harper's Magazine	30
2.	Scribner's Magazine	24
3.	Atlantic Monthly	20
4.	Plain Talk	20
5.	Frontier	19
6.	Menorah Journal	18
7.	Midland	18
8.	This Quarter	16
9.	Pagany	16
10.	Forum	15
11.	North American Review	14
12.	Catholic World	14
13.	American Mercury	11
14.	Prairie Schooner (except Spring issue)	10

The following periodicals have published during the same period ten or more "two-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations.

1.	Harper's Magazine	21
2.	Saturday Evening Post	18
3.	Frontier	15
4.	Pagany	15
5.	Midland	14
6.	This Quarter	13
7.	Atlantic Monthly	12
8.	Forum	11
9.	Transition	11
10.	Scribner's Magazine	10

The following periodicals have published during the same period five or more "three-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations.

1.	Harper's Magazine	18
2.	Atlantic Monthly	10

3.	Pagany	10
4.	This Quarter	8
5.	Frontier	7
6.	Midland	7
7.	Good Housekeeping (New York)	7
8.	Forum	6
9.	Delineator	6
10.	Canadian Magazine	6
11.	American Mercury	5
12.	Cosmopolitan	5

Ties in the above lists have been decided by taking relative rank in other lists into account.

INDEX OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

JUNE 1, 1929, TO APRIL 30, 1930

All short stories published in the following magazines are indexed:

American Magazine
American Mercury
American-Scandinavian Review
Atlantic Monthly
Atlantica
Blues
Bookman (New York)
Canadian Forum
Canadian Home Journal
Canadian Magazine
Canadian Mercury
Canadian Nation
Catholic World
Century
Chatelaine
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate service)
Collier's Weekly
Columbia
Commonweal
Cosmopolitan
Country Gentleman
Delineator
Dial
Forum
Frontier
Golden Book
Good Housekeeping
Gyroscope
Harper's Bazaar
Harper's Magazine
Hound and Horn
Husk
Janus
Ladies' Home Journal
McCall's Magazine
MacLean's Magazine
Menorah Journal
Midland
Miscellany
Modern Quarterly
Morada
New Masses
New Republic
New World Monthly
North American Review
Opportunity
Pagany
Pictorial Review
Plain Talk
Prairie Schooner
Red Book Magazine
Saturday Evening Post
Saturday Review of Literature
Scribner's Magazine
Stratford Magazine
Tambour
Tanager
This Quarter
Transition
U. S. A.
Vanity Fair
Virginia Quarterly Review
Woman's Home Companion
Yale Review

Short stories of distinction only, published in the following magazines during the same period are indexed. The list includes two British periodicals in which American stories were published which did not appear elsewhere.

Adventure
American Boy
American Hebrew
American Short Story
Archive
Black Swan

Blue Book Magazine
Brith Sholom News
Cedar Rapids
Detective Story Magazine
Dublin Magazine
Earth
Holland's Magazine
Household Magazine
Jewish Forum
Jewish Tribune
Liberty
Log of the Circumnavigator's Club
London Mercury
New Yorker
Outdoor America
Reflex
Romance
St. Nicholas
Short Stories
Sports and Hobbies
Survey
Toronto Star Weekly
Weird Tales
Western Home Monthly
Western Rustler
Woman's World
Young Israel
Youth's Companion

I have considered many other magazines without finding any stories of distinction. One, two, or three asterisks are prefixed to the titles of stories to indicate distinction. Three asterisks prefixed to a title indicate the fact that the story is listed in the "Roll of Honor." The figures in parentheses after the title of a story refer to the volume and page number of the magazine. In cases where successive numbers of a magazine are not paged consecutively, the page number only is given in this index.

..While every endeavor has been made to indicate the nationality of authors correctly, I assume no personal responsibility for the accuracy of my classification in this or in other lists.

I. American Authors

A

Abbott, Keene.
*Flesh of Her Flesh. Hol. Mar., '30. (16.)

Abdullah, Achmed.
Come Back to Me Soon. Red Bk. Dec., '29. (42.)
Ebony and Amber. McCall. Mar., '30. (30.)
Golden to the Winds. G. H. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (30.)
*"Hey-oh! Flies the Kite!" McCall. Jun., '29. (14.)
*Mehmet the Red. Red Bk. Sept., '29. (56.)
Missionary. McCall. Oct., '29. (28.)
Nor Were Her Lips Unwilling. Red Bk. Oct., '29. (46.)
*Once in Our Hills. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '30. (20.)
*Orderly Homespun Fields. Del. Apr., '30. (12.)

Adamic, Louis.
**Bohunk Woman. A. Merc. Mar., '30. (19:281.)
*Philippine Interlude. P. T. Mar., '30. (6:303.)

Adams, Bill.
***Able Sailor, Brave and True. Adv. Sept. 1, '29. (43.)
*Mate of the Kestrel. Blue Bk. Oct., '29. (52.)
*Who Knows? Adv. Feb. 15, '30. (70.)

Adams, Frank R.
His Way With Her. Red Bk. Jul., '29. (90.)
Long Minute. Red Bk. Sept., '29. (72.)
Women Think Faster. Cos. Jun., '29. (68.)

Adams, Lucy Wilcox.
***Not Without Dust and Heat. Atl. Oct., '29. (144:491.)

Adams, Samuel Hopkins.
Tourists Accommodated. Cos. Sept., '29. (96.)

Addington, Sarah.
Hands Across the Atlantic. Del. Sept., '29. (15.)
Money Isn't Everything. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '29. (24.)
Palace in Kigndom Come. Del. Jul., '29. (12.)
Strange Boy in a Strange Land.

ADDINGTON, SARAH. (*Cont.*)
McCall. Oct., '29. (24.)
Three Times a Bridesmaid. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '29. (22.)
Uncle Sam's Missus. (Del.) Feb., '30. (13.)
AIKEN, CONRAD.
***No, No, Go Not to Lethe. Scr. Aug., '29. (86:151.)
AKERS, ARTHUR K.
Accidents à la Carte. Red Bk. Dec., '29. (86.)
Bloodhound for a Night. Red Bk. Mar., '30. (86.)
Crash of His Career. Red Bk. Nov., '29. (84.)
Domestic and Business Entanglements. Red Bk. Sept., '29. (88.)
Gas an' Matches. Red Bk. Oct., '29. (90.)
Lumbago on the Left. Red Bk. Apr., '30. (90.)
No Luck Lyin' to Ladies. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (84.)
Powder Costs Money. Red Bk. Jul., '29. (98.)
Sampson Collects or Cripples. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (98.)
Tiger Tonic. Red Bk. Aug., '29. (94.)
Wolf! Wolf! Red Bk. Feb., '30. (86.)
ALDIS, DOROTHY.
Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Pict. R. Aug., '29. (15.)
Their Wedding Day. Pict. R. Jun., '29. (13.)
ALEXANDER, ELIZABETH.
Upside Down. McCall. Jul., '29. (26.)
ALEY, MAXWELL.
**Beautiful Blue Danube. Del. Aug., '29. (16.)
*Secret Sins of Mr. Pitt. Pict. R. Jul., '29. (14.)
ALLEN, SALLIE ELLIOTT.
**Warp and Woof. Frontier. Jan., '30. (10:136.)
ANDERSON, FREDERICK IRVING.
Door Key. S. E. P. Dec. 28, '29. (12.)
Gulf Stream Green. S. E. P. Jun. 15, '29. (6.)
Madame the Cat. S. E. P. Mar. 29, '30. (14.)
Wedding Gift. S. E. P. Sept. 28, '29. (14.)
ANDERSON, SHERWOOD.
***In a Strange Town. Scr. Jan., '30. (87:20.)
**Three Mountaineers. V. F. Jan., '30. (44.)
ANDERTON, SEVEN.
Girl from Evil Lane. Red Bk. Oct., '29. (80.)
Hick. Red Bk. Dec., '29. [(80.)
ANDREWS, MARY R. S.
*White Satin Dress. Scr. Aug., '29. (86:185.)
ANDREWS, ROBERT D.
**Big Al Came Back. P. T. Mar., '30. (6:354.)
*One-Day Story. P. T. Jan., '30. (6:12.)
ANGELL, PAULINE K.
Miss Virginia. Chic. Trib., Jul. 14, '29.
ANNIXTER, PAUL.
In the Racket. Red Bk. Nov., '29. (40.)
Submarine. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (62.)
ARBUCKLE, MARY.
Man from Oregon. McCall. Mar., '30. (32.)
ASMUS, EDNA.
Twilight. Red Bk. Nov., '29. (70.)
ASWELL, JAMES.
Belle of Calomega. Col. Apr. 12, '30. (21.)
AUGSBURG, PAUL DERESCO.
Batavia Bound. Col. Apr. 19, '30. (14.)
Cafeteria Girl. Col. Sept. 21, '29. (12.)
No Clothes to Speak Of. W. H. C. Nov., '29. (17.)
Saphead from Sausalito. Chic. Trib. Dec. 15, '29.
Song That Anna Held Sang. Col. Jul. 27, '29. (17.)
Star of Madasgascar. Col. Sept. 28, '29. (38.)
Sweet Rosie O'Grady. Col. Jul. 20, '29. (10.)
When a Man Bites a Dog. Cos. Feb., '30. (44.)
AVERY, STEPHEN MOREHOUSE.
Anstruther Eyes. McCall. Feb., '30. (27.)
Burden of the Blonde. Col. Feb. 22, '30. (22.)
Evil Intent. Col. Aug. 3, '29. (18.)
Girl About Town. Col. Apr. 5, '30. (18.)
Kiwi Cross. Col. Dec. 7, '29. (20.)
Leave It to the Ladies. Col. Nov. 2, '29. (24.)

AVERY, STEPHEN MOREHOUSE. (*Cont.*)
Moonlight Bride. Col. Feb. 8, '30. (14.)
New Bloom. Col. Aug. 17, '29. (11.)
Sailcloth and Satin. Col. Dec. 21, '29. (17.)
Spotter. Col. Dec. 28, '29. (20.)

AVROOM, ZADLE.
**Little Brother of the Cossacks. J. T. Feb. 7, '30. (7.)

B

BABCOCK, EDWINA STANTON.
*Good Family. House. Sept., '29. (4.) Oct., '29. (10.)

BAILEY, TEMPLE.
Early to Rise. McCall. Aug., '29. (16.)
Lighted Path. McCall. Dec., '29. (17.)

BANNING, MARGARET CULKIN.
Beaux Arts. L. H. J. Aug., '29. (6.)
Break Away. Red Bk. Dec., '29. (60.)
Deferred Living Plan. S. E. P. Jun. 1, '29. (10.)
Generous Thing. Harp. B. Sept., '29. (100.)
Night Letter. S. E. P. Jun. 15, '29. (14.)
Passenger List. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (8.)
Prima Donna Stuff. Am. Sept., '29. (57.)
Rent a Husband. Pict. R. Feb., '30. (20.) [(18.)
Semi-Precious. Del. Oct., '29.
Thursday, December 24th. S. E. P. Nov. 2, '29. (6.)

BARNES, DJUNA.
*Duel Without Seconds. V. F. Nov., '29. (84.)
First of April. V. F. Mar., '30. (69.)
*Letter That Was Never Mailed. V. F. Dec., '29. (68.)

BARNES, MARGARET AYER.
Square Meal. Pict. R. Mar., '30. (30.)

BARR, MARK.
No Risk. Col. Oct. 19, '29. (40.)

BARRY, BEATRICE.
Selina and the Church. Scr. Jun., '29. (85:686.)

BARTH, JULIAN.
Sequence. S. E. P. Feb. 1, '30. (8.)

BARTLETT, FREDERICK ORIN.
Sieve of the Gods. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '30. (42.)

BASSO, HAMILTON.
I Can't Dance. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (127.)

BEACH, REX.
Fourth Offense. Cos. Mar., '30. (46.)
Lava. Cos. Aug., '29. (76.)
Phantom Fingerprints. Cos. Dec., '29. (18.)
Public Wife. Cos. Feb., '30. (38.)

BEATTY, JEROME.
All Was Ambrosial. Col. Jun. 8, '29. (8.)
Catfish Wiggins Comes Through. Col. Aug. 24, '29. (5.)
Catfish Wiggins Tries the Planets. Col. Dec. 21, '29. (7.)
Finders Keepers. Col. Feb. 8, '30. (11.)
Lucky Stiff. C. G. Aug., '29. (7.)
"My! How Good They Are!" Col. Dec. 14, '29. (12.)
One Bark for "Yes!" Col. Jan. 25, '30. (7.)
One-Eyed Jacks Are Wild. Cos. Dec., '29. (42.)
Sound Business. Col. Jul. 27, '29. (10.)
Stout Heart. Col. Oct. 12, '29. (10.)
Take Your Time! Col. Aug. 31, '29. (16.)
Texas Good Girl. Col. Mar. 29, '30. (22.)
Tommy Gets the Breaks. Col. Nov. 16, '29. (12.)
Twenty-Fourth Hour. Col. Jan. 4, '30. (7.)
We Were Young Once. Col. Jan. 18, '30. (14.)
Yodeling Lady. Col. Nov. 2, '29. (7.)

BECHDOLT, FREDERICK R.
Ambush. Red Bk. Nov., '29. (66.)
Bad Men and Good. Cos. Feb., '30. (61.)

BEER, THOMAS.
Cherries. S. E. P. Mar. 22, '30. (16.)
Hexensabbath. S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (14.)
Life Is an Art. S. E. P. Aug. 10, '29. (12.)
One Never Does. S. E. P. Jan. 11, '30. (14.)

BEER, THOMAS. (*Cont.*)
Race. S. E. P. Apr. 5, '30. (22.)
Sanity. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (14.)
*Where the Heart Is. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (20.)
BELLAH, JAMES WARNER.
Chorus Girl. S. E. P. Oct. 26, '29. (33.)
Good Ole Brother Wirkus. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (22.)
Mr. Dwyer's Mistake. S. E. P. Apr. 19, '30. (18.)
Mr. Fentriss Sails at Six. S. E. P. Feb. 15, '30. (10.)
Mrs. Seton Buys a Necklace. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (10.)
Nice Girl. S. E. P. Sept. 21, '29. (8.)
BENEDICT, LIBBIAN.
***Fledgling. Harp. M. Apr., '30. (160:538.)
BENET, STEPHEN VINCENT.
Prodigal Guest. L. H. J. Oct., '29. (14.)
**Treasure of Vasco Gomez. Del. Feb., '30. (8.)
BENNETT, JAMES W.
*Mixed Court Decides. S. E. P. Jun. 29, '29. (18.)
BENNETT, JAMES W., *and* KWEN-LING, SOONG.
***Passing of Uncle Joh-On. Adv. Jun. 15, '29. (51.)
***Stewing Pot Case. Adv. Jun. 1, '29. (148.)
BENTHAM, JOSEPHINE.
Canfield Fury. Col. Jan. 4, '30. (18.)
BERCOVICI, KONRAD.
*Conquered. Del. Dec., '29. (10.)
*Leyla. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '29. (18.)
*Nina. McCall. Nov., '29. (26.)
*Outcasts. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '30. (24.)
*Pure Silk. Del. Sept., '29. (24.) [(58.)
"So Beautiful!" Am. Jan., '30.
BERG, LOUIS.
Old Man Reshinsky. Men. J. Dec., '29. (17:276.)
*Voice of the Bridegroom. Men. J. Feb., '30. (18:163.)
BERNIERE, GODFREY DE.
Sailor. Dial. Jul., '29. (86:572.)
BETHLEN, MARGIT.
*Writing Table. V. F. Apr., '30. (74.)
BIANCO, MARGERY WILLIAMS.
Mrs. Friadder and the Pleasant Crab. Del. Jul., '29. (14.)
BISHOP, ELLEN.
***Along a Sandy Road. Pr. S. Winter, '30. (4:1.)
BISHOP, HELEN.
Better Thing. Pict. R. Mar., '30. (13.)
BLACKMAN, M. C.
*Good Little Feature. Ly. Dec. 28, '29. (43.)
Middlemen. P. T. Oct., '29. (5:462.)
*Ten Years. P. T. Jul., '29. (5:72.)
BLODGETT, RUTH.
Saturday Night Beans. Scr. Jul., '29. (86:50.)
BLUM, JEROME.
**Letter. T. Q. Jul.-Sept., '29. (2:126.)
BOLTON, FRANCES.
*No Fare. Ly. Apr. 19, '30. (80.)
BOWLES, GEORGE.
Ten Tin Cans. Harp. M. Nov., '29. (159:733.)
BOYD, THOMAS.
***Bloodhounds. Atl. Feb., '30. (145:177.)
*Extreme Mental Cruelty. L. H. J. Mar., '30. (12.)
*Jinx. C. G. Nov., '29. (17.)
*Love in the Wilderness. N. A. Rev. Feb., '30. (229:155.)
*Mayor of Benbury. W. H. C. Nov., '29. (31.)
BOYLE, KAY.
**On the Run. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (83.)
BRACKETT, CHARLES.
Accommodator. S. E. P. Feb. 1, '30. (14.)
Black Monocle. W. H. C. Jun., '29. (15.)
Lioness and the Mouse. S. E. P. Aug. 10, '29. (6.)
BRADFORD, ROARK.
Careless Love. Col. Jan. 4, '30. (12.)
Crazy Gal. Col. Oct. 19, '29. (12.)
Fast Company. Col. Jul. 6, '29. (14.)
Hog Hoisters. Col. Apr. 5, '30. (20.)
*Indian Summer of Bugaboo Jones. Col. Sept. 14, '29. (12.)
Mule Man. Col. Nov. 30, '29. (10.)

BRADFORD, ROARK. (*Cont.*)
Rambling Rouster. Col. Nov. 9, '29. (16.)
BRADY, MARIEL.
For To-morrow We Die-t. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '29. (36.)
High Cost of Giving. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '30. (42.)
BRAGDON, CLIFFORD.
***Suffer Little Children. Mid. Mar.-Apr., '30. (16:65.)
BRAND, ANNA.
*Filiberta Has a Baby. Del. Sept., '29. (18.)
It Pays to Advertise. Cos. Mar., '30. (68.)
BRECHT, HAROLD.
**One of Them. U. S. A. Spring, '30. (36.)
BRENNAN, FREDERICK HAZLITT.
Accursed Youth. S. E. P. Dec. 21, '29. (12.)
Also the Sport of Queens. S. E. P. Aug. 24, '29. (14.)
Beating the Rap. S. E. P. Jun. 15, '29. (12.)
Build-Up. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (12.)
College Hero. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (26.)
Gamblers. Cos. Feb., '30. (54.)
*Girl He Left Behind. S. E. P. Mar. 29, '30. (41.)
Guido Signs a Bond. S. E. P. Jan. 4, '30. (22.)
Navy Man. S. E. P. Jan. 18, '30. (14.)
*One Night at Susie's Ly. Jun. 22, '29. (16.)
Pieface and the Poet Maid. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (54.)
Talk About Justice! Red Bk. Feb., '30. (56.)
That's Hollywood. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (30.)
Us and Company. Red Bk. Dec. '29. (64.)
BRETHERTON, VIVIEN R.
Fair Weather Friends. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '30. (30.)
Fiancée for Rent. L. H. J. Sept., '29. (18.)
Flirt Hat. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '30. (48.)
Jonquil. McCall. Oct., '29. (14.)
Romantic Samaritan. Del. Mar. '30. (28.)
BREWSTER, KATE LANCASTER.
Youth and Crabbed Age. Pict. R. Jul., '29. (25.)
BROMFIELD, LOUIS.
City Romance. Red Bk. Oct., '29. (71.)
***Picture. P. T. Oct., '29. (5:399.)
BRONSON, F. W.
Barnacle. S. E. P. Dec. 21, '29. (6.)
Birthday. S. E. P. Jul. 20, '29. (10.)
Dollar Worship. S. E. P. Nov. 23, '29. (18.)
Lily of the Fields. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (8.)
Shoestring Marriage. Col. Nov. 9, '29. (14.)
BROUN, HEYWOOD.
Speed Hammond's Soft Spot. Col. Mar. 15, '30. (13.)
BROWN, BERNICE.
First Beau. L. H. J. Nov., '29. (12.)
One Perfect Thing. Red Bk. Mar., '30. (74.)
BROWN, ENID.
*Fragments. House. Nov., '29. (14.)
BROWN, KATHARINE HOLLAND.
You Can't Have Everything. W. H. C. Jun., '29. (33.)
BROWN, ROYAL.
Al's Pal. Cos. Dec., '29. (88.)
Both Ends Against the Middle. Cos. Nov., '29. (88.)
—but Never a Bridegroom. Cos. Aug., '29. (46.)
Flowers for the Bride. Cos. Feb., '30. (58.)
Poor, Dear Little Joanna. Cos. Oct., '29. (72.)
Punch for Judy. Cos. Sept., '29. (60.)
Romance Without End. Cos. Jan., '30. (86.)
Sometime a Bridegroom at That. Cos. Mar., '30. (74.)
BROWNE, PORTER EMERSON, *and* SMYTH, JOSEPH HILTON.
Aunty's House Party. S. E. P. Feb. 8, '30. (60.)
From Caviar to Cointreau. Harp. B. Sept., '29. (97.)
Land of the Spree. S. E. P. Jun. 15, '29. (8.)
Pilgrim's Digress. S. E. P. Jul. 27, '29. (40.)
BRUBAKER, HOWARD.
Boy-about-Town. Am. Jul., '29. (30.)
Dear Dead Days. C. G. Mar., '30. (20.)

BRUBAKER, HOWARD. (*Cont.*)
Milk Pitcher. C. G. Jun., '29. (10.)
Professor Looks at Barbara. Scr. Oct., '29. (86:414.)
Rainbows. C. G. Oct., '29. (24.)
BRUENN, LAURIE.
Hard Times. Strat. Sept., '29. (23.)
BRUSH, KATHARINE.
Beautiful House. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (56.)
*Bunny's Aunt Mathilda. Pict. R. Jun., '29. (4.)
"Good Scouts." Red Bk. Jul., '29. (72.)
**Night Club. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., 29. (27.)
Silk Hat. Col. July 13, '29. (18.)
"Sing For Your Supper!" Red Bk. Sept., '29. (36.)
Town Girl. Pict. R. Sept., '29. (14.)
BUCKLEY, F. R.
Be Yourself. Col. Jun. 8, '29. (10.)
False-Face. Col. Sept. 28, '29. (28.)
Never Above Pennies. Col. Mar. 29, '30. (12.)
Once Shy. Col. Jun. 1, '29. (22.)
BUNNER, H. C.
*Nice People. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '29. (55.)
BURGESS, GELETT.
Up the Spout. Col. Dec. 14, '29. (7.)
BURLINGAME, ROGER.
Incident. Scr. Jun., '29. (85:696.)
BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN.
***Profaning of Granny Run. Pict. R. Jun., '29. (21.)
BURNET, DANA.
Bus Driver's Dream. Col. Mar. 22, '30. (17.)
Papa. Col. Oct. 26, '29. (16.)
Won't You Be William? Col. Apr. 26, '30. (14.)
Young Man in Peril. Col. Aug. 10, '29. (10.)
BURNETT, W. R.
*Along the Tracks. Scr. Apr., '30. (87:367.)
*Dressing-Up. Harp. M. Nov., '29. (159:673.)
**Round Trip. Harp. M. Aug., '29. (159:301.)
BURNETT, WHITE.
***Night of the Gran Baile Mascara. Transit. Fall., '29. (21.)
***Two Men Free. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (73.)
BURT, KATHARINE NEWLIN.
Herself. Scr. Apr., '30. (87:393.)
How Different from Us. Chic. Trib. Nov. 3, '29.
Longest Way Round. S. E. P. Apr. 26, '30. (16.)
Mocker's Moon. L. H. J. Aug., '29. (10.)
Old Loyalty. Am. Jul., '29. (33.)
Pied Piper of Circle Ranch. Cos. Nov., '29. (42.)
Space of Flowers. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (8.)
When the Wind Blows. Cos. Mar., '30. (62.)
BURT, STRUTHERS.
Artists. S. E. P. Jun. 1, '29. (8.)
Duello. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (16.)
BUSSARD, PAUL.
*Mr. Vedder. Com. Jan. 8, '30. (10:282.)
BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER.
*Good Graft. Cos. Jul., '29. (102.)
"Hitch-Hike." Chic. Trib. Oct. 20, '29.
Locked Book. Chat. Oct., '29. (5.)
*Luce and Lucy. W. H. C. Aug., '29. (9.)
*Man Who Did Not Go to Heaven on Tuesday. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '29. (88.)
Mr. Jern's Ambition. W. H. C. Apr., '30. (10.)
New Plumes for Old. Am. Nov., '29. (22.)
*"Stoopid." Am. B. Aug., '29. (6.)
*Valleyshannons. W. H. C. Jul., '29. (25.)
BYRNE, DONN.
*Sinister Hand. A. S. S. Feb., '30. (5.)

C

CABELL, JAMES BRANCH.
***Wedding Jest. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (37.)
CABLE, GEORGE W.
***Madame Déliceuse. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '29. (54.)

CALDWELL, ERSKINE.
**Joe Craddock's Old Woman. Blues. Fall, '29. (33.)
July. Transit. Spr.-Sum., '29. (170.)
***Strawberry Season. Pagy. Jan.-Mar., '30. (1:34.)
Swell-looking Girl. Pagy. Apr., '30. (43.)

CAMERON, ANNE.
**Detour! S. E. P. Apr. 5, '30. (20.)
Men at Work. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (12.)
Outlaw. S. E. P. Oct. 5, '29. (18.)

CAMP, WADSWORTH.
Twelfth Man. Cos. Dec., '29. (72.)

CAMPBELL, ELEANOR BARNHART.
**Loafer. Mid. Nov.-Dec., '29. (15:266.)

CAMPBELL, EVELYN.
Strongest Tie. McCall. Aug., '29. (22.)

CAMPBELL, NEV.
*Vagabondia. Sport. Mar., '30. (3.)

CANFIELD, DOROTHY.
*Fishermen and Witch Hunters. Del. Jun., '29. (8.)

CANTOR, EDDIE.
"Let's Do Something!" Red Bk. Sept., '29. (60.)

CANTWELL, ROBERT.
***Under Every Green Tree. Mis. Mar., '30. (11.)

CAPERTON, HELENA LEFROY.
*Lost Governess. B. S. Feb., '30. (23.)

CARHART, ARTHUR H.
Dog Who Walked with Courage. Red Bk. Nov., '29. (58.)
Thinkin'est Dog. Red Bk. Oct., '29. (74.)

CARMAN, DOROTHY WALWORTH.
Abigail Wants a Ring. Am. Dec., '29. (50.)
Boys Will Be Boys. W. H. C. Aug., '29. (20.)
Four Is Too Many. W. H. C. Sept., '29. (29.)

CARR, LEWIS F.
Wood-Smoke. Cen. Winter. '30. (120:38.)

CARROLL, PATRICK J., C. S. C.
**Thunder. Cath. W. Mar., '30. (130:652.)

CARTWRIGHT, ZACK.
*Glad Son. C. G. Feb., '30. (10.)

CARY, LUCIAN.
George and the Perfect Lady. Col. Mar. 29, '30. (16.)
How to Be a Lion. S. E. P. Jan. 18, '30. (12.)
Noblesse Oblige. S. E. P. Nov. 2, '29. (18.)
Ride in the Country. S. E. P. Mar. 22, '30. (10.)
Way They Don't Care. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (18.)
Who's Got the Baby? S. E. P. Feb. 8, '30. (6.)

CASPARY, VERA.
Any Woman Can Wear Pink. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '30. (60.)

CASSIDY, JANE.
***Bitter Siege. For. Aug., '29. (82:113.)

CASTLE, EVERETT RHODES.
Broadway Beauty Betrays Big Business. S. E. P. Mar. 1, '30. (8.)
Children Can't Understand. S. E. P.. Apr. 26, '30. (10.)
Mr. Mole. S. E. P. Apr. 5, '30. (16.)
Not on To-Night's Program. S. E. P. Mar. 22, '30. (8.)
Petrie to the Rescue! S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (46.)
Wet Smacks. S. E. P. Feb. 8, '30. (18.)

CATHER, WILLA.
***Bookkeeper's Wife. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '29. (74.)
***Neighbor Rosicky. W. H. C. Apr., '30. (7.) May, '30. (13.)

CHAMBERLAIN, GEORGE AGNEW.
Aftermath. S. E. P. Aug. 31, '29. (24.)
At the Sign of the Mourning Thrush. S. E. P. Aug. 24, '29. (20.)
Never Go Back. S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (8.)
Passengers Are Warned. S. E. P. Aug. 3, '29. (3.)
Pearls Before Swine. S. E. P. Aug. 10, '29. (22.)
Too Many Crooks. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (20.)

CHAMBERS, CANBY. [(18.)
Stockings. McCall. Sept., '29.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.
Angelique. McCall. Nov., '29. (23.)

CHAPMAN, ELIZABETH COBB.
*Sticks and Stones. Hol. Jan., '30. (14.)

CHILDS, MARQUIS W.
*Dark Silence. Hol. Dec., '29. (14.)
CHRISTOWE, STOYAN.
***Eagles in the Meadow. Com. Dec. 4, '29. (11:140.)
***Father and Son. Dial. Jun., '29. (86:481.)
**Grandfather's Eyes. Com. Nov. 6, '29. (11:14.)
***Taro the Joy Maker. Book (N. Y.) Jan., '30. (70:510.)
CLAPP, MARY BRENNAN.
Dearest Thing She Had. Cath. W. Nov., '29. (130:200.)
CLARK, EVERETT H.
Featherhead. S. E. P. Nov. 2, '29. (11.)
Lighter Than Air. S. E. P. Dec. 28, '29. (32.)
Navy Yard Gate. S. E. P. Sept. 21, '29. (10.)
Spare Part. S. E. P. Jan. 18, '30. (22.)
CLARK, WILLIAM.
Canadian Squire. Tan. Jan., '30. (5:54.)
CLEMENTS, COLIN.
See RYERSON, FLORENCE, *and* CLEMENTS, COLIN.
COATES, GRACE STONE.
***Corn Knife. Frontier. Mar., '30. (10:210.)
***Glass. Mid. Jan.-Feb., '30. (16:17.)
***Way of the Transgressor. Frontier. Nov., '29. (10:44.)
COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH.
**Kous-Kous. Atl. Mar., '30. (145:342.)
***Taza. Atl. Jun., '29. (143:802.)
COBB, IRVIN S.
*Faith, Hope and Charity. Cos. Apr., '30. (40.)
**Three Wise Men of the East Side. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (54.)
COE, CHARLES FRANCIS.
Crook's a Crook. S. E. P. Jun. 1, '29. (24.)
Swordsmen of the Sea. S. E. P. Apr. 26, '30. (24.)
Way of a Man. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (34.)
Well-Known Worm. S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (18.)
COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY.
Adjustment. Col. Feb. 22, '30. (13.)
Bright Shadow. Col. Mar. 22, '30. (12.)
Comin' Through the Sky. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (54.)
Confidence. McCall. Apr., '30. (16.)
Cut and Dried. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (58.)
Day of Daze. S. E. P. Jun. 1, '29. (22.)
Diamond Cleek. Col. Apr. 26, '30. (18.)
Fifty-Cent Peace. Col. Aug. 17, '29. (22.)
5000 Feet Make One Smile. S. E. P. Jan. 4, '30. (16.)
Jim Hanvey Intervenes. Am. Feb., '30. (66.)
Leased of These. S. E. P. Jul. 13, '29. (18.)
Loan Wolf. S. E. P. Mar. 1, '30. (30.)
Marco Himself. Cos. Sept., '29. (78.)
Party of the Worst Part. S. E. P. Feb. 15, '30. (33.)
Permanent Waive. S. E. P. Aug. 10, '29. (33.)
Rough Passage. Col. Aug. 31, '29. (13.)
Sizzling Sadie. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (24.)
Slappeyan Way. S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (22.) [(25.)
Sunrise. Col. Jan. 11, '30.
Supe and Fish. S. E. P. Mar. 29, '30. (44.)
10,000 Pictures Can't Be Wrong. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (5.)
Troupers. Col. Jan. 25, '30. (28.)
Vanity's Fare. S. E. P. Apr. 19, '30. (36.)
COLBY, MERLE.
***Gambolier. Atl. Jan., '30. (145:35.)
**Ten Thousand Handkerchiefs. Atl. Aug., '29. (144:227.)
COLCORD, LINCOLN.
**Carrying Sail. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (31.)
COLEMAN, EMILY HOLMES.
**Fugitives. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:345.)
COLLADAY, WINTER.
*Old Man Jessup Is Going to Die. N. A. Rev. Sept., '29. (228:321.)
COLLINGE, PATRICIA.
**Thirty-Seven. N. Y. Feb. 1, '30. (17.)

COMFORT, JANE LEVINGTON.
Thrice Permanent. Chat. Sept., '29. (13.)
CONANT, PAUL.
*Sombrero. For. Jul., '29. (82:47.)
CONDON, FRANK.
Far Cry. Col. Jun. 1, '29. (5.)
Hear and See. S. E. P. Jun. 1, '29. (14.)
House Guests. S. E. P. Sept. 21, '29. (52.)
Hypnotic Widow. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (24.)
In Charge at Shanghai. Col. Feb. 15, '30. (24.)
Love Letters. Col. Oct. 26, '29. (12.)
No More Widows! Col. Aug. 17, '29. (5.)
Publicity. Col. Aug. 3, '29. (24.)
Tour Conductor. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (24.)
Walk Along Broadway. Col. Jan. 11, '30. (12.)
Where There's Gold. Col. Mar. 1, '30. (18.)
Words and Pictures. Col. Mar. 15, '30. (7.)
CONNELL, RICHARD.
Funny Man. Pict. R. Nov., '29. (24.)
If I Was Alone With You. Col. Nov. 30, '29. (7.)
King Karney. Col. Sept. 28, '29. (7.)
Memory Course. Col. Mar. 22, '30. (23.)
Obstacle Race. S. E. P. Jun. 8, '29. (26.)
Thick Turk. Col. Jan. 4, '30. (14.)
*Two Wise Men. Col. Mar. 8, '30. (26.)
Wolf and the Lamb. S. E. P. Dec. 28, '29. (10.)
CONNELLY, MARC.
*Coroner's Inquest. Col. Feb. 8, '30. (20.)
CONNOLLY, JAMES B.
*Captain's Holiday. Col. Mar. 22, '30. (14.)
*No News Value. Col. Oct. 19, '29. (20.)
*Papaya. Cath. W. Feb., '30. (130:521.)
*Procedure. Scr. Feb., '30. (87:138.)
CONSIDINE, JOHN L.
Justice With a Blackjack. Colum. Oct., '29. (22.)
COOK, CORALIE FRANKLIN.
*Slave for Life. Opp. Jun., '29. (7:183.)
COONAN, FRED W.
Cigarette Butt. Colum. Nov., '29. (22.)
Greater Victory. Colum. Apr., '30. (16.)
Last Bradford. Colum. Mar., '30. (26.)
COONRADT, PAUL.
***Down by the Tracks. Mid. Jul.-Aug., '29. (15:163.)
COOPER, COURTNEY RYLEY.
*Babes in the Wood. Red Bk. Apr., '30. (38.)
*For It's Always Fair Weather. L. H. J. Jun., '29. (22.)
*Leader of the Herd. Red Bk. Feb., '30. (49.)
Life of Squawking Bill. Col. Feb. 15, '30. (16.)
*Over the River. S. E. P. Sept. 28, '29. (26.)
Squeal of the Sucker. Col. Jul. 13, '29. (5.)
*Sunday on the Lot. Col. Jan. 18, '30. (7.)
Triple Somersault. Col. Feb. 1, '30. (19.)
*Elephant Forgets. S. E. P. Mar. 1, '30. (14.)
CORCORAN, WILLIAM.
Landlady. Del. Oct., '29. (38.)
CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY.
**Cabin at Elk Prairie. Frontier. Jan., '30. (10:105.)
CORT, DAVID.
**Rock Rodondo. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '29. (69:596.)
COTTRELL, DOROTHY.
Before Bunny Came Here. L. H. J. Aug., '29. (17.)
COURTRIGHT, EUGENIE.
*Yours Lovingly. Atl. Dec., '29. (144:806.)
COWLEY, IRENE.
"One More Saved." P. T. Jan., '30. (6:89.)
COZZENS, J. G.
Future Assured. S. E. P. Nov. 2, '29. (22.)
Lions Are Lower Today. S. E. P. Feb. 15, '30. (36.)
CRAM, MILDRED.
Flight. Pict. R. Aug., '29. (20.)

CRAM, MILDRED. (*Cont.*)
It's My Birthday. Del. Mar., '30. (18.)
Tell Me. Del. Jul., '29. (22.)
CRANE, CLARKSON.
***Theme With Variations. Book. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (69:390.)
CRANE, STEPHEN.
***Open Boat. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (83.)
***Tent in Agony. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '29. (59.)
CRANFORD, CHARLES W.
*Coke. Opp. Jul., '29. (7:214.)
CRANSTON, CLAUDIA.
**Blue and the Gray. G. H. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (54.)
Women and Misses. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '30. (32.)
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.
***Upper Berth. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '29. (70.)
CREEL, GEORGE.
Pinch Hitter. Col. Dec. 21, '29. (26.)
Two Too Many. Col. Apr. 19, '30. (22.)
Wrath of Kings. Col. Mar. 15, '30. (14.)
CRINKLE, NYM.
*End of All. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '30. (27.)
CROGHAN, HAROLD.
Crazy About Her. Mid. Sept.-Oct., '29. (15:207.)
*Pain in the Side. Mid. Jan.-Feb., '30. (16:31.)
CROSBIE, VIOLET ANNE.
*Palatable. Gy. Aug., '29. (14.)
CROSBY, JANE SNOWDEN.
She Came With Glamour. Scr. Feb., '30. (87:169.)
CROSBY, PERCY L.
Skippy Buys a Soda. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (21.)
CROWELL, CHESTER T.
*Petition for Pardon. Col. Apr. 19, '30. (7.)
CURTISS, PHILIP.
Eight-Dollar Pup. Harp. M. Feb., '30. (160:297.)
*Honorable Charley. Harp. M. Jun., '29. (159:23.)
CURWOOD, JAMES OLIVER.
Kazan. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (43.)

D

DALE, VIRGINIA.
Lipstick Stain. Red Bk. Apr., '30. (72.)
DAVENPORT, WALTER.
Knock 'Em Cold. Col. Sept. 7, '29. (35.)
DAVIES, OMA ALMONA.
Engaged to the Smallpox. S. E. P. Jun. 8, '29. (18.)
From Cradle to Grave Yet. S. E. P. Mar. 1, '30. (54.)
*Mile of Apple Trees. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (54.) [(24.)
Mongler. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29.
Selling Stock Short. S. E. P. Jun. 29, '29. (12.)
That Ditzler Boy. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (22.)
Thin Edge of Truth. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (30.)
DAVIS, ELMER.
Bachelor Girl. Red Bk. Mar., '30. (38.)
Brains in Her Foot. Red Bk. Feb., '30. (64.)
Jinx and Phyllis. Harp. M. Apr., '30. (160:556.)
Meek Inherit. Col. Jun. 29, '29. (5.)
Rich Have No Troubles. Col. Sept. 7, '29. (15.)
DAVIS, H. L.
Cow-Town Widows. A. Merc. Dec., '29. (18:464.)
Red Calico Meadows. C. G. Apr., '30. (13.)
DAVIS, JOHN.
***Escape. Opp. Mar., '30. (8:86.)
DAVIS, MARY LEE.
Eskimo Butterfly. Scr. Sept., '29. (86:296.)
DAVRON, MARY CLARE.
As It Happens in Hollywood. Del. Nov., '29. (17.)
DAY, DOROTHY.
*Brother and the Rooster. Com. Sept. 18, '29. (10:501.)
DAZEY, FRANK MITCHELL.
Gentleman's Game. S. E. P. Mar. 29, '30. (8.)
That's Polo. S. E. P. Apr. 19, '30. (14.)
DE FORD, MIRIAM ALLEN.
*Beth and Alveeda. A. S. S. Apr., '30. (53.)
DE JONG, DAVID CORNEL.
***And the Day Was Hot. Pagy. Apr., '30. (61.)
***North Sea Shore. Pagy. Jan.-Mar., '30. (66.)
DE VOTO, BERNARD.
Long Chance. S. E. P. Apr. 19, '30. (12.)

De Voto, Bernard. (*Cont.*)
Penalties of Wisdom. Red Bk. Sept., '29. (52.)
Sea Goddess. Red Bk. Apr., '30. (84.)

Dealey, Ted.
Changed to Advertising. S. E. P. Jun. 22, '29. (20.)

Delano, Edith Barnard.
Corn Ladies. Am. Oct., '29. (38.)
Feud Express. L. H. J. Dec., '29. (14.)
Henry's Divorce. L. H. J. Jun., '29. (16.) ['30. (10.)
Immortal Youth. L. H. J. Feb., '30. (46.) [(6.)
Left-Handed Snail. Am. Mar., ***Out of Court. C. G. Sept., '29.
Perfidy of Woman. Am. Sept., '29. (38.)
"Polisher" for Jinny. Am. Jan., '30. (30.)
*River. C. G. Nov., '29. (6.)

Delmar, Vina.
St. Louis Blues. Red Bk. Jul., '29. (58.)

Dempsey, Vincent J.
*Evangeline of Starkweather Street. Cath. W. Jan., '30. (130:439.)

Derieux, Mary.
Silver Birch. Del. Jun., '29. (12.)

Detzer, Karl W.
Good Job. Col. Sept. 7, '29. (38.)
*Meteor. N. A. Rev. Mar., '30. (229:357.)

Dexter, Byron.
Young Hamlet. Scr. Mar., '30. (87:255.)

Dickson, Harris.
Bad Men and Worse Manners. C. G. Oct., '29. (17.)
Black Sheep's Wool. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (30.)
When Lonesome Came to Solitude. S. E. P. Jul. 27, '29. (31.)

Dixkson, W. Lee.
Manhattan Fantasy. Pict. R. Apr., '30. (18.)

Dobie, Charles Caldwell.
***Crystal Ball. Harp. M. Oct. 29, '29. (159:541.)
***Open Window. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (63.)

Doppelt, Frederic A.
**Soul That Wailed. Ref. Jul., '29. (32.)

Douglas, Marjory Stoneman.
*Charcoal. S. E. P. Jan. 11, '30. (16.)
*Man Who Was Homesick. House. Oct., '29. (12.)

Dow, Dorothy.
Beach Baby. Red Bk. Aug., '29. (54.)
Million Pretty Girls. Red Bk. Feb., '30. (34.)

Drake, Lawrence.
**Story-Teller. Men. J. Oct., '29. (17:43.)

Draper, Edythe Squier.
**Counted Out. House. Dec., '29. (1.)
***Poindexter. House. Jan., '30. (3.)
**Saint. House. Jul., '29. (9.)
***Voice of the Turtle. Pr. S. Summer, '29. (3:177.)

Dreiser, Theodore.
**Fine Furniture. House. Nov., '29. (5.) Dec., '29.
***Lost Phœbe. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '29. (87.)

Driscoll, Louise.
*Captain Abner. House. Mar., '30. (1.)

Du Bearn, Roger.
My Severe Attack of Whimsy. V. F. Apr., '30. (59.)

Duganne, Phyllis.
Good Wife. L. H. J. Oct., '29. (30.)
Oh, Dear Miss Fairfield. Del. Jan., '30. (33.)
One She Wanted. L. H. J. Feb., '30. (6.)
Some Day He'll Come Along. Red Bk. Mar., '30. (28.)

D'Unger, Jerry.
**Viva la Revolucion. N. W. M. Jan., '30. (1:17.)

Dunn, Violette Kimball.
Break for Thespis. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (52.)
Carolyn Plays With Fire. S. E. P. Jan. 11, '30. (37.)
Marriage Bells. S. E. P. Aug. 31, '29. (12.)

Dupee, Frederick W.
***Death of the Raccoon. Mis. Dec., '29. (11.) [(20.)
***Many Drown. Mis. Mar., '30.

Duranty, Walter.
*Gold Louis. Adv. Feb. 1, '30. (126.)

Dwyer, James Francis.
*Through Great Love. Del. Nov., '29. (12.)

E

EAST, BEN.
Crutches. Colum. Dec., '29. (18.)

EBERHARDT, AUGUST.
*Before Sunrise. Col. Jan. 18, '30. (30.)

ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR.
*Clever Man. Colum. Jan., '30. (18.)

ECKLES, DORA BOWER.
*Morning's Episode. Pr. S. Winter, '30. (4:41.)

EDGAR, DAY.
Minnesota Mangler. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (8.)
You Grow Up. L. H. J. Nov., '29. (22.)

EDMONDS, WALTER D.
***At Schoharie Crossing. For. Jun., '29. (81:334.)
***Old Jew's Tale. For. Aug., '29. (82:82.)
***Spring Song. Col. Apr. 12, '30. (29.)

ELAM, SAMUEL MILTON.
*Lady Hoboes. N. Rep. Jan. 1, '30. (61:164.)

ELDRIDGE, PAUL.
*Bobo and Bebe. Strat. Apr., '30. (5.)
**Friends. Strat. Jul., '29. (29.)

ELLERBE, ALMA *and* PAUL.
**Nancy Opens the Door. Chic. Trib. Nov. 24, '29.
***Perfect Devotion. W. H. C. Jul., '29. (32.)
Sam Pavitt, Hero. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (89.)

EMORY, WILLIAM CLOSSON.
*Afterwards. House. Apr., '30. (3.)
Dimension. Mor. Autumn, '29. (5.)
*Matinée. House. Dec., '29. (9.)
**Quartet. Mid. Jan.-Feb., '30. (16:56.)

"ERDMANN, MARTA."
**Spinster. Men. J. Jan., '30. (18:70.)

ERSKINE, JOHN.
Beanstalk. Cos. Aug., '29. (58.)
Patience of Griselda. Cos. Apr., '30. (30.)

ERSKINE, LAURIE YORK.
Glory Canyon. C. G. Feb., '30. (21.)
Mandy Moves Up. Col. Oct. 12, '29. (16.)
One Man Too Many. Col. Nov. 2, '29. (14.)

EVANS, IDA M.
Dollar Babies. Cos. Apr., '30. (70.)
Elephants for Luck. L. H. J. Oct., '29. (24.)
Orchids for Women. L. H. J. Jan., '30. (14.)
Poppies on Palisades. C. G. Jun., '29. (7.)
They're Born That Way. Cos. Jun., '29. (92.)
Wind Bloweth. Cos. Aug., '29. (70.)

EVARTS, HAL G.
Dethroned Monarch. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (24.)
Phantom of the Aspens. S. E. P. Apr. 19, '30. (30.)
River Bottom. S. E. P. Jul. 6, '29. (34.)
Snowhide. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (45.)
Tide Flats. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (50.)

F

FARRELL, BARBS.
Strange Death at Earth's End. Janus. Autumn, '29. (19.)

FARRELL, JAMES.
Slob. Blues. Jun., '29. (1:114.)

FAULKNER, WILLIAM.
**Rose for Emily. For. Apr., '30. (83:233.)

FEARING, KENNETH.
*It Sounds Funny Now. N. Mass. Jan., '30. (8.)

FERBER, EDNA.
*Afternoon of a Faun. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '30. (33.)

FERGUSON, W. RON.
In a Bottle. Col. Nov. 16, '29. (36.)

FIELD, WRIGHT.
**Her Man's Woman. Cath. W. Oct., 29. (130:71.)

FINCH, EVERETT L.
***Trade. P. T. Apr., '30. (6:416.)

FINNEGAN, EDWARD.
Fantasia Sportiana. Colum. Aug., '29. (14.)
*John and Peter Lacy. Colum. Apr., '30. (10.)
Marriage Tie. Colum. Jan., '30. (12.)
Me, a Puddly-Dud! Colum. Nov., '29. (18.)

FITTS, DUDLEY.
**Crucifer. Pagy. Apr., '30. (11.)
FITZGERALD, BRASSIL.
*Bus Ride. Colum. Mar., '30. (16.)
College Stuff. Colum. Nov., '29. (8.)
Independence Day. Colum. Jul., '29. (14.)
Unimportant People. Colum. Dec., '29. (5.)
FITZGERALD, EDITH.
Georgians. S. E. P. Jan. 4, '30. (12.)
If You Ask Me. S. E. P. Nov. 2, '29. (16.)
Kiddie. S. E. P. Jun. 29, '29. (26.) [(16.)
*Lights. S. E. P. Feb. 15, '30.
Miss Brooklyn and Queens. S. E. P. Jun. 15, '29. (20.)
**Seconds. S. E. P. Sept. 28, '29. (12.)
FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT.
At Your Age. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (6.)
*First Blood. S. E. P. Apr. 5, '30. (8.)
*Majesty. S. E. P. Jul. 13, '29. (6.)
**Rough Crossing. S. E. P. Jun. 8, '29. (12.)
*Swimmers. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (12.)
*Two Wrongs. S. E. P. Jan. 18, '30. (8.)
FITZPATRICK, JAMES WILLIAM.
*Monsignor's Rose. Colum. Mar., '30. (5.)
FLANAGAN, HALLIE.
**Sasha Chooses a Gift. For. Jun., '29. (81:364.)
FOLSOM, ELIZABETH IRONS.
*Behind the Curtains. A. S. S. Jan., '30. (64.)
FOOTNER, HULBERT.
Man Overboard! Chic. Trib. Sept. 29, '29.
FORBES, ESTHER.
**Break-Neck Hill. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '29. (96.)
FORD, COREY.
One on the House. Col. Jun. 15, '29. (16.)
FORD, SEWELL.
Bunch Gets a Break. L. H. J. Feb., '30. (22.)
FOREE, *jr.*, KENNETH.
Closed Market. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (26.)
Take Up. S. E. P. Feb. 15, '30. (14.)
FORSYTH, LOUISE.
*Mr. Pemberton and Ladies. Mid. Nov.-Dec., '29. (15:251.)
FRAENKEL, MICHAEL.
Mounting Breath. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (133.)
FRASER, FERRIN L.
Skyscraper. Col. Apr. 5, '30. (10.)
You Can't Convict a Pretty Woman. Col. Sept. 21, '29. (26.)
FRAZIER, NETA LOHNES.
**Story Makin's. Frontier. Jan., '30. (10:121.)
FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS.
***Kitchen Colonel. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (82.)
FRIEND, JOSEPH H.
*Dan Arranged Everything. Men. J. Apr., '30. (18:357.)
FURNISS, RUTH PINE.
***Answer. Transit. Fall., '29. (252.)

G

GAITHER, FRANCES.
*Morning in Spring: Quai Malaquais. N. A. Rev. Mar., '30. (229:321.)
GALE, ZONA.
*Brendy. Am. Feb., '30. (27.)
**Need. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '30. (89.)
*Summer Follies. Harp. B. Jul., '29. (54.)
GATLIN, DANA.
Blood-Red Ruby. Harp. B. Jan., '30. (56.)
Road Called You. Harp. B. Mar., '30. (88.)
GELDERS, JESSE F.
Say It With Music. McCall. Sept., '29. (25.)
GELZER, JAY.
Entirely Happy. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '29. (94.)
Familiar Miracle. L. H. J. Apr., '30. (16.)
Red-Hot Blues. Col. Feb. 8, '30. (18.)
This Thing Called Luck. G. H. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (86.)
GEROULD, KATHARINE FULLERTON.
***Centipede. Harp. M. Aug., '29. (159:277.)
GILKYSON, WALTER.
***Blue Sky. Scr. Nov., '29. (86:505.)

GILL, TOM.
And Along Came a Red-Haired Girl. Cos. Jun., '29. (72.)
Half-Breed. Cos. Dec., '29. (76.)
GILMAN, G. LA SELLE.
***Return. Pr. S. Summer, '29. (3:192.)
GILMAN, MILDRED.
Keep It Exclusive! A. Merc. Oct., '29. (18:236.)
GILPATRIC, GUY.
Great Whiskering. Col. Apr. 26, '30. (7.)
In Such Happy Circumstances. Red Bk. Jul., '29. (84.)
Lost Limerick. S. E. P. Jan. 4, '30. (10.)
Lulu Was a Lady. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (14.)
Old Fool Likes an Old Fool. Col. Jun. 8, '29. (18.)
Yeggs Florentine. Col. Feb. 8, '30. (34.)
GIVENS, COLONEL.
Mammy Ada. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (32.)
Puppy Blue Boy. S. E. P. Jul. 27, '29. (14.)
GLASS, MONTAGUE.
*And Druggists Have Troubles, Too. Cos. Jun., '29. (80.)
*And That Is What Mr. Bieber Left! Cos. Nov., '29. (40.)
*He Always Wrote Her Everything. Cos. Feb., '30. (72.)
*Pant House. Cos. Apr., '30. (86.)
*You Ought to See a Doctor. Cos. Sept., '29. (86.)
GLENN, ISA.
Lunar Enchantments. Harp. B. Mar., '30. (74.)
*Penthouse. Harp. B. Dec., '29. (70.)
Tantalus. Harp. B. Jul., '29. (73.)
GLIXON, DAVID M.
*Brown Feodor. Men. J. Mar., '30. (18:267.)
GODDARD, GLORIA.
***Known Soldier. P. T. Nov., '29. (5:520.)
GODIN, ALEXANDER.
*Birth. Men. J. Nov., '29. (17:126.)
GOLD, MICHAEL.
**Portrait of My Mother. Men. J. Jan., '30. (18:59.)
*Reb Samuel. A. Merc. Feb., '30. (19:176.)
GOLDMAN, RAYMOND LESLIE.
Good Name. Pict. R. Dec., '29. (22.)
GOODLOE, ABBIE CARTER.
*One-Story Man. Scr. Dec., '29. (86:662.)
GOODRICH, MARCUS.
Portrait of a Wretch. U. S. A. Spring, '30. (12.)
GOODWYN, MONA MARCH.
Woman in Yellow. Harp. B. Aug., '29. (69.)
GORDON, CAROLINE.
***Long Day. Gy. Feb., '30.
***Summer Dust. Gy. Nov., '29.
GRAEVE, OSCAR.
Christmas Eve at the Red Moon. Am. Dec., '29. (38.)
Don't Keep Men Waiting. Col. Jun. 1, '29. (10.)
Portrait of a Husband. Col. Apr. 5, '30. (12.)
GRAHAM, DOROTHY.
*Choice of the Wind. Cath. W. Feb., '30. (130:560.)
GRANT, GEORGE H.
***Rescue. Atl. Apr., '30. (145:480.)
GREEN, WALTON.
"June 21." Col. Jun. 22, '29. (22.)
Return of Edmund Davey. Chic. Trib. Jun. 2, '29.
GREENE, WARD.
***Rubber Stamp. A. Merc. Jan., '30. (19:109.)
GROVE, LEE.
*Man of Clay. Husk. Oct., '29. (3.)
GUNTHER, JOHN.
*He Wanted to Be King. N. A. Rev. Nov., '29. (228:536.)
*Macedonian Robin Hood. N. A. Rev. Oct., '29. (228:417.)
*Passion in Poland. N. A. Rev. Sept., '29. (228:286.)
GWYNNE, BERTHA LOWRY.
Tea for Lovers. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (22.)

H

HAHN, EMILY.
***Adventure. N. Y. Feb. 22, '30. (24.)
*Jim. N. Y. Apr. 26, '30. (69.)
HALE, AGNES BURKE.
Call of the Wild Rose. S. E. P. Mar. 29, '30. (16.)
HALE, J. C.
Geography G'wan. Can. Jan., '30. (16.)

HALE, J. C. (*Cont.*)
***Strange Birds. Can. Apr., '30. (3.)
HALL, LEONARD.
Episode in an Artist's Life. A. Merc. Sept., '29. (18:17.)
HALLET, RICHARD MATTHEWS.
*Demons of the Sand. S. E. P. Aug. 31, '29. (8.)
Earthquake. S. E. P. Feb. 1, '30. (10.)
*Interloper. S. E. P. Sept. 21, '29. (49.)
*Misfortune's Isle. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (18.)
*Railroad Speed. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (22.)
**Walk in the Water. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (33.)
*Zimbolaci's Daughter. S. E. P. Mar. 29, '30. (20.)
HALPER, ALBERT.
**Goose Dinner. Mid. Jul.-Aug., '29. (15:177.)
**Hot Night on the West Side. Men. J. Nov., '29. (17:186.)
***Relatives. Men. J. Jun., '29. (16:557.) [(18:364.)
**Return. Men. J. Apr., '30.
HANKO, ARTHUR.
*Deliverance. A. Merc. Oct., '29. (18:164.)
HANLON, BROOKE.
Blonde Can Think Maybe. S. E. P. Jul. 13, '29. (8.)
*Bright Like a Canary. S. E. P. Apr. 26, '30. (20.)
Daisy's Day. McCall. Feb., '30. (17.)
East, West—. S. E. P. Mar. 1, '30. (16.)
Geranium Wells. McCall. Nov., '29. (30.)
Without Caviar. W. H. J. Jul., '29. (23.)
Zone of Fragrance. S. E. P. Oct. 26, '29. (18.)
HARE, AMORY.
*Face at the Door. Harp. B. Dec., '29. (74.)
Unsigned Letters. Cos. Apr., '30. (80.)
HARRIS, KENNETT.
Evening at Leon's. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (14.)
Fortunatus Preferred. S. E. P. Feb. 8, '30. (12.)
No Time for Girls. S. E. P. Jan. 25, '30. (10.)
Sacred Truth. S. E. P. Mar. 22, '30. (20.)
Toad and the Puddle. S. E. P. Jun. 29, '29. (16.)
HARRIS, ROBERT J.
*Renown. A. S. S. Nov., '29. (45.)
HARRISON, HENRY SYDNOR.
*Miss Hinch. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '29. (56.)
HARROP, H. B.
Franklin's Last Letter. N. A. Rev. Nov., '29. (228:627.)
HARTE, BRET.
***Outcasts of Poker Flat. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (64.)
HARTLEY, ROLAND ENGLISH.
***In the Park. Frontier. Mar., '30. (10:184.)
**Last Work of Norman Kane. Frontier. Nov., '29. (10:19.)
*Office Hours. Harp. M. Feb., '30. (160:343.)
**Once Upon a Time. Mid. Mar.-Apr., '30. (16:99.)
**Success. Mid. Sept.-Oct., '29. (15:193.)
*Transient Boarder. Frontier. Jan., '30. (10:111.)
Victim of Circumstances. Cen. Jun., '29. (118:185.)
HARTMAN, LEE FOSTER.
*Fire in the Opal. Harp. B. Feb., '30. (87.)
HARTWICK, HARRY.
***Chicago Idyll. Mid. Jan.-Feb., '30. (16:37.)
***Happiness Up the River. Frontier. Nov., '29. (10:29.)
***Veni Sancti Spiritus. Mid. Nov.-Dec., '29. (15:225.)
HARTWICK, MARY HESSE.
***Tony and Marcie. Frontier. Jan., '30. (10:91.)
HATCH, ALDEN.
Duchess Goes Home. W. H. C. Feb., '30. (15.) [(18.)
Tailspin. W. H. C. Oct., '29.
HATCH, ERIC.
Git Thar Stroke. Col. Jun. 29, '29. (20.)
Snoozer'll Do Nicely. L. H. J. Aug., '29. (19.)
Valerie Takes a Flier. Col. Jul. 13, '29. (20.)
HAVERMALE, HAZEL.
Li'l Ginger. Del. Aug., '29. (21.)
Merry-Go-Round. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '30. (34.)
HAVIGHURST, WALTER.
Homing. N. A. Rev. Feb., '30. (229:184.)

"Hawk, John."
*"Murderers Shouldn't Overlook Little Things!" Scr. Feb., '30. (87:187.)
Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
***Great Stone Face. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '29. (94.)
Hays, Agee.
*Angel Clock. Com. Jul. 24, '29. (10:314.)
*Trees. Com. Feb. 12, '30. (11:420.)
Hays, H. R.
**Corncrib. Tam. No. 6. (37.)
***Necessary Dismissal. Tam. No. 3.
Hazard, Robert.
*Old Bill. Scr. Mar., '30. (87:273.)
Heffernan, Dean L.
Golfers Should Be Single. Colum. Oct., '29. (7.)
Peter Pilkingham Repents. Colum. Jun., '29. (5.)
Held, *jr.*, John.
Laugh, Fool, Laugh. Cos. Mar., '30. (44.)
Man of the World. Scr. Dec., '29. (86:641.)
Till the James Runs Dry. Harp. B. Mar., '30. (112.)
*Touch of Paradise. Cos. Apr., '30. (74.)
Hellman, Sam.
Come On, Culture. S. E. P. Jul. 6, '29. (16.)
Do and Diet. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (28.)
Ground Up. S. E. P. Sept. 21, '29. (14.)
Hit and Run. Red Bk. Oct., '29. (52.)
Lady Asked It. Red Bk. Dec., '29. (46.)
Leap Clear! Red Bk. Jun., '29. (44.)
Purely an Accident. Red Bk. Apr., '30. (62.)
Right in the Rough. Red Bk. Feb., '30. (38.)
Show Goat. Red Bk. Sept., '29. (42.)
So's Your Zodiac. S. E. P. Aug. 31, '29. (14.)
Sounds All Right. Red Bk. Mar., '30. (63.)
"Them Days Are Sunk Forever." Red Bk. Aug., '29. (42.)
Toll Bridge. S. E. P. Apr. 5, '30. (12.)
Hemphill, Josephine.
Roller-Coaster. Janus. Autumn, '29. (16.)
"Henry, O."
***Green Door. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '30. (44.)
***One Dollar's Worth. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (23.)
Henson, Elsie Grant.
Star in the Window. Cath. W. Dec., '29. (130:265.)
Herbst, Josephine.
*Once a Year. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (94.)
Hergesheimer, Joseph.
*Dark Memory. S. E. P. Jan. 18, '30. (18.)
*Graven Image. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (36.)
*Kaintocks. S. E. P. Nov. 23, '29. (3.)
*Lincoln Gun. S. E. P. Mar. 29, '30. (22.)
*Love in the United States. S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (3.)
*Purse Race. S. E. P. Feb. 22, '30. (8.)
*Rebel Trace. S. E. P. Apr. 26, '30. (22.)
*Rose Arbor. S. E. P. Feb. 1, '30. (20.)
Herrick, Genevieve Forbes.
About the Length of Skirts. Am. Apr., '30. (109:32.)
Her First "His Majesty." Red Bk. Nov., '29. (36.)
Hess, Leonard.
**Dark Forests. McCall. Feb., '30. (19.) [(20.)
*Pending Rope. Am. Feb., '30.
Heth, Edward Harris.
**Earlier Life. A. Merc. Mar., '30. (19:369.)
Hiemstra, Mary.
**Wooden Legs. Frontier. Mar., '30. (10:195.)
Hilder, John Chapman.
Catalytic Agent. C. H. J. Aug., '29. (3.)
Hill, Carol Denny.
Dollar Sign. Red Bk. Nov., '29. (79.)
Hill, Weston.
S O S. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (70.)
Hoffmann, Leight.
**Great Day for a Little Man. Blues. No. 6. (1:134.)
Hohoff, Tay.
Aftermath. W. H. C. Nov., '29. (25.)

HOLDEN, W. SPRAGUE.
Twig, Three Sisters and a Moon. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (105.)
HOLDING, ELISABETH SANXAY.
Broken Faith. Am. Oct., '29. (68.)
Dare-Devil. Am. Jun., '29. (40.)
Far-Off Hills Are Blue. W. H. C. Oct., '29. (27.)
Prelude. Del. Sept., '29. (12.)
HOLLINGSWORTH, CEYLON.
Betty Ann's Villain. MacL. Sept. 1, '29. (14.)
HOLMES, JANET A.
Aunt Emmeline Takes an Interest. Scr. Aug., '29. (86:211.)
HOLT, ACHILLES.
***Mirion's Death. Gy. Feb., '30.
HOPE, EDWARD.
Detective by Request. Cos. Aug., '29. (88.)
HORGAN, PAUL.
**Head of the House of Wattleman. Yale. Dec., '29. (19:341.)
HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE.
Jazz Heart. Col. Feb. 15, '30. (14.)
*Rain Preacher. G. H. (N. Y.) Nov., '29. (40.)
White Christmas. Pict. R. Dec., '29. (14.) [(5.)
**Witch-Woman. Hol. Feb., '30.
HUGHES, LLEWELLYN.
***Beyond Sound of Machine-Gun. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '29. (64.)
*Mistake. Macl. Aug. 15, '29. (7.)
HUGHES, RUPERT.
Baby's Shoes. Cos. Jul., '29. (82.)
Nightingale Flies Home. Cos. Jun., '29. (50.)
HULME, KATHRYN.
Competition. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (187.)
HURST, FANNIE.
*Carrousel. Cos. Jan., '30. (20.)
HUSE, HARRY G.
***High Tension. Frontier. Nov., '29. (10:3.)
HUSTON, MCCREADY.
*Solid Citizen. Harp. M. Mar., '30. (160:448.)
HYATT, DEXTER.
*Reverend Flansburg. Pr. S. Fall, '29. (3:272.)
HYLAND, DICK.
Name Your Own Price. Chic. Trib. Nov. 10, '29.

I

IRVING, WASHINGTON.
***Spectre Bridegroom. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '29. (78.)
IRWIN, INEZ HAYNES.
*Freesia. Am. Sept., '29. (14.)
Galleon. W. H. C. Dec., '29. (12.)
*Night of the Pact. Pict. R. Mar., '30. (16.)
Perpetual Substitute. Am. Oct., '29. (58.)
Rebound. Am. Mar., '30. (27.)
*Tattle-Tale. Cen. Aug., '29. (118:465.)
IRWIN, WALLACE.
All for Bud. W. H. C. Feb., '30. (33.)
Do As You're Told. W. H. C. Sept., '29. (13.)
Don't Carry Firearms. W. H. C. Jun., '29. (29.)
Doomed. Col. Mar. 29, '30. (34.)
Dot and Carry Ten. Pict. R. Jun., '29. (24.)
Go Get 'er! W. H. C. Apr., '30. (33.)
Heads Together. Col. Apr. 19, '30. (11.)
Heavenly Cop. L. H. J. Jan., '30. (12.)
Lemon Verbena. W. H. C. Aug., '29. (13.)
Midair. Chic. Trib. Sept. 8, '29. [(19.)
Mothers. Col. Jan. 18, '30.
World's Best Butler. Pict. R. Oct., '29. (15.)
IRWIN, WILL.
Mary Resigns. Am. Nov., '29. (65.)

J

JACKS, L. V.
Dark Surprise. Col. Mar. 1, '30. (23.)
JACKSON, C. L.
Uncomfortable Night. (*R.*) Strat. Mar., '30. (5.)
JACKSON, MARGARET WEYMOUTH.
Doctor Lockerbie. S. E. P. Jul. 27, '29. (8.)
Driveaway. S. E. P. Mar. 1, '30. (18.)
*First Witness. C. G. Dec., '29. (17.)

JACKSON, MARGARET W. (*Cont.*)
Holiday. McCall. Apr., '30. (28.)
Love Comes But Once. S. E. P. Sept. 28, '29. (16.)
Model Discontinued. S. E. P. Mar. 15, '30. (24.)
Mustard Flower. C. G. Jul., '29. (24.)
One Round Trip Ticket. W. H. C. Jun., '29. (7.)
Polished Engine. S. E. P. Feb. 15, '30. (6.)
Pollywog. L. H. J. Mar., '30. (25.)
Prince on Horseback. S. E. P. Feb. 1, '30. (16.)
Repossessed. S. E. P. Apr. 5, '30. (26.)
Without Recourse. S. E. P. Apr. 19, '30. (22.)
Year to Wait. S. E. P. Jul. 6, '29. (12.)

JACOBS, MARGUERITE.
Driving Mists. McCall. Mar., '30. (14.)

JAMES, HENRY.
***Great Conditions. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '29. (105.)

JAMES, WILL.
"Jake Adams, Sourdough." Scr. Dec., '29. (86:601.)
On the Dodge. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (58.)

JENKS, ALMET.
**Funeral Guest. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '29. (41.)
Sanctuary. S. E. P. Jul. 27, '29. (16.)
Small Fry. S. E. P. Jul. 13, '29. (12.)
Tin Box. S. E. P. Feb. 8, '30. (10.)

JERARD, ELISE.
One Knight Off. Pict. R. Mar., '30. (18.)
Pot Roast Rosie. Pict. R. Sept., '29. (22.)

JITRO, W. C. G.
**Helping Hand. Transit. Fall, '29. (259.)

JOHN, WILLIAM M.
*Neither Jew nor Greek. Cen. Aug., '29. (118:421.)

JOHNS, RICHARD.
**Gyp. Pagy. Apr., '30. (101.)
***Moonblind. Pagy. Jan.-Mar., '30. (58.)

JOHNSON, BURGES.
Helping Hand. Scr. Jul., '29. (86:79.)

JOHNSON, DOROTHY MARIE.
Fruit Tramps. Frontier. Jan., '30. (10:131.)

JOHNSON, EARNSTINE GUNN.
*Ticket to Norway. Hol. Nov., '29. (10.)

JOHNSON, NUNNALLY.
Away From It All. S. E. P. Feb. 15, '30. (8.)
Burglar's Bride. S. E. P. Apr. 12, '30. (14.)
Mlle. Irene the Great. S. E. P. Oct. 5, '29. (8.)
One Meets Such Interesting People. S. E. P. Nov. 30, '29. (10.)
Pagliacci Blues. S. E. P. Jun. 22, '29. (24.)
Shocking Case of Gregory Elwood. Am. Apr., '30. (109:58.)
Victim of the War. S. E. P. Dec. 21, '29. (8.)

JOHNSTON, MARY.
*Buried Silver. L. H. J. Sept. '29. (6.)
**Church Festival. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (70:66.)
**End of the World. L. H. J. Mar., '30. (10.)
*That Cold. L. H. J. Nov., '29. (28.)

JOLAS, EUGENE.
**Metallic Fairy Tale. Transit. Fall, '29. (52.)
**Tumult at Midnight. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (89.)

JONES, IDWAL.
*Phrygian Cap. A. Merc. Jul., '29. (17:303.)

JONES, VARA MACBETH.
Black Urge. Chic. Trib. Feb. 9, '30.

JORDAN, ELIZABETH.
Christmas Gift. Chic. Trib. Dec. 22, '29.
Strong's Inhibition. Chic. Trib. Mar. 2, '30.

K

KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR.
Alibi. Col. Aug. 24, '29. (10.)
Berserk. S. E. P. Aug. 24, '29. (22.)
Five Grand. Col. Aug. 10, '29. (14.)
Good Care. L. H. J. Nov., '29. (25.)
Judgment-Proof. C. G. Oct., '29. (6.)

KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR. (*Cont.*)
Just a Believer. Col. Jul. 20, '29. (18.)
Kick. Col. Apr. 12, '30. (10.)
Meddling Through. Col. Nov. 2, '29. (16.)
No Romance. Col. Dec. 7, '29. (12.)
Soft Money. C. G. Jan., '30. (6.)
Something Else. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '29. (43.)
Witness. C. G. Jul., '29. (13.)

KANTOR, MACKINLAY.
Kitchenette. Red Bk. Apr., '30. (52.)

KATZ, ELIEZER.
**Jewish Tragedy. Men. J. Oct., '29. (17:80.)

KAYE, MARTIN.
**Personality Girl. Am. H. Mar. 7, '30.

KAYSER, CLEO.
Raisin Muffins. Tan. Jan., '30. (5:45.)

KEATING, MICHELINE.
*Triumph. Harp. B. Apr., '30. (70.)

KEENE, FARADAY.
Little Dry Sticks. L. H. J. Feb., '30. (18.)
Second Impulse. Cen. Jul., '29. (118:367.)
Silent Mrs. Noyes. V. F. Feb., '30. (39.)

KELLAND, CLARENCE BUDINGTON.
Alderman Tommy Drops In. Col. Mar. 15, '30. (9.)
Between Two Facts. S. E. P. Jan. 25, '30. (22.)
Bleating of the Lamb. L. H. J. Sept., '29. (26.)
Boomerang. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (18.)
Fire With Fire. L. H. J. Jun., '29. (15.)
For Burnt Fingers. S. E. P. Feb. 8, '30. (22.)
Hat and the Rabbit. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (6.)
Hurrah for Peter! S. E. P. Jul. 20, '29. (6.)
"I Never Saw a Duke Before." Col. Jun. 15, '29. (13.)
Impossible. S. E. P. Aug. 3, '29. (14.)
Man Who Avoided People. S. E. P. Jan. 11, '30. (18.)
Matter of Nerve. S. E. P. Feb. 22, '30. (18.)
Petticoats. S. E. P. Jul. 13, '29. (36.)
Phenomena and So Forth. L. H. J. Aug., '29. (18.)
Sardines. S. E. P. Dec. 28, '29. (16.)
Strong Grasses. Col. Jun. 15, '29. (13.)
Then Came Ladies. L. H. J. Jul., '29. (19.)
Thinker. Am. Jul., '29. (44.)
Weak Links. S. E. P. Aug. 24, '29. (45.)
"You Have to Have Vision." Am. Jan., '30. (14.)
Young Man Who Was Prepared for Everything. Am. Oct., '29. (32.)

KELLOGG, GRACE.
Nothing Else Matters. W. H. C. Jan., '30. (7.)

KEMMERER, JOHN.
*Isolation. Blues. Jun., '29. (1:109.)

KENNEDY, JOHN B.
Behind Closed Doors. Col. Nov. 9, '29. (12.)
Four Minutes. Col. Nov. 23, '29. (36.)
Invitation. Col. Jun. 22, '29. (14.)
*Last Leader. Col. Aug. 3, '29. (29.)
Mr. Remsen's Racket. Col. Dec. 7, '29. (28.)
Money Machine. Col. Jan. 25, '30. (17.)
Ride. Col. Oct. 12, '29. (24.)
Right Dope. Col. Sept. 7, '29. (12.)
Secret Service. Col. Dec. 28, '29. (26.)
*Unrepentant Thief. Col. Mar. 8, '30. (30.)

KENTON, EDNA.
***Love Laughs at Lions. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (56.)

KERR, SOPHIE.
Courage. W. H. C. Dec., '29. (31.)
Double Play. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (14.)
Eddie and Walter. S. E. P. Jan. 11, '30. (8.)
Edward Has a Remarkable Wife. C. G. Jan., '30. (11.)
Elsie and Jane. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (5.)
Eternal Aunt. W. H. C. Jul., '29. (11.) [(29.)
Loyalty. W. H. C. Mar., '30.

KERR, SOPHIE. (*Cont.*)
Onions, Fr. Fr. S. E. P. Sept. 28, '29. (5.)
Soft Stuff. S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (6.)
*Truth. W. H. C. Sept., '29. (7.)
KILBOURNE, FANNIE.
Dot Entertains an Old Sweetheart. Am. Mar., '30. (38.)
Fork of the Road. L. H. J. Mar., '30. (22.)
Month at Miami. L. H. J. Jan., '30. (10.)
Pace That Bores. Am. Jul., '29. (50.)
Sins of the Fathers. Am. Jun., '29. (62.)
Who Hates to Let the Seaman Roam. Del. Nov., '29. (40.)
KING, LORETTA.
*Pay Station. Ly. Jan. 18, '30. (59.)
KINKADE, EDWARD.
**First Visit. N. W. M. Feb., '30. (1:101.)
KIRK, R. G.
Koskinen. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (16.)
On the Square. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (24.)
KIRK, VICTORINE.
Grandmother's Smoke. Chic. Trib. Dec. 8, '29.
Martyrs March By. Chic. Trib. Mar. 16, '30.
Purity Plus. Chat. Sept., '29. (10.)
KIRKHAM, STANTON DAVIS.
Animal Nature. (*R.*) Strat. Jan., '30. (5.)
Eternal Feminine. Strat. Feb., '30. (34.)
*Warblers. Strat. Sept., '29. (28.)
KITTREDGE, ELEANOR HAYDEN.
***September Sailing. Harp. M. Jul., '29. (159:168.)
KLAHR, EVELYN GILL.
Hamilton Terry. W. H. C. Apr., '30. (36.)
King Is Dead, Long Live the King. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '29. (42.)
KNAPP, MARTIN.
Roderigo Don's Son. C. G. Feb., '30. (34.)
KNIGHT, CLIFFORD.
*Backwater. C. G. Apr., '30. (18.)
Wild Calahan Boy. C. G. Oct., '29. (9.)
KNIGHT, KOBOLD.
Bad Man. Chic. Trib. Apr. 13, '30.
KOBER, ARTHUR.
**Deep Talkers. N. Y. Apr. 12, '30. (101.)
*Is Shirley Insulted? N. Y. Dec. 7, '29. (37.)
*Lovers. N. Y. Mar. 29, '30. (25.)
**Poppa. N. Y. Mar. 15, '30. (20.)
*Turn-Arounder. N. Y. Dec. 14, '29. (62.)
KOLLOCK, ADELE FORCE.
Apron Strings. McCall. Jun., '29. (24.)
KOMROFF, MANUEL.
***Beating of the Reed. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (73.)
***Red Coat for Night. Yale. Mar., '30. (19:577.)
***Something of the Sting. Pagy. Jan.-Mar., '30. (51.)
KUTNER, NANETTE.
Green Orchids. G. H. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (48.)
KWEN-LING, SOONG. *See* BENNETT, JAMES W., *and* KWEN-LING, SOONG.
KYLE, ANNE D.
Third Lamb. L. H. J. Dec., '29. (6.)
KYNE, PETER B.
Deadlier Than the Male. Cos. Jul., '29. (92.)
Film-Star's Holiday. Cos. Aug., '29. (80.)
Firing Squad. Col. Sept. 7, '29. (5.)
Last Word. Cos. Feb., '30. (74.)
Let Freedom Ring. Col. Oct. 12, '29. (7.)
Lionized. Am. Jul., '29. (26.)
O'Bannion Rules the Roost. Cos. Mar., '30. (82.)
Officer—But Not a Gentleman. Cos. Jan., '30. (28.)
Old Man Tooker's Investment. Cos. Jun., '29. (48.)
Old-Fashioned Pete. Jul. 27, '29. (5.)
Ride, Rope and Dog. Cos. Sept., '29. (46.)
Society Bee. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (53.)
Tie That Binds. Cos., Oct., '29. (66.)

L

La Gattuta, Joseph.
Russian Dressing. Atlan. Aug., '29. (37.)

Labaree, Mary Fleming.
**Beenoo the Fool. Com. Sept. 4, '29. (10:446.)

Lamb, Harold.
Protection. Col. Aug. 24, '29. (16.)

Lambert, Reita.
Almost Total Loss. Chic. Trib. Jan. 26, '30.
Paris Bargain. McCall. Apr., '30. (24.)

Lane, Rose Wilder.
Winding Road. L. H. J. Nov., '29. (16.)

Lanham, Edwin M.
*Temperance Man. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:283.)

Lardner, Ring W.
Great Blessings. Cos. Dec., '29. (79.)
High-Rollers. Cos. Jun., '29. (76.)
Pity is Akin—. Cos. Sept., '29. (74.)
Stop Me—If You've Heard This One. Cos. Jul., '29. (98.)
**That Old Sweetheart of Mine. Cos. Nov., '29. (34.)

Larsen, Nella.
*Sanctuary. For. Jan., '30. (83:15.)

Larsson, Genevieve.
Blue Chords. Del. Oct., '29. (49.)

Latimer, Margery.
**Little Girls. Pagy. Apr., '30. (66.)
***Monday Morning. Pagy. Jan.-Mar., '30. (82.)

Lawlor, Mary Gertrude.
Sixteenth of July. Cath. W. Jul., '29. (129:433.)

Le Clercq, Jacques.
Case of Abigail Fitch. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (157.)

Le May, Alan.
Battle of Gunsmoke Lode. Col. Apr. 26, '30. (30.)
Just a Horse of Mine. Col. Feb. 22, '30. (14.)
Old Thunder Pumper. Col. Mar. 22, '30. (7.)
Sentenced to Swing. Col. Dec. 7, '29. (31)
Shot in the Dark. Col. Dec. 14, '29. (20.) [(10.)
Under Fire. Col. Mar. 8, '30.
Young Rush In. Col. Jun. 1, '29. (14.)

Le Sueur, Meridel.
***Holiday. Pagy. Apr., '30. (87.)

Lea, Fanny Heaslip.
Ghost Gifts. S. E. P. Jun. 1, '29. (16.)

Leach, Paul R.
Going on Twelve. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (44.)

Leader, Pauline.
*Girl Who Looked Too Much at the Clock. Sur. Feb. 15, '30. (63:578.)

Leech, Margaret.
Ladylike. W. H. C. Aug., '29. (11.)

Lefevre, Edwin.
Dealer in Certainties. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (43.)

Leighton, Isabel.
We Live Only Once. Harp. B. Jun., '29. (84.)

Leslie, Hal Field.
Crucible. Am. Dec., '29. (30.)

Levin, Meyer.
*Reb Feivel Read the Holy Books. Men. J. Feb., '30. (18:129.)

Levin, Z.
*Way of Love. P. T. Sept., '29. (5:315.)

Levy, Melvin P.
Natey Pansey. Men. J. Jan., '30. (18:32.)

Lewis, Elizabeth Foreman.
*For Sale—Dragon's Breath, Cheap. St. Nich. Jan., '30. (57:179.)
*Plague Comes to Porcelain Street. St. Nich. Aug., '29. (56:781.)
*Small Favor for a Friend. St. Nich. Nov., '29. (57:27.)

Lewis, Janet.
***At the Swamp. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '29. (70:164.)
***Little Hell Cat. Gy. Aug., '29. (9.)
***Nell. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:219.)
***Proserpina. Gy. May, '29. (10.)
***River. Pagy. Jan.-Mar., '30. (61.)
**Still Afternoon. Pagy. Apr., '30. (80.)

Lewis, Sinclair.
Dear Editor. Cos. Aug., '29. (64.)
Elizabeth, Kitty and Jane. Cos. Jul., '29. (68.)

LEWIS, SINCLAIR. (*Cont.*)
*Keep Out of the Kitchen. Cos. Oct., '29. (40.)
*Letter from the Queen. Cos. Dec., '29. (64.)
Matter of Business. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '29. (19.)
There Was a Prince. Cos. Jun., '29. (42.)
*What a Man! Cos. Sept., '29. (68.)
Youth. Cos. Feb., '30. (26.)
LIEFERANT, HENRY *and* SYLVIA.
Doctor Lady. W. H. C. Jul., '29. (19.)
LINCOLN, FREEMAN.
Eggs and Chips. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '30. (76.)
Fog. G. H. (N. Y.) Nov., '29. (48.)
LINCOLN, JOSEPH C.
Cog That Slipped. S. E. P. Aug. 10, '29. (16.)
Old Hooker. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (18.)
*Payment Deferred. L. H. J. Oct., '29. (8.)
*Two Pairs of Shoes. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '29. (37.)
LINDLEY, DENVER.
Butler's Night. Col. Jun. 29, '29. (19.)
Hold-Out. Col. Sept. 14, '29. (14.)
Strong Medicine. Col. Dec. 14, '29. (29.)
LINDSEY, ARTHUR.
Glinty, P. T. Sept., '29. (5:301.)
LING, PRINCESS DER.
*Lady of the Lotus. House. Feb., '30. (1.)
LISTER, QUEENE B.
**Dun Horse. Frontier. Nov., '29. (10:55.)
LOBAN, ETHEL H.
*Chivalry. L. H. J. Feb., '30. (23.)
LOCKETT, ROWENA.
*Of an Excursion. Gy. Aug., '29. (4.)
LONDON, JACK.
***White Silence. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '29. (51.)
LONG, E. WALDO.
Watch Me Get Fired! Am. Jul., '29. (54.)
LONGMAN, ANNE.
Claytie. W. H. C. Oct., '29. (39.)
LOOMIS, CHARLES BATTELL.
*Dinner to Paul. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (70.)
LOUDENBACK, HELEN A.
*Worker. Mid. Jul.-Aug., '29. (15:183.)
LOVING, PIERRE.
Praying Insects. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (192.)
LOWELL, JOAN.
*Devils! Cos. Sept., '29. (58.)
LYMAN, DEAN B., *jr.*
On the Sands. Mor. Autumn, '29. (21.)

M

MABIE, LOUISE KENNEDY.
Artificial Moon. S. E. P. Nov. 23, '29. (14.)
Dance With Me. S. E. P. Apr. 12, '30. (20.)
Hearts and Flowers. S. E. P. Jun. 22, '29. (22.)
River Road. S. E. P. Jul. 20, '29. (16.)
Tinsel Fish. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (14.)
MACALARNEY, ROBERT EMMET.
Goddess in the Car. Am. Apr., '30. (109:34.)
MCALMON, ROBERT.
**Court Reporting Office. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:313.)
MCBROOM, JANET.
Ladies at School. Husk. Oct., '29. (11.)
Page Mr. Freud. Husk. Jun., '29. (1.)
MCCLURE, JOHN.
*Margotte. A. S. S. Dec., '29. (65.)
MCCOY, SAMUEL.
One of the Best. Col. Aug. 31, '29. (20.)
MCEVOY, J. P.
Dear Little You. Cos. Dec., '29. (74.)
Father's Day. Cos. Nov., '29. (80.)
Heart Throb. Cos. Oct., '29. (32.)
Lonely Heart. Cos. Mar., '30. (66.)
Mother's Boy. Cos. Jan., '30. (74.)
Square as a Die. Cos. Feb., '30. (80.)
MCFADDEN, FRANCES.
*Gay Paree. Pict. R. Sept., '29. (28.)

MacIsaac, Fred.
Druid's Eyes. Col. Feb. 1, '30. (20.)
Ice-Cold Kisses. Col. Sept. 21, '29. (22.)

McKay, Claude.
**Mattie and Her Sweetman. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:199.)

McKay, Muriel Nichols.
**Peacock. Frontier. Mar., '30. (10:203.)

MacKaye, Percy.
***British Lady. Atl. Aug., '29. (144:166.)

McKenna, Edward L.
**Best in the World. P. T. Jul., '29. (5:33.)
**Bon Voyage. Pr. S. Summer, '29. (3:224.)
*Invictus. P. T. Oct., '29. (5:423.)
*Patchouli. Ly. Mar. 8, '30. (34.)
*Smiling Lady. Ly. Sept. 7, '29. (27.)

MacLaughlin, David.
Crosby House. Tan. Nov., '29. (5:12.)

McLean, Margharite.
*One Grand Swede. N. A. Rev. Dec., '29. (228:722.)

McLellan, Howard.
Moll-Trap. Col. Nov. 30, '29. (18.)

McMorrow, Thomas.
Alias Kid Mangle. Col. Jul. 20, '29. (14.)
Diamonds. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (12.)
Dollar Down. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (55.)
Happy Ending. S. E. P. Jul. 6, '29. (6.)
Indispensable. S. E. P. Apr. 5, '30. (41.)
Matter of Principle. S. E. P. Jan. 4, '30. (18.)
Mr. Murphy of New York. S. E. P. Mar. 22, '30. (14.)
Opal and Crystal. S. E. P. Nov. 23, '29. (20.)
Pearls. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (16.)
People Against Saladene. S. E. P. Jun. 29, '29. (32.)
Racketeer. S. E. P. Nov. 2, '29. (12.)
Sold Out. S. E. P. Jan. 25, '30. (14.)
Steinweg Against Bonn. S. E. P. Jun. 8, '29. (8.)

McNutt, William Slavens.
Big Shot. S. E. P. Jun. 15, 29. (40.)
Enjoy Fortune and Forget It. Red Bk. Feb., '30. (79.)

Maginnis, Amy Brooks.
Every Dog. Cath. W. Oct., '29. (130:14.)

Mahoney, James.
Poor Little Bessie May. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (6.)

Mann, B. D.
His Own Coin. Col. Sept. 21, '29. (15.)

Marbaker, N. D.
**Circumstantial Evidence. Scr. Mar., '30. (87:301.)
*Hoax. Scr. Mar., '30. (87:303.)
**Treasure-Trove. Scr. Mar., '30. (87:306.)

March, Joseph Moncure.
***Evening at Home. Cos. Nov., '29. (48.)

March, William.
*Dappled Fawn. Pr. S. Winter, '30. (4:28.)
**Holly Wreath. For. Oct., '29. (82:235.)
***Little Wife. Mid. Jan.-Feb., '30. (16:1.)

Markey, Gene.
Crown Jewels. McCall. Oct., '29. (19.)
Playboy. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (40.)

Marquand, John P.
**Best Must Always Go. S. E. P. Aug. 10, '29. (10.)
**Bobby Shaftoe. S. E. P. Feb. 8, '30. (16.)
**Captain Whetstone. S. E. P. Aug. 24, '29. (8.)
**Dog, a Woman—. S. E. P. Oct. 5, '29. (12.)
**Jack's the Lad. S. E. P. Dec. 28, '29. (8.)
**Leave Her, Johnny—Leave Her. S. E. P. Mar. 15, '30. (14.)
**Powaw's Head. S. E. P. Jul. 20, '29. (3.)
**Ships Must Sail. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (14.)
**Slave Catcher. S. E. P. Apr. 12, '30. (8.)

Marquis, Don.
*Ancient Mariner. S. E. P. Sept. 28, '29. (8.)
*Diary of Freckles Watson. Scr. Dec., '29. (86:618.)

MARQUIS, DON. (*Cont.*)
*King O'Meara and Queen Guinevere. S. E. P. Mar. 15, '30. (6.) Mar. 22, '30.
*Magic Melody. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (47.)
*Meeting. Harp M. Oct., '29. (159:592.)
*Once an Englishman. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (18.)
Rattlesnake Golf. Am. Jun., '29. (22.)
Spinster of the Old School. S. E. P. Jul. 6, '29. (10.)
***Strong Grasses. Col. Jun. 15, '29. (10.)
MARTIN, W. THORNTON.
Salvage. S. E. P. Dec. 21, '29. (5.)
Scrapbook. S. E. P. Nov. 30, '29. (18.)
Your Neck's Out. S. E. P. Jul. 20, '29. (18.)
MARTYN, WYNDHAM.
Sporting Chance. Cos. Jan., '30. (66.)
MASON, GRACE SARTWELL.
**Bag of Wind. W. H. C. Jun., '29. (13.)
Wings for Mrs. Carter. W. H. C. Jan., '30. (17.)
MATHEUS, JOHN F.
*Coulev' Endormi. Opp. Dec., '29. (7:376.)
MAUCK, HILDA.
Broken Date. Red Bk. Mar., '30. (58.)
Lacy and the Law. Red Bk. Nov., '29. (62.)
Playing With Fire. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (74.) [(90.)
Right Man. Red Bk. Aug., '29.
Soul Saver. Red Bk. Oct., '29. (38.)
MAYER, EDWARD B.
**Three Gloves. Transit. Fall, '29. (59.)
MEIGS, CORNELIA.
*Tilbury Green. St. Nich. Mar., '30. (57:345.)
MERCEIN, ELEANOR.
*Diddikai. S. E. P. Nov. 30, '29. (8.) [(6.)
*Feria. S. E. P. Mar. 22, '30.
Hombre de Amor. S. E. P. Aug. 31, '29. (6.)
*U y el Dos. S. E. P. Oct. 26, '29. (6.)
MERRILL, KENNETH GRIGGS.
**Warmth. Scr. Dec., '29. (86:690.)
MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW.
*Moss. Com. Jan. 29, '30. (11:365.)
MERWIN, SAMUEL.
Curtain's Up. McCall. Jan., '30. (24.)
MILBURN, GEORGE.
More Tales from Oklahoma. A. Merc. Dec., '29. (18:448.)
Tales from Oklahoma. A. Merc. Nov., '29. (18:257.)
MILLAR, RONALD.
Mary Ann's Man Power. Chic. Trib. Apr. 6, '30.
Other Man's Wife. Chic. Trib. Sept. 15, '29.
Too Good to Be True. Chic. Trib. Jan. 19, '30.
MILLER, ALICE DUER.
Corinna Annoys a Marquis. W. H. C. Jan., '30. (22.)
Corinna Comes Home. W. H. C. Apr., '30. (22.)
Great Blackbeard Mystery. W. H. C. Nov., '29. (13.)
Mother Wit. Am. Apr., '30. (109:54.)
Queen High. W. H. C. Mar., '30. (22.)
Rummage Sale. W. H. C. Dec., '29. (13.)
MILLER, HARLAN.
Healed. A. Merc. Jan., '30. (19:62.)
MILLER, HELEN TOPPING.
Broomtails. McCall. Apr., '30. (18.)
Lover, Come Back. McCall. Dec., '29. (24.)
Necktie for Father. Pict. R. Feb., '30. (23.)
MILLER, JIL.
**Boy. P. T. Jun., '29. (4:717.)
"My Girl!" Strat. Jun., '29. (34.)
*Runner in the Desert. Strat. Mar., '30. (5:38.)
MILLER, LAURA.
*Pride of Possession. W. H. C. Mar., '30. (11.)
MILNE, RICHARD.
Always a Champion. Colum. Dec., '29. (12.)
MINOR, NORTON.
Phillippa Comes to My House. Scr. Nov., '29. (86:545.)
MINTZER, MURNEY.
Live Steam. S. E. P. Jan. 25, '30. (22.)
Victory Ship. S. E. P. Apr. 26, '30. (50.)

MITCHELL, JOSEPH.
***Quiet After Rain. N. W. M. Jan., '30. (1:52.)
MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT.
Exceptionally Nice People. W. H. C. Oct., '29. (13.)
Neighbor, Neighbor. L. H. J. Jul., '29. (6.)
Shop Early! L. H. J. Dec., '29. (3.)
This Is News! W. H. C. Dec., '29. (7.)
MOLONEY, M. C.
Dose of Oil. Cath. W. Jun., '29. (129:264.)
MONTROSS, LOIS SEYSTER.
*Tumbler's Act. L. H. J. Apr., '30. (10.)
MONTROSS, LYNN.
"Nothing Is Ever All Over With You." Am. Jul., '29. (24.)
Nothing Ever Happens Here. Col. Dec. 28, '29. (14.)
MOORE, DAVID WILLIAM.
Black Truth. Scr. Sept., '29. (86:313.)
MOORE, OLGA.
No Place Like Home. S. E. P. Apr. 12, '30. (22.)
Practically Faithful. S. E. P. Apr. 26, '30. (14.)
MORAN, HELEN.
***Elsie's Boy. L. Merc. Jan., '30. (21:210.)
MORGAN, MARGARET CASE.
Brownstone Blues. V. F. Feb., '30. (46.)
Round Robin. V. F. Oct., '29. (66.)
Two-time. V. F. Apr., '30. (57.)
MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR.
Brazil—A Tale of the Late Nineties. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (60.)
Iphigenia in Tua Nua. S. E. P. Oct. 26, '29. (12.)
*Pearls. Cos. Apr., '30. (65.)
Téa Núa Núa. Cos. Jan., '30. (68.)
MULENA, YOSEFA YA.
**Susu—Child of the Bush. Opp. Apr., '30. (8:115.)
MUNSTERBERG, MARGARET.
Rendezvous. Strat. Jul., '29. (5.)
MUNYAN, ARTHUR T.
Heartsick Town. McCall. Mar., '30. (24.)
Magic Fire. L. H. J. Apr., '30. (28.)
Ring from London. L. H. J. Jul., '29. (20.)
Skyrocket. Red Bk. Dec., '29. (76.)
MYGATT, GERALD.
Ambition is a Woman. McCall, Sept., '29. (18.)
Homer Gets Along. Col. Sept. 7, '29. (42.)
Seat in the Subway. Am. Dec., '29. (18.)
Wishing Window. McCall. Jul., '29. (22.)

N

NASON, LEONARD H.
Among the Trumpets. S. E. P. Jul. 27, '29. (10.)
Aux Allies Glorieux. S. E. P. Oct. 12, '29. (28.)
Car Without a Country. S. E. P. Feb. 22, '30. (12.)
*Chinless Man. S. E. P. Jun. 8, '29. (16.)
General's Horse. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (16.)
Itxas Gain. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (6.)
Lamplighter. S. E. P. Oct. 26, '29. (14.)
Man with Judgment. S. E. P. Jan. 25, '30. (8.)
Platoon Missing. S. E. P. Aug. 24, '29. (10.)
Prisoners at the Steak. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (6.)
NATHAN, ROBERT.
**Children in Heaven. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 16, '29. (6:396.)
*Pair of Pants. Scr. Feb., '30. (87:216.)
NAYLOR, CHARLES J.
Pay-Day. P. T. Aug., '29. (5:232.)
NEEDHAM, ELIZABETH.
*Horse that Saw a Ghost. Frontier. Mar., '30. (10:221.)
NEIDIG, WILLIAM J.
Alibi. S. E. P. Apr. 12, '30. (24.)
Beating the Lights. Col. Mar. 29, '30. (26.)
Diamonds for Ladies. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (22.)
Nothing Over Ten Cents. S. E. P. Jun. 22, '29. (14.)
St. Louis and the Lamb. S. E. P. Sept. 21, '29. (18.)
NELSON, EDNA DEU PREE.
*Brothers. Cen. Autumn, '29. (119:82.)

NEWTON, RUTH.
*Wedding Gift. Mid. Jan.-Feb., '30. (16:49.)
NORRIS, KATHLEEN.
Gay Deceivers. Cos. Jan., '30. (50.)
High Holiday. Del. Apr., '30. (10.)
*"Mother." (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '29. (50.)
Sinners. Cos. Jul., '29. (48.)
NORTH, STERLING.
*Those Low-Down Blues. Earth. Apr., '30. (6.)
NOVAK, SONIA RUTHELE.
***Tulip-Tree Honey. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '29. (36.)

O

O'BRIEN, FITZJAMES.
***Lost Room. (*R.*) W. T. Oct., '29. (14:559.)
O'BRIEN, SEUMAS.
**Felix the Piper. W. W. Mar., '30. (10.)
O'DEA, MACK.
Another June. Cos. Jun., '29. (58.)
ODUM, HOWARD W.
***Black Ulysses Goes to War. A. Merc. Aug., '29. (17:385.)
OLIVER, JENNIE HARRIS.
Dark Mountains. G. H. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (60.)
Reddy. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '29. (80.)
O'NEILL, ROSE.
Heavenly House. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '29. (48.)
Hired Man. G. H. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (34.)
OPPENHEIM, JAMES.
*Old War-Horse. A. S. S. Nov., '29. (5.)
OSTENSO, MARTHA.
*Strange Woman. Del. Oct., '29. (13.)
O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT.
***They. Dub. M. Apr.-Jun., '30. (16.)
OUTERSON, WILLIAM.
***Castaway. Blue Bk. Sept., '29. (29.)
***Round the Horn. Atl. Jun., '29. (143:745.)
OVERBECK, ALICIA O'REARDON.
*Encarnacion. Harp. M. Apr., '30. (160:587.)
OVERTON, CLARA WALLACE.
Big Red Ribbon Round the World. Del. Jan., '30. (8.)
If You Care for Cactus. Del. Aug., '29. (13.)
Plenty of Hats. McCall. Jun., '29. (11.)
OWEN, LOUISE.
Situation. P. T. Aug., '29. (5:147.)

P

PADRES, PETER.
Kang-hi Vase. Colum. Jul., '29. (5.)
PARADISE, VIOLA.
*Matches. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '29. (58.)
PARKER, AUSTIN.
Angela. S. E. P. Jun. 22, '29. (8.)
Free. Cos., Sept., '29. (82.)
Love Story. S. E. P. Nov. 23, '29. (12.)
PARKER, DOROTHY.
***Cradle of Civilization. N. Y. Sept. 21, '29. (23.)
PARKER, MAUDE.
Right Profile. Chic. Trib. Nov. 17, '29.
PARTRIDGE, PAULINE.
Child. Pict. R. Oct., '29. (22.)
It Always Works. W. H. C. Mar., '30. (7.)
PATTERSON, FRANCES TAYLOR.
*Gesture. Scr. Apr., '30. (87:433.)
PATTERSON, NORMA.
*Christmas that Came Alive. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '30. (24.)
Treasure. G. H. (N. Y.) Jun., '29. (40.)
PATTERSON, PERNET.
**His Drazzlin' Light. B. S. Nov., '29. (8.) Dec., '29.
***Shoofly. Atl. Apr., '30. (523.)
PAULDING, GOUVERNEUR.
***White Pigeon. Com. Mar. 26, '30. (11:586.)
PELLEY, WILLIAM DUDLEY.
*Continental Angle. Chic. Trib. Aug. 4, '29.
Eagle Flies. Col. Jun. 15, '29. (5.)
*Great Alone. Hol. Oct., '29. (7.)
"Life is to Find Out." Am. Jun., '29. (36.)
*Woman Who Waited. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (80.)
PENNINGTON, LAWRENCE.
*Wisdom. Scr. Oct., '29. (86:437.)

PERKINS, DOROTHY.
Diplomacy. Col. Nov. 23, '29. (9.)
PERRY, LAWRENCE.
Janet Roy. L. H. J. Jun., '29. (8.)
Varsity Letter. C. H. J. Oct., '29. (7.)
PETERKIN, JULIA.
**Greasy Spoon. L. H. J. Oct., '29. (5.)
**Heart Leaves. S. E. P. Oct. 5, '29. (5.) [(20.)
**Santy Claw. L. H. J. Dec., '29.
PETERSEN, ELIZABETH BENNECHE.
***Lass Who Followed a Gypsy. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '29. (30.)
***Sea Was Waiting. G. H. (N. Y.) Nov., '29. (16.)
***Stars for Your Dreams. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '30. (48.)
PHELPS, CARRINGTON.
Something on the Rent. Col. Jul. 6, '29. (20.)
PHILLIPS, HENRY WALLACE.
*Aunt Johanna. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (47.)
PHILLIPS, JOSEPH B.
*Two Rivers. Cen. Winter, '30. (120:88.)
PICKERING, JAMES SAYRE.
Prisoner. Col. Jul. 13, '29. (10.)
*What More Could He Do? S. E. P. Mar. 1, '30. (10.)
PIERCE, JAMES A.
Mistake. Opp. Sept., '29. (7:286.)
PINCHOT, ANN.
*David. J. F. Aug., '29. (12:343.)
PITNEY, A. DE FORD.
Hotel Woman. Red Bk. Apr., '30. (58.)
Squaw Man. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (72.)
POE, EDGAR ALLAN.
***Descent into the Maelstrom. (*R.*) W. T. Jan., '30. (15:122.)
***Tell-Tale Heart. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '29. (68.)
POLK, WILLIAM.
***Patriot. H. H. Jan.-Mar., '30. (3:165.)
POOLE, ERNEST.
*Any Night Is Holy Night When a Child Is Born. Am. Jan., '30. (64.)
Before the Plunge. Col. Feb. 15, '30. (23.)
**Man Who Climbed Above the War. Harp. B. Aug., '29. (64.)
Woman Who Used Her Head. Am. Apr., '30. (109:65.)
PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE.
***Flowering Judas. H. H. Spring, '30. (3:316.)
***Theft. Gy. Nov., '29.
PORTOR, LAURA SPENCER.
*Monkey with the Green Pea-Jacket. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (93.)
POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON.
***Age of Miracles. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (84.)
*Dead Man's Shoes. Am. Jun., '29. (30.)
*Guilty Man. Am. Sept., '29. (16.)
*Mystery at the Mill. Am. Jul., '29. (69.)
*Witness in the Metal Box. Am. Nov., '29. (42.)
POTAMKIN, HARRY ALAN.
**Science. Y. I. Mar., '30. (6.)
PRESNELL, ROBERT R.
Fifty-Fifty. Chic. Trib. Jun. 30, '29.
PROCTER, A. A.
Quitting Time. Col. Sept. 21, '29. (32.)
PUTNAM, NINA WILCOX.
Good Scout. Col. Apr. 19, '30. (12.)
I Knew Him When—. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (14.)
Showdown. Red Bk. Dec., '29. (38.) [(54.)
Soft Job. Red Bk. Nov., '29.
*Speak for Yourself. Cos. Jan., '30. (46.)
Theme Song. S. E. P. Jan. 25, '30. (16.)

R

RANDALL, LETITIA PRESTON.
Jolly Boy. Harp. M. Aug., '29. (159:354.)
REDMAN, BEN RAY.
*Enduring Image. Scr. Sept., '29. (86:285.)
REDMON, MAURICE.
Anna Romanko. P. T. Dec., '29. (5:703.)
REINHARDT, EDWARD.
Beauty and the Beetles. Cath. W. Aug., '29. (129:526.)
REZNIKOFF, CHARLES.
*Nudnik. Men. J. Nov., '29. (17:184.)

RICHARDSON, NORVAL.
Whiff of Romance. W. H. C. Sept., '29. (32.)
RICHMOND, REBECCA.
Alarm Clock Blues. Del. Jul., '29. (41.)
RILEY, ETHEL.
**Dark Laughter. Opp. Aug., '29. (7:250.)
RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS.
Old Man Cleans His Revolver. Cos. Aug., '29. (94.)
Second Honeymoon. L. H. J. Jul., '29. (3.)
RISLEY, ELEANOR.
*Cleanin' Up the County. Atl. Mar., '30. (145:358.)
*Shady Cove. Atl. Feb., '30. (145:205.)
*Way to Next Wednesday. Atl. Sept., '29. (144:332.)
*Wildcat Settlement. Atl. Jan., '30. (145:67.)
ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX.
***Buried Treasure. Harp. M. Dec., '29. (160:1.) Jan., '30. (160:228.)
ROBERTS, WILLA.
***Living Dog, Dead Lion. W. H. C. Sept., '29. (22.)
ROBINSON, GERTRUDE.
*Help Comes Out of Zion. W. W. Apr., '30. (4.)
ROBINSON, ROBERT.
*Big-Enough. A. S. S. Apr., '30. (28.)
ROCHE, ARTHUR SOMERS.
He's My Man. Col. Aug. 3, '29. (5.)
Making of a Gentleman. Col. Sept. 14, '29. (7.)
Men Are That Way. Col. Apr. 12, '30. (7.)
Put Him On a Spot. Col. Jul. 6, '29. (5.)
Renunciation. Col. Mar. 1, '30. (7.)
She'll Never Know. Col. Oct. 5, '29. (7.)
"RODSON, MARK."
***Return. Mod. Q. Spring, '29. (204.)
ROE, VINGIE E.
Black Heart of Panther Mountain. Pict. R. Oct., '29. (18.)
Desert Bloom. McCall. Aug., '29. (16.)
Long Road. McCall. Feb., '30. (30.)
Soul of Ida Belle. McCall. Oct., '29. (32.)
ROGERS, BOGART.
Olympic Material. Chic. Trib. Aug. 25, '29.
ROLFE, EDWIN.
Post Mortem. N. W. M. Feb., '30. (1:134.)
ROSENFELD, JONAH.
*Annie. Ref. Jun., '29. (21.)
ROSS, LYMAN L.
*Plans. Pr. S. Summer, '29. (3:215.)
ROSS, MADELEINE A.
What Price Happiness? P. T. Feb., '30. (6:189.)
ROWLAND, HENRY C.
Ward of Mrs. Lee. Chic. Trib. Jun. 9, '29.
RUNYON, DAMON.
Blood Pressure. S. E. P. Apr. 5, '30. (46.)
Dark Dolores. Cos. Nov., '29. (72.)
Lillian. Col. Feb. 1, '30. (12.)
Madame La Gimp. Cos. Oct., '29. (62.)
Romance in the Roaring Forties. Cos. Jul., '29. (56.)
Social Error. Col. Mar. 22, '30. (20.)
Very Honorable Guy. Cos. Aug., '29. (72.)
RUSSELL, JOHN.
Red Mark. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (32.)
RYAN, STELLA.
Birthday. Pict. R. Apr., '30. (24.)
***Frost on the Pane. Pict. R. Nov., '29. (22.)
If You Begin With Love. G. H. (N. Y.) Nov., '29. (22.)
Marcella and Her Spaniard. Pict. R. Aug., '29. (16.)
RYERSON, FLORENCE, *and* CLEMENTS, COLIN.
*Inshallah. W. W. Mar., '30. (4.)
**Lobster John's Annie. Strat. Feb., '30. (5.)
**Lost Island. Strat. Sept., '29. (5.)

S

SABASTIAN, INEZ.
Such a Good Sport. Am. Dec., '29. (64.)
SABSAY, NAHUM.
*Below Ground. Atl. Nov., '29. (144:620.)
ST. CLAIR, GEORGE.
*Greater Love. Mor. Spring, '30. (1:77.)

ST. JOHN, ADELA ROGERS.
Romance of a Great Man. Col. Feb. 1, '30. (7.)
Talkie. Cos. Sept., '29. (54.)
SALT, SYD. S.
***Daisies. N. W. M. Jan., '30. (1:47.)
SAMPSON, EMMA SPEED.
*Gammon and Spinach. B. S. Aug., '29. (13.)
SANBORN, RUTH BURR.
It's Swell to Be Crazy. Col. Feb. 15, '30. (12.)
Janie Wants a Plumber. Col. Aug. 31, '29. (10.)
No Sense of Humor. W. H. C. Mar., '30. (18.)
What Is Your Apex? L. H. J. Sept., '29. (10.)
SANGSTER, MARGARET E.
Crowded Room. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '30. (64.)
Four Ride Through the Rain. G. H. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (86.)
Quest. Del. Jan., '30. (16.)
Song of the Road. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '29. (40.)
SANTINI, VERA.
Three's a Crowd. Col. Mar. 8, '30. (17.)
SAR, GUY.
*Cholo. P. T. Aug., '29. (5:179.)
Cholo Flowers Out. P. T. Jan., '30. (6:50.)
*Cholo Goes Gambling. P. T. Dec., '29. (5:662.)
SASS, HERBERT RAVENEL.
Guy-Ak the Fearless. Am. Mar., '30. (40.)
Ki of the Winds. S. E. P. Feb. 22, '30. (22.)
Wild Mother. L. H. J. Feb., '30. (16.)
SAUNDERS, LAWRENCE.
Hell Gate to Paradise. Col. Jan. 11, '30. (14.)
SAVAGE, COURTENAY.
***Rain-Maker. Colum. Jun., '29. (15.)
SAXON, LYLY.
Gay Dangerfields. Cen. Aug., '29. (118:489.)
SCARRY, JOHN.
Aberration. Colum. Feb., '30. (5.)
Broken Iron. Colum. Sept., '29. (5.)
SCOVILLE, *jr.*, SAMUEL.
Yellow Bear. C. G. Mar., '30. (17.)
SEABROOK, W. B.
*Vampire Woman. Cos. Nov., '29. (70.)
SEALOCK, THELMA W.
*Lamp. Pr. S. Fall, '29. (3:257.)
SEAVER, EDWIN.
***Boss. Pagy. Jan.-Mar., '30. (1:74.)
**Mr. Mould. Mod. Q. Fall, '29. (5:334.)
SEIFERT, SHIRLEY.
Forty Dollars to Spend. McCall. Jan., '30. (14.)
Path of Justice. Del. Jun., '29. (11.)
To Be a Lady. Chic. Trib. Oct. 13, '29.
SERWER, HARRY.
Net—No Discount. P. T. Jun., '29. (4:742.)
SHANNON, ROBERT TERRY.
Old Dominion. C. G. Nov., '29. (11.) [(24.)
Vacation. Col. Mar. 8, '30.
SHEEAN, VINCENT.
Christine's Last Party. Cen. Jun., '29. (118:148.)
Parrot. Cen. Aug., '29. (118:394.)
SHELBY, GERTRUDE MATHEWS.
***Déporté. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '29. (82.)
SHELL, LILITH.
**Recompense. Opp. Feb., '30. (8:52.)
SHENTON, EDWARD.
**Girl Who Won the War. Scr. Jan., '30. (87:51.)
One More Fight. Col. Apr. 19, '30. (24.)
SHERMAN, RICHARD.
**De Amicitia. For. Nov., '29. (82:293.)
SHERWOOD, ROBERT EMMET.
Commencement. Harp. B. Jun., '29. (114.)
***"Extra! Extra!" (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (19.)
SHULTZ, VICTOR.
**Sniper. Tan. Mar., '30. (5:71.)
SHUMATE, HAROLD.
Portraits of Three Women—By a Man. S. E. P. Mar. 8, '30. (10.)
SHUMWAY, HARRY IRVING.
*Man in a Billion. Y. C. Sept., '29. (103:482.)
*Me, the People. Am. B. Nov., '29. (6.)

SHUMWAY, HARRY IRVING. (*Cont.*)
*Nothing but the Truth. Y. C. Aug., '29. (103:430.)
*Swan Song of Cicero. Y. C. Jul., '29. (103:376.)
*Too Hot for Pizarro. Am. B. Dec., '29. (26.)
SIGMUND, JAY G.
*Blasphemer. Mor. Autumn, '29. (8.)
*Broken Pump. Frontier. Mar., '30. (10:227.)
*Lady-Slippers. Western Rustler. Aug., '29. [(57.)
*Thin Hills. O. A. Apr., '30.
*Trade. House. Jun., '29. (12.)
*Trot Lines. C. R. Dec., '29.
SIL-VARA.
*Drummer. For. Nov., '29. (82:276.)
SIMONTON, IRMA.
Play's the Thing. Mid. Mar.-Apr., '30. (16:115.)
SINGER, MARY.
Stepmother. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '30. (48.)
SINGMASTER, ELSIE.
In Twelve Hours. McCall. Jan., '30. (18.) [(16.)
Little Lucy. Pict. R. Dec., '29.
SKERRY, FREDERICK.
Fatal Distinctions. Col. Nov. 30, '29. (28.)
In Terms of Business. Col. Dec. 28, '29. (30.)
Interference. Col. Mar. 1, '30. (15.)
Silver Lining. Col. Jun. 8, '29. (37.)
With Love. Col. Dec. 21, '29. (22.)
SLADE, CAROLINE.
*Mrs. Sabin. P. T. Jun., '29. (4:648.)
SLESINGER, TESS.
*Mother to Dinner. Men. J. Mar., '30. (18:221.)
SMITH, CHARLES EDWARD.
Davey's Gal. Cen. Jun., '29. (118:230.)
SMITH, EDGAR VALENTINE.
*Freed. Scr. Jun., '29. (85:668.)
SMITH, FAITH ELLEN.
Candlelight. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '29. (28.)
Miracles Do Happen. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '29. (76.)
SMITH, GORDON ARTHUR.
Last Laugh. S. E. P. Nov. 30, '29. (12.)
*Pearl Necklace. Harp. M. Jan., '30. (160:180.)
SMITH, H. M. K.
**Smile of Buddha. N. A. Rev. Mar., '30. (229:277.)
SMITH, SARA BRANDSTEIN.
*Before the Finale. J. T. Aug. 2, '29. (4.)
SMITH, WALLACE.
Doubling for Cupid. Cos. Aug., '29. (52.)
Gold Digger. Red Bk. Jul., '29. (46.)
SMYTH, JOSEPH HILTON. (*See also* BROWNE, PORTER EMERSON, *and* SMYTH, JOSEPH HILTON.)
Back to Broadway. S. E. P. Feb. 22, '30. (14.)
This Lost Degeneration. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (16.)
SMYTH, JOSEPH HILTON, *and* BROWNE, PORTER EMERSON.
Girls Demand Excitement. Col. Mar. 1, '30. (9.)
SOKOLOFF, NATALIE B.
***Commissar Zaharov. Brith Sholom News. Apr., '29. (6.)
SOMERVILLE, A. W.
Tale of the Old Main Line. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (20.)
Wide-Open Throttle. S. E. P. Feb. 8, '30. (52.)
SPEARE, DOROTHY.
Hating the Same People. L. H. J. Oct., '29. (18.)
Vampires All. Pict. R. Sept., '29. (25.)
SPENCER, JOSEPHINE.
*Olaf's Freedom. Pr. S. Fall, '29. (3:237.)
SPENCER, JOHN A.
**Factory Noon. Tan. Mar., '30. (5:77.)
SPENCER, MARY ETTA.
Beyond the Years. Opp. Oct., '29. (7:311.)
SPITZER, MARIAN.
Temperament—That's All. W. H. C. Aug., '29. (22.)
SPRINGER, FLETA CAMPBELL.
***Rotter. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '29. (77.)
SPRINGER, THOMAS GRANT.
Daughter of the Moon. Strat. Jun., '29. (3.)
SPRINGS, ELLIOTT WHITE.
One Who Was Clever. Red. Bk. Aug., '29. (74.)
Sky High. Red Bk. Jul., '29. (50.)

SPRUNT, *jr.*, ALEXANDER.
Black Medicine. Colum. Aug., '29. (20.)
Coming of the Rains. Colum. Dec., '29. (24.)
On the Wings of the Storm. Colum. Oct., '29. (18.)
Tawny-Wing, Triumphant. L. H. J. Apr., '30. (12.)
Troubled Waters. Colum. Mar., '30. (22.)

SQUIER, EMMA-LINDSAY.
Caprice of the Queen. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (48.)
Drums of the Yaqui. C. G. Apr., '30. (7.)
Forgotten Firefly. L. H. J. Mar., '30. (18.)
Gold Afar. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '30. (48.)
Jewels of the Dead. Col. Jan. 18. '30. (20.)
Last Emperor. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '29. (42.)
Lost Love Song. Red Bk. Dec., '29. (28.)
Old Man Duendy. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '29. (42.)

STAIT, VIRGINIA.
*As It Ever Shall Be. B. S. Jan., '30. (8.)
*Man and Woman and Beast. Tam. No. 4. (28.)
*No Defence. Archive. Apr., '30. (5.)
**Strings. Tam. No. 7. (48.)

STANLEY, ELIZABETH.
Carapacho Centipede. Scr. Mar., '30. (87:285.)

STANLEY, MAY.
**Blue Water. C. G. Oct., '29. (20.)
Neighbors. Del. Dec., '29. (14.)
***Sailor Comes Home. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '30. (84.)
*Scarlet Shawl. C. G. Feb., '30. (15.)

STARK, JEAN.
*Clouded Ivory. Cos. Jul., '29. (76.)

STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL.
***Conjuh. Pict. R. Oct., '29. (20.)
***In the Shade of the Tree. Harp. M. Jan., '30. (160:153.)
**Ki. Pict. R. Feb., '30. (16.)
***Marriage in Kairwan. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (32.)
**Pioneers. Harp. M. Jul., '29. (159:199.)
***Quicksilver. Harp. M. Aug., '29. (159:316.) [(16.)
*Surprise. Pict. R. Sept., '29.
*Wife of a Viking. Pict. R. Apr., '30. (13.)
***Woman at Seven Brothers. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '29. (61.)

STEFFENS, LINCOLN.
***One Hundred and Sixty-Four. P. T. Jul., '29. (5:12.)

STEVENS, JAMES.
*Going to the Dogs. P. T. Apr., '30. (6:477.)

STILES, IRENE.
Blind Alley. Chic. Trib. Apr. 27, '30.

STOCKTON, FRANK R.
***Magic Egg. (*R.*) W. T. May, '30. (15:699.)

STOKES, HORACE WINSTON.
At the Foot of the Hill. Pict. R. Oct., '29. (30.)

STONE, ELINORE COWAN.
*Smoke. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '29. (86.)

STONE, GEOFFREY.
Soul Kiss. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (181.)

STREET, JULIAN.
Bull Market. S. E. P. Jan. 18, '30. (3.)
Chameleon. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (3.)
*Matter of Standards. Scr. Jan., '30. (87:1.)
**Mr. Bisbee's Princess. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '30. (66.)
Noel. L. H. J. Dec., '29. (12.)

STYRON, ARTHUR.
*Alms of Obligation. N. A. Rev. Aug., '29. (228:162.)
**Gilded Buddha. N. A. Rev. Dec., '29. (228:745.)

SUCKOW, RUTH.
***Experience. A. Merc. Dec., '29. (18:396.)
***Home-Coming. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '29. (54.)
***Sunset Camp. Harp. M. Nov., '29. (159:693.)
***Susan and the Doctor. Harp. M. Dec., '29. (160:20.)
**Visiting. Pict. R. Jul., '29. (17.)

SULLIVAN, MAURICE S.
Talkies Come to Town. A. Merc. Oct., '29. (18:222.)

SURDEZ, GEORGES.
**Instead. Adv. Nov. 1, '29. (44.)

SUTTON, GERTRUDE MACAULAY.
Private Angel. W. H. C. Feb., '30. (11.)
SWAN, MARK.
Man Who Couldn't Forget. Col. Nov. 23, '29. (12.)
SYNON, MARY.
Barbarian. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '30. (78.)
Do You Know My Mother? Red Bk. Jan., '30. (62.)
Grand Piano. G. H. (N. Y.) Nov., '29. (60.)
If I Were Your Age. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '30. (60.)
No Margin. Red Bk. Apr., '30. (42.)
Two Women Who Waited. McCall. Jul., '29. (16.)

T

TAFT, CLARA MAXWELL.
Emmy and Angela. McCall. Sept., '29. (30.)
TARKINGTON, BOOTH.
Being Chairman at the Neck. Am. Mar., '30. (14.)
Belinda Interferes. L. H. J. Dec., '29. (23.)
Belinda Moves Up. L. H. J. Sept., '29. (14.)
Belinda's Importance. L. H. J. Jan., '30. (20.)
Miss Dale Learns to Laugh. L. H. J. Nov., '29. (24.)
Owner's Wife. L. H. J. Oct., '29. (22.)
Pansy Dale and Patsy Dorker. L. H. J. Aug., '29. (3.)
*Talk at Mary's Neck. Am. Apr., '30. (109:18.)
TARLETON, FISWOODE.
*Informer. Adv. Jan. 15, '30. (76.)
***Shame. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '29. (70:374.)
*Skin for Skin. Cen. Jul., '29. (118:316.)
TATUM, EDITH.
*Selena Lou. P. T. Jul., '29. (5:92.)
TAYLOR, GRAEME.
*Dr. Breakey Opposes Union. T. Q. Jul.-Sept., '29. (2:63.)
TERHUNE, ALBERT PAYSON.
Bag from Nowhere. C. G. Mar., '30. (6.)
Blue Ribbons. L. H. J. Oct., '29. (16.)
Cephas. Red Bk. Jan., '30. (34.)
Comrades. Red Bk. Aug., '29. (66.)
Detective Ranter. C. G. Aug., '29. (10.)
Grim. C. G. Jan., '30. (17.)
Lad and Lohengrin. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (88.)
Ring and the Ringer. L. H. J. Dec., '29. (8.)
Ringer. Red Bk. Jul., '29. (68.)
Scourge. L. H. J. Mar., '30. (16.)
Thor and Old Henry. C. G. Oct., '29. (15.)
Three Loud Cheers. C. H. J. Jun., '29. (3.)
TERRELL, JOHN UPTON.
***Wind. Frontier. Nov., '29. (10:53.)
TERRILL, LUCY STONE.
Beautiful Valley. S. E. P. Dec. 21, '29. (14.)
Every Prospect Pleases. S. E. P. Jun. 1, '29. (49.)
Laugh or Leave. S. E. P. Nov. 2, '29. (8.)
TETLOW, HENRY.
Christmas After the Armistice. P. T. Sept., '29. (5:270.)
THIBAULT, DAVID.
Cupid's Follow-up. Col. Apr. 5, '30. (29.)
Open to Argument. Col. Jul. 6, '29. (11.)
THOMAS, DOROTHY.
***Three Blue Doves. Scr. Oct., '29. (86:434.)
THOMAS, ELISABETH FINLEY.
*Revealing Moment. Harp. B. Jan., '30. (98.)
***Treasures on Earth. Cen. Jul., '29. (118:270.)
THOMAS, EMILE G.
Crusader. Opp. Jan., '30. (8:19.)
THOMASON, *jr.*, JOHN W.
Advance Guard. Cos., Apr., '30. (90.)
THORNE, CRICHTON ALSTON.
*Miss Sally and the Red Geranium. House. Aug., '29. (4.)
TICHENOR, GEORGE.
**Summer Time. Transit. Fall, '29. (272.)
TILDESLEY, ALICE L.
Hollywood Love Story. W. H. C. Feb., '30. (21.)
TIPTON, STANLEY.
There's Always a Way. Col. Nov. 2, '29. (11.)

TITUS, HAROLD.
Crucible. C. G. Sept., '29. (17.) [(7.)
Looker-After. C. G. Jul., '29.
Loyalty. C. G. Mar., '30. (24.)
Moment of Glory. C. G. Dec., '29. (14.)
Mute Witness. Am. Oct., '29. (18.)
TOKSVIG, SIGNE.
***Violet Crown. Scan. Jun., '29. (17:360.)
TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBOR.
Copy. Del. Aug., '29. (10.)
Fanny Foley Herself. L. H. J. Apr., '30. (5.)
Freedom. W. H. C. Apr., '30. (15.)
Lovely Woman. W. H. C. Oct., '29. (29.)
Stout Little House. C. G. Jun., '29. (13.)
TOOKE, ALFRED I.
*Not To Be Sneezed At. House. Feb., '30. (8.)
TOGERSON, EDWIN DIAL.
Retrieved! Chic. Trib. Feb. 16, '30.
TORREY, GRACE.
Emergency Ahead. L. H. J. Apr., '30. (22.)
TRACY, VERA MARIE.
*After Dark. Cath. W. Nov., '29. (130:134.)
*Window-World. Cath. W. Apr., '30. (131:40.)
TRIKMAN, DAVID.
*How the Autumn Is Made. Ref. Oct., '29. (65.)
TROY, ELIZABETH.
*Salad Forks. A. S. S. Jan., '30. (5.)
TULLY, JIM.
***Graveyard that Moved. A. Merc. Jul., '29. (17:319.)
TURNBULL, AGNES SLIGH.
Mary and Joseph. McCall. Dec., '29. (14.)

U

ULLMAN, ROLAND G. E.
Lee Hayes Makes a Pilgrimage. Scr. Nov., '29. (86:531.)
UPSON, WILLIAM HAZLETT.
*Beautiful Red Wagon. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (8.)
*Europe is Due for a Surprise. S. E. P. Mar. 1, '30. (6.)
*Everything Was All Tied Up. S. E. P. Jan. 11, '30. (10.)
*Father Is Angry. S. E. P. Aug. 3, '29. (8.)
*I'm In a Hurry. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '30. (38.)
*Lost in the Machinery. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (12.)
*Monument Historique. S. E. P. Mar. 15, '30. (12.)
***Vineyard at Schloss Ramsburg. S. E. P. Apr. 19, '30. (8.)

V

V., R. S.
Alchemist. Tam. No. 4. (23.)
VAIL, LAURENCE.
Murder, Murder. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (108.)
VANA, DEMETRA.
*Pangs of Success. Harp. B. Jan., '30. (73.)
"VAN DINE, S. S."
Almost Perfect Crime. Cos. Jul., '29. (66.)
Bonmartini Murder Case. Cos. Oct., '29. (92.)
Fool! Cos. Jan., '30. (82.)
Inconvenient Husband. Cos. Aug., '29. (102.)
VAN EEGHEN, HENDRIK.
Soldiers' Mothers. Red Bk. Sept., '29. (85.)
VAN SLYKE, LUCILLE.
Into the Caddy Cage. Chic. Trib. Jan. 12, '30.
VAN VORST, MARIE.
So She Came to Italy. Harp. B. Aug., '29. (50.)
Thief in Love. Cos. Nov., '29. (51.)
VANCE, LOUIS JOSEPH.
Flash. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (129.)
VANDERCOOK, JOHN W.
***Djombé River. Harp. M. Feb., '30. (160:265.) Mar., '30. (160:472.)
***Funk. Harp. M. Sept., '29. (159:462.)
VOGEL, JOSEPH.
Maria. Mor. Winter, '30. (1:36.)
*Neighbors. Pagy. Apr., '30. (53.)
*Tinkling Piano. A. S. S. Feb., '30. (33.)
VONTVER, MAY.
*Ranchwoman. Frontier. Mar., '30. (10:232.)
VORSE, MARY HEATON.
*Comeback. G. H. (N. Y.) Sept., '29. (42.)

VORSE, MARY HEATON. (*Cont.*)
***In Tangier. Harp. M. Dec., '29. (160:61.)
*Mudguards. Del. Apr., '30. (20.)

W

WALDO, SIDNEY.
Twenty Years. Col. Dec. 28, '29. (10.)
WALLACE, FRANCIS.
For the "Little Women." Red Bk. Aug., '29. (70.)
Pig Iron Dugan. Col. Sept. 28, '29. (9.)
WARD, FRANCIS.
**David Follows After. House. Nov., '29. (10.)
WARD, LEO L.
Balaam in Burrville. Mid. Jul.-Aug., '29. (15:145.)
**Rain. Mid. Mar.-Apr., '30. (16:118.)
**Rust in the Wheat. Mid. Sept.-Oct., '29. (15:215.)
WARE, EDMUND.
**Alley Rat. Am. Nov., '29. (36.)
*"Sculpin'." Am. Mar., '30. (21.)
WARFIELD, FRANCES.
*Boy's Head. Harp. M. Jul., '29. (159:231.)
WARREN, DALE.
***Rabbits. H. H. Fall, '29. (3:45.)
WARREN, MAUDE RADFORD.
High Calling. Chic. Trib. Mar. 23, '30.
WAY, ISABEL STEWART.
*Day's End. Pict. R. Apr., '30. (15.)
WAYNE, PALMA.
Alias Gally. Pict. R. Jan., '30. (16.)
WEAVER, JOHN V. A.
*Labor of Love. Rom. Aug., '29. (165.)
WEISBERG, GOLDIE.
*Poor White. P. T. Nov., '29. (5:565.)
WELLES, HARRIET.
*Strange Ships. W. H. C. Mar., '30. (15.)
WELLINGTON, GEORGE.
**Sometimes, It Becomes Necessary to Move a Piano. For. Dec., '29. (82:342.)
WERTENBAKER, CHARLES.
Fraternally Yours. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (68.) [(24.)
Honor. S. E. P. Aug. 3, '29. Pat Hobson's Boots. S. E. P. Nov. 30, '29. (16.)
WESTON, GEORGE.
Girl at Zinky's. Col. Oct. 19, '29. (7.)
Girl Who Blushed. Col. Nov. 16, '29. (20.)
WESTON, ORVILLE.
One Swell Hunch. Col. Apr. 19, '30. (37.)
WHITE, NELIA GARDNER.
Cheap. McCall. Mar., '30. (20.)
"Love is Not Love." Am. Sept., '29. (46.)
Star in the East. McCall. Dec., '29. (20.)
WHITE, OWEN P.
Conchita. Col. Oct. 5, '29. (18.)
Portia, West of the Pecos. Col. Aug. 10, '29. (22.)
Soakem O'Riley. Col. Aug. 24, '29. (26.)
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD.
Shepper-Newfounder. S. E. P. Mar. 29, '30. (10.)
Tingra's Ghost Story. S. E. P. Jun. 29, '29. (10.)
WHITMAN, STEPHEN FRENCH.
***Woman from Yonder (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '29. (46.)
WHITSETT, GEORGE.
**Orchard. U. S. A. Spring, '30. (24.)
WILEY, HUGH.
Chicken Coup. S. E. P. Sept. 21, '29 (20.)
Chinaman's Chance. Col. Nov. 23, '29. (18.)
Equity. Col. Jun. 22, '29. (10.)
Long Time No See. S. E. P. Mar. 15, '30. (20.)
Mussell Bound. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (49.)
On the Heir. S. E. P. Feb. 22, '30. (38.) [(53.)
Safety. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29.
Shindig. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (26.)
Stubborn. S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (28.)
WILLETS, ELIZA.
Coast Lights. W. H. C. Aug., '29. (31.)
WILLIAMS, BEN AMES.
*Creatures of the Night. Am. Feb., '30. (32.)
*Death Apple. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (18.)

WILLIAMS, BEN AMES. (*Cont.*)
*Happy House. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (30.)
Hind Let Loose. W. H. C. Jun., '29. (10.)
*Immune. S. E. P. Jan. 11, '30. (49.)
*Man Afraid. S. E. P. Apr. 26, '30. (8.)
Preferred Lies. S. E. P. Aug. 3, '29. (12.)
*Prudent Man. Col. Oct. 5, '29. (32.)
Throwback. S. E. P. Jun. 22, '29. (10.)
*Touch. S. E. P. Nov. 9, '29. (20.)
*Wild Ones. S. E. P. Aug. 17, '29. (56.)

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS.
**Four Bottles of Beer. Pagy. Apr., '30. (38.)

WILLS, SHELDON.
Mrs. Warren's Successor. Cath. W. Aug., '29. (129:557.)

WILLSON, DIXIE.
Blue Whiskers. Am. Nov., '29. (32.)
*Jolly Good Boots. Del. Dec., '29. (18.)
Knock on Wood. Del. Mar., '30. (60.)
Miss Coney Island. Del. Feb., '30. (10.)
Mr. Money. Am. Sept., '29. (70.)
Stray Dog Who Wouldn't Be Lost. Del. Oct., '29. (96.)
Tell Me a Story About a Bear. Del. Aug., '29. (18.)
Two Little Girls. Del. Sept., '29. (70.)
Who Kissed Me? Cos. Nov., '29. (32.)

WILSON, CHARLES MORROW.
*Better Folks. A. Merc. Jun., '29. (17:223.)

WILSON, FORREST.
*Green—as in Envy. Cos. Jul., '29. (88.)
*That Affair in the Latin Quarter. Cos. Jun., '29. (88.)
**Very Private Scandal. Cos. Jan., '30. (62.)

WILSON, MARY BADGER.
Girl Who Had Everything. W. H. C. Feb., '30. (18.)

WINCHESTER, ROBERT.
"Crawl Out on the Wing!" Red Bk. Oct., '29. (62.)

WINKLER, JOHN K.
Ice-Cream. Red Bk. Aug., '29. (80.)

WINSLOW, HORATIO.
And It Was. S. E. P. Jun. 22, '29. (16.)
Leave It to Mil. S. E. P. Jun. 8, '29. (37.)

WINSLOW, SEYMOUR.
Initiation. C. G. Sept., '29. (20.)

WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER.
Alibi. Chic. Trib. Mar. 30, '30.
***Custody of the Dog. A. Merc. Nov., '29. (18:340.)
**Long Way. Chic. Trib. Jul. 21, '29.
***Vultures. Chic. Trib. Oct. 6, '29.

WINSMORE, ROBERT.
Bonds of Service. S. E. P. Mar. 15, '30. (18.)
Peter the Fourteenth. S. E. P. Dec. 7, '29. (20.)

WITWER, H. C.
King's Up. Col. Dec. 14, '29. (14.)
Punch and Rudy. Col. Oct. 5, '29. (14.)
Sax Appeal. Col. Jun. 29, '29. (10.)
She Dupes to Conquer. Col. Aug. 3, '29. (10.)

WOLFE, THOMAS.
**Angel on the Porch. Scr. Aug., '29. (86:205.)

WOLFF, WILLIAM ALMON.
Captain Courageous. Col. Oct. 12, '29. (26.)
So Much Depends on the Approach. Cos. Mar., '30. (53.)

WOOD, *jr.*, LEONARD.
Approving Buddha. Scr. Jul., '29. (86:33.)

WOOD, PHILIP.
Matinée Idyl. Scr. Oct., '29. (86:394.)

WOOD, QUINTAN.
Boxer. Am. Feb., '30. (38.)

WOODFORD, JACK.
Paladin. P. T. Feb., '30. (6:198.)

WOODY, REGINA J.
Star for a Night. Col. Dec. 7, '29. (15.)

WORTHINGTON, LOUISE.
**Madame Rossignol. N. A. Rev. Sept., '29. (228:367.)

WYLIE, PHILIP.
**Fire Next Door. N. Y. Mar. 29, '30. (38.)

WYNN, ALICE GORTON.
Sardines. Cath. W. Jul., '29. (129:404.)

Y

YORDAN, E. L.
Home to Mother. N. A. Rev. Nov., '29. (228:616.)

YOUNG, JAMES H.
**Defiance. Opp. Nov., '29. (7:344.)
YOUNG, JAMES N.
Very First Try. Col. Oct. 26, '29. (48.)
YOUNG, STARK.
**Poorhouse Goes to the Circus. Scr. Dec., '29. (86:684.)

II. CANADIAN AUTHORS

A

A., E. R.
*Hermit of Tiree. Tor. Dec. 7, '29.
ADAMS, PETER MILLER.
*Fulfillment. Tor. Nov. 9, '29.
AMY, LACEY.
Perfect Ending. MacL. Oct. 1, '29. (19.)
"ARIEL."
*Princess and the Orphan. C. Nat. May-Jun., '29. (23.)

B

BARNARD, LESLIE GORDON.
*Gift of the Colver Blood. Can. Jun., '29. (5.)
***Mr. Pinadeck's Day. C. H. J. Feb., '30. (12.)
Mrs. Slattery Beats the Devil. Can. Sept., '29. (12.)
"Passengers Must Be On Board by Midnight." MacL. Apr. 15, '30. (10.)
Rizzie's Uncle Jordan. MacL. Jun. 15, '29. (4.)
***Shadowed Face. Can. Apr., '30. (12.)
**Tap! Tap! Det. Nov. 16, '29. (125.)
BARNARD, MARGARET ELLIOTT.
*Dragon Tea-pot. C. H. J., Apr., '30. (3.)
BARRINGTON, E.
He Knew Women. Cos. Apr., '30. (37.)
BAYNE, E. G.
Mr. Fiegenbaum's Find. C. H. J. Jun., '29. (24.)
BEAMES, JOHN.
Little Charlie. Can. Aug., '29. (5.)
BEDARD, HELENE.
*One Flesh. MacL. Jun. 15, '29. (10.)
BIRD, WILL R.
*Auntie Abdul. Tor. Aug. 3, '29.
Cowbarn Nose. MacL. Apr. 1, '30. (10.)
Good Fortune of Jean Renert. C. H. J. Apr., '30. (8.)
Iron Cross. C. H. J. Nov., '29. (10.)
*Old Soldier. MacL. Apr. 15, '30. (3.)
BOWMAN, LOUISE MOREY.
Careers, C. H. J. Jan., '30. (12.)
Woman Who Went to Africa. Chat. Nov., '29. (8.)
BREACH, R. E.
Fatal Wedding. MacL. Jan. 15, '30. (18.)
BROWN, ROLLIN.
Devil-Ride. MacL. Sept. 1, '29. (16.)
BRUCE, BETTY.
Pagan's Progress. MacL. Feb. 15, '30. (10.)
BRUCE, CHARLES.
Copy, Copy. Can. Jun., '29. (20.)
BRUCE, MURIEL.
What Is a Thrill Anyway? C. H. J. Feb., '30. (10.)
BULLEN, LEONARD.
One Gun and Providence. C. Merc. Jun., '29. (1:127.)
BURTON, JEAN.
*Clara and Eva. C. For. Nov., '29. (10:47.)
Mrs. Smith. C. Merc. Jun., '29. (1:137.)

C

CALDWELL, EVANTHA.
Men Don't Need to Know Everything. Chat. Jun., '29. (3.)
CALLAGHAN, MORLEY.
***Faithful Wife. N. Y. Dec. 28, '29. (14.)
***Novice. Can. Mar., '30. (73:11.)
***Now That April's Here. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:270.)
CAMPBELL, CLYDE E.
Fool Notions. MacL. Nov. 15, '29. (10.)

CAMPBELL, GRACE M.
Mist. Chat. Mar., '30. (7.)
"CARLETON, S."
**Frenchwoman's Son. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '29. (43.)
CARRUTHERS, J. H.
Quick Returns. Can. Nov., '29. (8.)
CAULFIELD, HESTER.
Proud Look. Chat. Aug., '29. (7.)
CHIDESTER, HELEN DANIELS.
Mints for Tea. Chat. Jul., '29. (5.)
CHUTE, ARTHUR HUNT.
Lone Land. MacL. Jan. 15, '30. (10.)
CLARKE, GEORGE FREDERICK.
Last Lodge. C. H. J. Feb., '30. (9.)
Monarch of Tamarack Bend. C. H. J. Nov., '29. (15.)
CODY, H. A.
Tenth Point. C. H. J. Apr., '30. (12.)
CRAVEN, MARGARET.
Here Lies Virginia. MacL. Oct. 15, '29. (12.)
CRUIT, ROWLEY.
*Sea Pressure. C. For. Jun., '29. (9 :309.)
CUNNINGHAM, LOUIS ARTHUR.
*Apotheosis of Rand. MacL. Dec. 15, '29. (21.)
*Bucko Mate. MacL. Dec. 1, '29. (12.)
*Face of the Drowned. MacL. Nov. 15, '29. (14.)
*Joan Storme's Ship. MacL. Apr. 1, '30. (14.)
Mad Michael. Chat. Apr., '30. (10.)
Noah's Ark. MacL. Apr. 15, '30. (14.)
Spring and Miss Heather. Can. Apr., '30. (9.)
Tender Millstone. Chat. Oct., '29. (9.)

D

DAVIES, BLODWEN.
Ambitions of Jean Latour. MacL. Feb. 15, '30. (6.)
Jade Cat. Chat. Oct., '29. (3.)
DAVIS, ELIZABETH.
Mother. C. H. J. Jul., '29. (27.)
DENBY, R. J. B.
Reformation of Ronald Potts. C. H. J. Jul., '29. (6.)
DICKIE, FRANCIS.
*Homesteaders. W. H. M. Jan., '30. (9.)
DONOVAN, LAURENCE.
Greasy Luck. MacL. Feb. 15, '30. (14.)
DOUGHTY, DOROTHY M.
*"These Are They." MacL. Sept. 15, '29. (8.)
DUFFIELD, ANNE.
*Magnificent Emily. MacL. Mar. 15, '30. (6.)
DUTHIE, J. D.
Blended Scotch and Irish. C. H. J. Mar., '30. (8.)
DYER, CARLETON.
Gooseberry Golf. MacL. Jun. 1, '29. (10.)

E

EADMAN, FLORENCE WARING.
When They Were Twenty! C. H. J. Dec., '29. (18.)
EDWARDS, FREDERICK.
Amateur, MacL. Mar. 1, '30. (5.)
Automobiles Have Come to Stay. MacL. Jun. 1, '29. (14.)
This Man's Town. MacL. Nov. 15, '29. (18.)
ELTHAM, DEAN.
Angel. MacL. Oct. 1, '29. (14).
Back Number. MacL. Feb. 1, '30. (10.)
Caveat Emptor. C. H. J. Jul., '29. (10.)
Crock Golf. MacL. Aug. 1, '29. (12.)
St. Bartholomew Passes On. Can. Jul., '29. (13.)
EPPES, DOUGLAS.
Tragedy on Cannon Street. MacL. Sept. 15, '29. (14.)
EVANS, HUBERT. (*See also* WINTER, ANN, *and* EVANS, HUBERT.
Allies of the Air. Can. Jul., '29. (10.)
Chester Climbs. MacL. Apr. 15, '30. (19.)
Chester Collects. MacL. Mar. 1, '30. (20.)
Home Waters Call. MacL. Aug. 1, '29. (15.)
Loyalty. Can. Dec., '29. (9.)
Working Fool. Can. Oct., '29. (14.)
EVERSON, RONALD.
Shooting of Lalagage. Can. Apr., '30. (15.) [(16.)
Wings of God. Can. Jul., '29.

F

FARMER, BERNARD J.
*Dollar Ninety-Eight. MacL. Aug. 1, '29. (8.)
*Jed Morrow's Bride. MacL. Jun. 1, '29. (6.)

FORSYTH, R. B.
*Wild Barley. Tor. Jun. 8, '29.

FRAME, CHRISTINA.
Mary Michael Contributes. C. H. J. Nov., '29. (12.)

FRASER, A. ERMATINGER.
*Checkmate from China. W. H. M. Aug., '29. (7.)

FRASER, W. A.
Calcutta Night. C. H. J. Sept., '29. (3.)
Hubshi. MacL. Dec. 1, '29. (4.)
Old Jack's Coup. Can. Jun., '29. (8.)

G

GIERIN, GRACE.
Gray Day. Can. Nov., '29. (14.)

GILLESPIE, ETHEL.
Phyllis Sees Life. C. H. J. Jan., '30. (8.)

GILLINGHAM, DONALD W.
***In a Strange Town. Dial. Jun., '29. (86:476.)

GRAHAM, JEAN.
Yuletide Dream. C. H. J. Jan., '30. (10.)

GROVE, FREDERICK PHILIP.
*Salesmanship. C. Nat. May-Jun., '29. (20.)

H

HAIGHT, DOROTHY.
Miss Shattuck. Chat. Aug., '29. (5.)

HALL, R. K.
Three's a Crowd. Chat. Nov., '29. (6.)

HANLON, JOHN.
Miss Susan Clips Some Wings. C. H. J. Jun., '29. (12.)
Ragged Sailors. Can. Feb., '30. (17.)

HARDY, W. G.
Bull Grappler. MacL. Jan. 15, '30. (6.)

HARLAND, MICHAEL.
How to Write a Short Story. MacL. Aug. 15, '29. (17.)

HINDS, JEAN L.
Thomas Proposes. Chat. Sept., '29. (6.)

HOLWAY, RUTH.
See-Green Négligé. C. H. J. Jun., '29. (14.)

HOWARD, ERIC.
Muffins. Chat. Nov., '29. (11.)

HUNTER, THOMAS FORSYTH.
Chasing Medals in No Man's Land. Can. Oct., '29. (20.)

HURLEY, JOHN.
Half-Way Man of the West. C. Merc. Jun., '29. (1:132.)
Smarmworths. C. For. Dec., '29. (10:88.)

I

INGERSOLL, WILL E.
**Harvest Lancelot. MacL. Sept. 15, '29. (12.)
***Jehovah in the Field. Can. Apr. '30. (6.)

INNIS, MARY QUAYLE.
*Clydes. Tor. Sept. 14, '29.
*Cry of the Loon. Tor. Mar. 29, '30.
*Fourth Norway. MacL. Jul. 15, '29. (14.)
*Love Potion. Tor. Nov. 23, '29.
*Schooling. C. For. Feb., '30. (10:164.)

K

KEITH, MARIAN.
Guarded Hearthstone. MacL. Jun. 15, '29. (12.)

KENNEDY, LEO.
**Portion of Your Breath. C. For. Jan., '30. (10:123.)

KENNEDY, RODERICK STUART.
**Armistice Ball. Can. Nov., '29. (3.)
*Carnival! Cath. W. Dec., '29. (130:322.)
***Concerning the War. Colum. Sept., '29. (11.) Can. Jan., '30. (7.) [(9.)
*Gods Laughed. Can., Oct., '29.
*Panic. Can. Feb., '30. (9.)

KNIGHT, VIRGINIA COYNE.
How Many Miles to Millerville? C. H. J. Aug., '29. (6.)

KNISTER, RAYMOND.
***Fate of Mrs. Lucier. C. Nat. May-Jun., '29. (8.)

KUHRING, M. K.
Coming of Timothy. C. H. J. Mar., '30. (14.)

L

LAURISTON, VICTOR.
Clinkers. MacL. Jan. 1, '30. (10.)

LAURISTON, VICTOR. (*Cont.*)
Home, Sweet Home. C. H. J. Dec., '29. (9.)
Prowler. Can. Oct., '29. (18.)
Uncle Ethelred's Buffet. C. H. J. Nov., '29. (3.)

LE ROSSIGNOL, J. E.
*Arrow Point Sash. Tor. Nov. 30, '29.
**Colporteur. Tor. Oct. 19, '29.
*Coureur des Bois. Tor. Feb. 1, '30.
*Habitant Bourgeois. Tor. Dec. 14, '29.
**Market Day. C. H. J. Jul., '29. (6.)
*Question of Veracity. O. A. Aug., '29. (5.)
*Stranger. C. H. J. Jan., '30. (3.)

LEA, CONSTANCE NICHOLSON.
*Desperate Measures. Tor. Jun. 29, '29.

LLOYD, C. F.
*Madame Louise. Tor. Jan. 4, '30.

LONGSTRETH, T. MORRIS.
Puk's God. MacL. Jun. 15, '29. (6.)
Scarlet Fever. Chat. Jan., '30. (6.)

LOOMIS, J. PAUL.
Educated Fool. MacL. Jul. 1, '29. (10.) [(7.)
God's Roses. Chat. Feb., '30.
Noir. MacL. Jan. 1, '30. (3.)
Pol of Peigan River. MacL. Nov. 1, '29. (14.)

LOWE, ARTHUR.
Fifty-Fifty. MacL. Mar. 15, '30. (14.)
Lucky Stiff. MacL. Dec. 1, '29. (8.)

LUCE, PHILIP WINTER.
Crumbs of Evidence. MacL. Feb. 1, '30. (20.)
Front Page Stuff. MacL. Mar. 15, '30. (18.)
Meet the Wife. MacL. Jun. 1, '29. (20.)

LUGRIN, N. DE BERTRAND.
*Nathan the Unbeaten. Can. Nov., '29. (11.)

M

MACCLURE, VICTOR.
Elopement. Chat. Jan., '30. (3.)

MCFARLANE, LESLIE.
**Far Horizons. MacL. Jul. 1, '29. (14.)
Red Hand. MacL. Apr. 1, '30. (21.)
*Three Days More. MacL. Dec. 15, '30. (18.)
*Uncle Absalom Minds Nanny. Tor. Aug. 10, '29.

MAURICE, MARJORIE.
Barbarian. Chat. Jul., '29. (14.)

METFORD, HELENE.
Seven at Claman's. Can. Mar., '30. (19.)

METFORD, LIONEL SEYMOUR.
Circus Stuff. Can. Aug., '29. (12.)

MIELL, FRANK.
Understanding. Can. Mar., '30. (16.)

MONTGOMERY, L. M.
House Divided Against Itself. C. H. J. Mar., '30. (3.)
Price. Chat. Mar., '30. (10.)
*Question of Acquaintance. MacL. Oct. 1, '29. (12.)

MUIR, NORMA PHILLIPS.
All Is Dark, Save the Light. C. H. J. Dec., '29. (3.)

MURTHA, THOMAS.
***Smart Work. Mid. Mar.-Apr., '30. (16:84.) Can. Mar., '30. (12.)

N

NEBEL, FREDERICK L.
Behind the Shield. Colum. Aug., '29. (5.)
*Proud Youth. Tor. Jun. 22, '29.

O

O'HIGGINS, HARVEY J.
She Asked of Life Two Things. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (48.)
*What True Love Did to Mr. Bamby. Harp. M. Sept., '29. (159:411.) Oct., '29. (159:613.)

OLIVER, DOUGLAS.
Prophecy. Can. Aug., '29. (16.)

ORMEROD, EDWARD.
*Relic. Cath. W. Mar., '30. (130:713.)

P

PARTRIDGE, BASIL G.
Home Run! Home Run! MacL. Jul. 1, '29. (8.)
Platitoodinous Hooey. MacL. Aug. 15, '29. (14.)
Poor Old Married People. MacL. Jul. 15, '29. (10.)

PAUL, L.
*Man Standing Alone. Can. Jul., '29. (3.)
**Son of Yonderbound. Can. Mar., '30. (5.)
PHILLIPS, W. R.
End of the Road. C. H. J. Sept., '29. (10.)
PUGSLEY, EDMUND E.
*White Hindu. Tor. Sept. 14, '29.

R

RAINE, NORMAN REILLY.
Dandy Man. S. E. P. Mar. 15, '30. (8.)
Go to Toronto! Can. Jan., '30. (11.)
*Mr. Gallup. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (10.)
Old Dog. MacL. Jul. 15, '29. (6.)
Outward Bound. MacL. Aug. 15, '29. (3.)
*Pariah. S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (20.)
REDPATH, BEATRICE.
Like a Gaudy Feather. Can. Jan., '30. (8.)
REDPATH, WILLIAM.
Dinner for One. Can. Dec., '29. (13.)
Excursion. Can. Nov., '29. (19.)
*Sow a Habit. Tor. Jan. 4, '30.
REID, R. L.
Pitchforks for Two. MacL. Oct. 15, '29. (16.)
RIDDEHOUGH, GEOFFREY.
Story of a Five Dollar Bill. C. For. Dec., '29. (10:84.)
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.
Eyes of the Wilderness. MacL. Feb. 15, '30. (17.)
*King of the Triple Horn. (*R.*) Can. Jan., '30. (19.)
*When Judson Froze. Can. Apr., '30. (18.)
ROBERTS, LESLIE.
Montagu's Wife. Can. Feb., '30. (13.)
ROBERTS, THEODORE GOODRIDGE.
Cut of His Jib. MacL. Nov. 1, '29. (8.)
*Flurry. MacL. Mar. 1, '30. (15.)
Gay of Mount Gay. Can. Sept., '29. (4.)
Iced. Can. Dec., '29. (17.)
*Swizzles. (*R.*) Can. Aug., '29. (22.)
ROBINS, J. D.
**"Dead Slow." C. For. May, '29. (9:275.)
*Four Watchers. C. For. Oct., '29. (10:13.)
*Nellie's Walk. C. For. Jul., '29. (9:348.)
"You're Coming Over the Bridge." C. For. Mar., '30. (10:205.)
ROSS, MARY LOWREY.
Problem Parent. Can. Jan., '30. (4.)

S

SALLANS, G. H.
Hold the Sweep Line. MacL. Aug. 15, '29. (10.)
SALVERSON, LAURA GOODMAN.
*Witchery of Yule. Chat. Dec., '29. (8.)
SAXE, GAINES.
Go-Getter. Can. Feb., '30. (19.)
SCOTT, E. M.
Ever So Humble. Can. Jan., '30. (13.)
St. Nicholas Remembers. Can. Dec., '29. (7.)
SHANNON, MARY.
Brown Prince. Can. Jun., '29. (12.)
SHERWOOD, ROLAND H.
Home for Christmas. MacL. Dec. 15, '30. (7.)
SIMMONS, ADDISON.
*Art of Gentleness. MacL. Mar. 1, '30. (10.)
SLOMAN, FRED.
Inheritance. MacL. Sept. 1, '29. (20.)
STEAD, ROBERT.
We Are Born Single. C. H. J. Oct., '29. (12.)
STEELE, HARWOOD.
Old Timers Played Straight. Can. Sept., '29. (7.)
STEELE, PAUL.
Rim o' the World. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (76.)
Sand. Can. Nov., '29. (21.)
STRUAN, BEV.
Cost What It May. Can. Jun., '29. (15.)
SULLIVAN, ALAN.
Alias Proctor. MacL. Dec. 1, '29. (15.)
Black Fox. MacL. Apr. 1, '30. (5.)
What He Never Told. Chat. Apr., '30. (8.)

SUTTON, GRACE MACAULAY.
Indifference is Filthy. MacL. Jan. 1, '30. (8.)

T

TAYLOR, FRANCES BEATRICE.
Come Buy! Come Buy! Can. Oct., '29. (10.)
Covert from the Tempest. Can. Dec., '29. (3.)
*Saturday and Sunday. Chat. Aug., '29. (8.)
*That Casteth Out Fear. Can. Feb., '30. (3.)

THOMAS, MARTHA BANNING.
But There Are Orchids. MacL. Nov. 1, '29. (3.)
Maid and Maiden Aunt. MacL. Jan. 15, '30. (14.)
One Impulsive Thing. MacL. Mar. 15, '30. (10.)
*Red Hair and Freckles. MacL. Sept. 15, '29. (6.)
*Square Deal Sings Small. C. G. Aug., '29. (15.)
*Thorny Island. C. G. Dec., '29. (6.)

THOMPSON, DORA OLIVE.
That Spickett Baby Again. C. H. J. Oct., '29. (19.)

THORNTON, MARION.
Their First Christmas Eve. Chat. Dec., '29. (3.)

TRIMBLE, ALBERTA C.
*Communist. Can. Feb., '30. (7.)
Enchanted Grandmother. Can. Jul., '29. (7.)
*Pride Goeth Forth. Jan. 4, '30.

TRUSS, SELDON.
Hugo—and the Unnatural Mother. Chat. Jun., '29. (13.)

W

WATES, CYRIL G.
Princess Perilous. Can. Aug., '29. (8.)

WATSON, ROBERT.
*Sheiling at Camel's Hump. W. H. M. Feb., '30. (10.)

WATT, FREDERICK B.
Blimps. Can. Dec., '29. (18.)
Last Convoy. MacL. Dec. 15, '29. (10.)
No Heroics, Please. MacL. Feb. 1, '30. (12.)
*Old Man Sea. Can. Mar., '30. (3.)
One Up. N. A. Rev. Oct., '29. (228:455.)
Phantom Mines. MacL. Nov. 15, '29. (6.)
Thanks to Mr. Ballard. Can. Sept., '29. (21.)
*Three Laughing Ghosts. N. A. Rev. Nov., '29. (228:554.)
Without Benefit of Everything. MacL. Oct. 15, '29. (6.)

WILSON, ANNE ELIZABETH.
Sign of Christmas. MacL. Dec. 15, '29. (14.)

WINTER, ANN, *and* EVANS, HUBERT.
Lebanon Lotion. MacL. Jan. 1, '30. (14.)

Y

YOUNG, FRANK.
Soldier. Can. Sept., '29. (16.)

III. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

A

ALEXANDER, R. W.
Voices. Chic. Trib. Aug. 18, '29.

ALMEDINGEN, EDITH M.
*Examination in Diplomacy. W. T. Aug., '29. (14:262.)
Gentleman. Cath. W. Jun., '29. (129:304.)
*Italian Vintage. Colum. Feb., '30. (11.)
*Youth. Colum. Sept., '29. (22.)

ARLEN, MICHAEL.
*Affair of the Heart. Cos. Oct., '29. (76.)
*And I Was 21. Cos. Jul., '29. (62.)
*O Chivalry! Ly. Jul. 20, '29. [(13.)

ATTENBOROUGH, G. M.
***Brief Début of Lucian Mallady. V. F. Mar., '30. (63.)

AUMONIER, STACY.
***Brown Wallet. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '30. (79.)

AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN.
*In Ancient Egypt. S. E. P. Apr. 12, '30. (6.)
*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité! S. E. P. Nov. 16, '29. (34.)
*Meet Lenin. S. E. P. Jan. 11, '30. (30.)
*Michelangelo in Casa Medici. S. E. P. Jul. 20, '29. (37.)
*Mother Earth. S. E. P. Feb. 15, '30. (20.)
*Railroad Builders. S. E. P. Dec. 14, '29. (37.)

AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN. (*Cont.*)
*"When Adam Delved and Eve Span—." S. E. P. Jun. 1, '29. (39.)

B

BAILEY, H. C.
Bicycle Lamp. Del. Nov., '29. (15.)
Face in the Picture. Del. Jun., '29. (15.)
Football Photograph. Del. Jul., '29. (15.)
Greek Play. Del. Mar., '30. (15.)
Rock Garden. Del. Jan., '30. (21.)
Silver Cross. Del. Feb., '30. (16.)
Wedding Ring. Del. Dec., '29. (23.)

BAILY, F. E.
Lipstick. Cos. Dec., '29. (36.)
Straws. MacL. Feb. 1, '30. (8.)

BANISTER, MAYELL.
Paternity. Pict. R. Jan., '30. (13.)

BECKETT, SAMUEL.
Assumption. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (268.)

BENNETT, ARNOLD.
*Dream. Ly. Apr. 5, '30. (7.)
**Fortune Teller. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (27.)
Leading to Marriage. Col. Apr. 26, '30. (16.)
*Myrtle at 6 A.M. Chic. Trib. Sept. 22, '29. [(7.)
Night Visitor. Col. Oct. 26, '29.
Strange Affair in a Hotel. Chic. Trib. Feb. 2, '30.
*Understudy. Ly. Nov. 23, '29. (11.)

BENSON, E. F.
**Bed by the Window. W. T. Nov., '29. (14:699.)
**Hanging of Alfred Wadham. W. T. Aug., '29. (14:253.)
**Wishing Well. W. T. Jul., '29. (14:27.)
**Witch-Ball. W. T. Oct., '29. (14:502.)

BENSON, STELLA.
***Dream. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 19, '30. (6:946.)
***Hairy Carey's Son. Harp. M. Jun., '29. (159:45.)
***Prank. Harp. M. Jan., '30. (160:141.)
***Submarine. Harp. M. Sept., '29. (159:435.)

BERMAN, HANNAH.
**Lion's Share. J. F. Sept., '29. (12:380.)

BLACK, DOROTHY.
Clarissa Steps Out. Pict. R. Dec., '29. (12.)
Gift. Pict. R. Jul., '29. (12.)
I Gotta Wings. L. H. J. Mar., '30. (6.)
I Kiss Your Hand, Madam. S. E. P. Aug. 3, '29. (29.)
Infamous Mr. Conker. L. H. J. Sept., '29. (24.)
Little Bit of Fluff. Chat. Mar., '30. (13.)
Spell. Chat. Jan., '30. (10.)
Web. Chat. Feb., '30. (10.)

BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON.
***Running Wolf. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '29. (29.)

BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
***Invasion. N. A. Rev. Aug., '29. (228:213.)

BRANDON, MARION.
**Gift of the Dead. Cath. W. Aug., '29. (129:577.)

BROWN, LIONEL.
Worms. Chic. Trib. Feb. 23, '30.

BURKE, THOMAS.
*At the Sign of the Silver Star. V. F. Aug., '29. (52.)
**At the Villa. V. F. Feb., '30. (52.)
*Beauty and the Beast. V. F. Dec., '29. (84.)
**Bother at Drinsey Nook. V. F. Sept., '29. (56.)
*Sad Case of Valentine Thrill. V. F. Mar., '30. (58.)
*Shadow and the Bone. V. F. Jan., '30. (47.)
**Strange Hate of Ah Fook. V. F. Oct., '29. (69.)

BUTTS, MARY.
***House Party. Pagy. Jan.-Mar., '30. (1:7.)

C

CAMPBELL, REGINALD.
Napoleon. MacL. Oct. 1, '29. (6.)

CHESTERTON, G. K.
***Doom of the Darnaways. N. A. Rev. Oct., '29. (228:435.)

CHRISTIE, AGATHA.
Blue Geranium. Pict. R. Feb., '30. (9.) [(23.)
Companions. Pict. R. Mar., '30.
Four Suspects. Pict. R. Jan., '30. (23.)

COLLIER, JOHN.
***Thing Seen. Dial. Jul., '29. (86:591.)
COLUM, PADRAIC.
***Journey. Dial. Jun., '29. (86: 451.)
COPPARD, A. E.
***Funnel. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (79.)
CROMPTON, RICHMAL.
***On Pixie Hill. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '29. (62.)

D

DAVIES, RHYS.
***Revelation. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:328.)
DAWSON, CONINGSBY.
She Knew When She Was Happy. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '30. (22.)
Why Father Christmas Got Married. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '29. (34.)
DE LA MARE, WALTER.
***Cape Race. Yale. Autumn, '29. (19:148.)
***Picnic. Va. Apr., '30. (6:210.)
***Willows. Va. Oct., '29. (5:561.)
DEARDEN, HAROLD.
*Don't Expect Too Much of Women. Cos. Jan., '30. (44.)
DEEPING, WARWICK.
Heritage. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '29. (56.)
Other Woman. W. H. C. Aug., '29. (7.)
That Vulgar Person. L. H. J. Apr., '30. (9.)
DELAFIELD, E. M.
Bitter-Sweet Phrase. Harp. B. Nov., '29. (106.)
*Indispensable Woman. W. H. C. Nov., '29. (15.)
DICKENS, CHARLES.
***Signalman. (*R.*) W. T. Apr., '30. (15:560.)
DINGLE, A. E.
*Abel Brown, the Sailor. S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (12.)
*Anchor. Blue Bk. Jul., '29. (106.)
*"'Bandon Ship." Sh. St. Aug. 10, '29. (50.)
***Commissioner. Log. Nov.-Dec., '29. (4.)
*Harbor Lights. S. E. P. Jun. 15, '29. (18.) ['29. (64.)
*Salt Without Savor. Am. Jul., '29. (12.)
*Shellback. S. E. P. Jul. 20, '29. (12.)
DINNIS, ENID.
Love Came Back. Cath. W. Oct., '29. (130:45.)
DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN.
*Death Voyage. S. E. P. Sept. 28, '29. (3.)
DUNSANY, LORD.
**Descent of the Sultan of Khash. V. F. Apr., '30. (44.)
**Our Distant Cousins. S. E. P. Nov. 23, '29. (8.)

E

EDEN, HELEN PARRY.
*Gilded Deputy. Cath. W. Sept., '29. (129:655.)
EDGINTON, MAY.
Heart is Young. Col. Mar. 15, '30. (16.)

F

FARNOL, JEFFERY.
Bagged. Col. Jul. 20, '29. (32.)
*Rook. Col. Jul. 27, '29. (28.)
*To-morrow. Col. Nov. 9, '29. (32.)
FLETCHER, J. S.
At the First Green. Harp. B. Apr., '30. (109.)

G

GALSWORTHY, JOHN.
***Aunt Juley's Courtship. Del. Oct., '29. (10.)
***Forsyte Encounters the People. Del. Mar., '30. (12.)
***Francie's Fourpenny Foreigner. Del. Apr., '30. (15.)
***Midsummer Madness. Del. Jul., '29. (8.)
***Quality. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (53.)
***Revolt at Roger's. Del. Jan., '30. (10.)
***Soames and the Flag. Ly. Jun. 15, '29. (7.)
GERHARDI, WILLIAM.
**Mortal Stake. T. Q. Jan.-Mar., '30. (2:505.)
GIBBS, ANTHONY.
*King Albert Bung. C. H. J. Jan., '30. (13.)
GIBBS, SIR PHILIP.
*Artist's Model. Cos. Sept., '29. (71.)
*Melody in A-Minor. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '30. (30.)
GILBERT, STUART.
Song of Ko San. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (254.)

GOLDING, LOUIS.
***Happy Ending in Tiberias. J. T. Jun. 7, '29. (12.)
**Party. Am. H. Oct. 4, '29. (125:598.)
*Wimpole's Woe. V. F. Sept., '29. (66.)

H

HALL-BROWN, OLGA.
Running Away. Harp. B. Nov., '29. (100.)
HAMILTON, COSMO.
Forlorn Hope. L. H. J. Nov., '29. (10.)
Nothing in Return. Harp. B. Oct., 29. (98.)
Sentimental Cynic. Chic. Trib. Sept. 1, '29.
HEALY, THOMAS F.
*Tim the Tinker. Cath. W. Sept., '29. (129:705.)
HEWLETT, MAURICE.
***Cast of the Apple. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (34.)
HICHENS, ROBERT.
Blackmail. Cos. Oct., '29. (52.)
Cure. Chic. Trib. Dec. 1, '29.
HOGAN, DAVID.
*Bent Grass. Colum. Sept., '29. (16.)
*Flowering Jasmine. Colum. Apr., '30. (5.)
**Flying Swallows. Colum. Jan., '30. (6.)
*Silver Salmon. Colum. Nov., '29. (12.)
**Song at Dusk. Colum. Jul., '29. (20.)
HOLME, CHRISTOPHER.
Monotone. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (260.)
HOULT, NORAH.
***Way He Went. T. Q. Jan.-Mar., '30. (2:517.)
HUDDLESTON, SISLEY.
*Hatikvah. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:264.)
HUGHES, NIGEL.
Sables. Harp. B. Oct., '29. (94.)
HUGHES, RICHARD.
***Ghost in Rope Street. V. F. Oct., '29. (74.)
HUTCHINSON, A. S. M.
*Strike-Breaker. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (75.)
HUXLEY, ALDOUS.
***Claxtons. Book. (N. Y.) Sept. '29. (70:17.)
***Dangerous Game. Cos. Mar., '30. (50.)

J

JACOBS, W. W.
***Change of Treatment. (*R.*). Gol. Sept., '29. (66.)
JACOT, B. L.
And Coffee for One. Col. Sept. 28, '29. (20.)
Frogs Don't Grow Feathers. Col. Apr. 12, '30. (14.)
I'm Not Scared of the General. Col. Sept. 14, '29. (16.)
Point of Honor. Col. Aug. 17, '29. (18.)
You Have to Be Firm with Pumas. Col. Nov. 30, '29. (15.)
JAMES, NORAH.
**Holiday. Book. (N. Y.) Apr.-May, '30. (71:167.)
JAMESON, STORM.
Clever Laura. Chic. Trib. Dec. 29, '29.
Seven Little Foxes. N. A. Rev. Jan., '30. (229:73.)
JENKINS, HERBERT.
*Mrs. Bindle's Discovery. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (62.)
JOPE-SLADE, CHRISTINE.
God Wot. Chat. Jul., '29. (7.)

K

KENNEDY, MARGARET.
*Harmless Old Thing. Cos. Feb., '30. (88.)
KIPLING, RUDYARD.
***Debt. Ly. Apr. 26, '30. (8.)
***Satisfaction of a Gentleman. McCall. Sept., '29. (26.)

L

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD.
*Girl Who Was the Moon. Harp. B. Jun., '29. (90.)
LENNON, MICHAEL J.
**Made and Provided. Colum. Feb., '30. (20.)
LOCKE, WILLIAM J.
*Christmas Mystery. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '29. (39.)
*Tale of Tombarel's Past. Cos. Apr., '30. (76.)
LOWNDES, MRS. BELLOC.
Quietly . . . Comfortably. Harp. B. Apr., '30. (89.)
"With All John's Love." Harp. B. Sept., '29. (88.)

M

MacGill, Patrick.
***Empty Cradle. Del. Apr., '30. (52.)

Mackail, Denis.
"Do You Love Me?" Cos. Feb., '30. (36.)

Mackenzie, G. B.
***Lion's Courage. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '29. (94.)

Malloch, G. R.
Getting On. Pict. R. Apr., '30. (16.)

Manning-Sanders, Ruth.
**Sister. P. T. Apr., '30. (6:461.)

Mansfield, Katherine.
***Life of Ma Parker. (*R.*) Strat. Aug., '29. (5.)
***Little Girl. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (71.)

Maugham, W. Somerset.
***Man Who Made His Mark. Cos. Jun., '29. (62.)
***Marriage of Convenience. Cos. Jan., '30. (60.)
***Mirage. Cos. Oct., '29. (46.)
**On the Road to Mandalay. Cos. Dec., '29. (48.)

Merrick, Leonard.
**Judgment of Paris. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '30. (71.)
***Unmentionable Ghost. Col. Jan. 25, '30. (20.)

Meynell, Laurence.
Man Who Shook His Head. MacL. Aug. 1, '29. (3.)

Millin, Sarah Gertrude.
***Why Adonis Laughed. For. Jul., '29. (82:13.)

Mordaunt, Elinor.
*Bright Woman. Rom. Oct., '29. (83.)
Doll. G. H. N. Y. Mar., '30. (44.)
*Gollumps. Ly. Nov. 16, '29. (33.)
**Night of the Cyclone. Pict. R. Nov., '29. (18.)
*Woman Nobody Loved. Pict. R. Jan., '30. (18.)

N

Neville, Margot.
Infallible Sex. W. H. C. Sept., '29. (10.)

Newton, Douglas.
*But Savaran Disposes. Chic. Trib. Aug. 11, '29.
*Lady Jasmine. Chic. Trib. Oct. 27, '29.
*Lily of Deceit. Chic. Trib. Jan. 5, '30.
*Proud Beauty. Chic. Trib. Mar. 9, '30.
*Wandering Gentile. Chic. Trib. Jun. 23, '29.

Nichols, Beverly.
*True to Life. Harp. B. Feb., '30. (62.)

O

Oppenheim, E. Phillips.
"Bella Knows." C. G. Apr., '30. (10.)
Braggarts' Conference. S. E. P. Jul. 13, '29. (16.)
Call of the Burning Mascot. S. E. P. Jun. 29, '29. (3.)
Crooks Pay, S. E. P. Sept. 7, '29. (24.)
Gentleman Bill. Col. Oct. 26, '29. (18.)
Golden Bird of Mallory. Col. Nov. 23, '29. (26.)
Hornets Sting. S. E. P. Oct. 5, '29. (23.)
Imperfect Alibi. Col. Jun. 22, '29. (18.)
In the Dark. Col. Aug. 10, '29. (17.)
Mat's Luck. S. E. P. Jul. 27, '29. (18.)
Passing of Nick of New York. S. E. P. Nov. 2, '29. (39.)
Passiter's Simple Job. S. E. P. Aug. 10, '29. (18.)
Politics Pays Best. C. G. Feb., '30. (6.)
Riverside Snowballing. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (42.)
Siren of the Marsh. Col. Aug. 24, '29. (14.)
Spider and the Flies. Col. Oct. 19, '29. (14.)
Tabernacle of Judgment. S. E. P. Aug. 24, '29. (16.)
Thirteenth Card. Col. Oct. 5, '29. (22.)
Troublesome Kingdom of Selm. Col. Nov. 16, '29. (14.)
Wives Never Tell. S. E. P. Sept. 21, '29. (24.)

P

Panter-Downes, Mollie.
Kid Sisters. Cos. Aug., '29. (92.)

Pascal, Ernest.
**Devil's Journey. Cath. W. Sept., '29. (129:676.)

PEDLER, MARGARET.
End of a Rhapsody. McCall. Nov., '29. (16.)
PERTWEE, ROLAND.
Femera. Chic. Trib. Jun. 16, '29.
Ming. Red Bk. Sept., '29. (76.)
*Sharing Terms. S. E. P. Oct. 19, '29. (28.)
POWYS, T. F.
***Mr. Dottery's Trousers. T. Q. Jul.-Sept., '29. (2:31.)
***Mrs. Hockey's Cross. N. W. M. Jan., '30. (1:57.)
PREEDY, GEORGE R.
*Bagatelle. Col. Aug. 17, '29. (14.)
*Beltarbet's Pride. Col. Dec. 21, '29. (14.)

R

RANSOM, PHILIP.
*Courage of Mary Carwin. Chic. Trib. Jul. 7, '29.
READ, HERBERT.
***First Blood. T. Q. Jul.-Sept., '29. (2:12.)
READE, CHARLES.
*Kiss in the Box Tunnel. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '30. (54.)
RICHARDSON, HENRY HANDEL.
***Bath. Harp. M. Oct., '29. (159:559.)
RIDGE, W. PETT.
***Vendetta. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (75.)
"ROHMER, SAX."
At the Palace da Nostra. Col. Jan. 11, '30. (16.)
Father of Thieves. Col. Feb. 22, '30. (7.)
Fires of Baal. Col. Nov. 9, '29. (7.)

S

SABATINI, RAFAEL.
Blank Shot. Cos. Mar., '30. (26.) [(24.)
*Ransom. McCall. Feb., '30.
*Tommy. Hol. Dec., '29. (10.)
*Treasure Ship. Cos. Apr., '30. (54.)
SAMPSON, ASHLEY.
**From Whose Bourne. Dial. Jul., '29. (86:552.)
"SAPPER."
*Fer de Lance. MacL. Oct. 15, '29. (3.)
Will You Walk Into My Parlor? Chic. Trib. Jul. 28, '29.
SHANE, NEVIS.
Continental Manner. Pict. R. Nov., '29. (30.)
Tenth Anniversary. Cos. Jun., '29. (28.)
Wedding Day. Chic. Trib. Apr. 20, '30.
SMITH, A. W.
*Bountiful Providence. Atl. Dec. '29. (144:759.)
*Off Clive Street. Atl. Sept., '29. (144:368.)
STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE.
James. MacL. Nov. 1, '29. (17.)
*Man with a Memory. MacL. Sept. 1, '29. (8.)
STEPHENS, JAMES.
***Three Lovers Who Lost. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '29. (85.)
STRONG, L. A. G.
***Breakdown. For. Sept., '29. (82:139.)
**Dressing-Gowns. Harp. B. Aug., '29. (74.)
***Innocence: A Nocturne. Dial. Jun., '29. (86:503.)
***Old Michael. Com. Nov. 27, '29. (11:110.)
SUTTON, BERTHA RADFORD.
Daddy Spectacles. Cath. W. Nov., '29. (130:166.)
SWINNERTON, FRANK.
*Restaurant of "The Silver Bells." (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '29. (71.)

T

TERRILL, G. APPLEBY.
*Mr. Phipps of "The Old Firm." Hol. Jun., '29. (16.)
THORN-DRURY, SYLVIA.
Half-Time Cinderella. Chat. Jun., '29. (8.)
TOOKE, JANET.
**Matta the Barn. P. T. Feb., '30. (6:143.)
TOWNEND, W.
*Shell Hole. S. E. P. Oct. 5, '29. (14.)
TREVELYAN, HERBERT.
**Jew of Polperro. Am. H. Aug. 2, '29. (125:325.)

W

WAKEFIELD, H. R.
**Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers. Harp. M. Mar., '30. (160:410.)
WALLACE, EDGAR.
Five Fateful Words. MacL. Jul. 15, '29. (3.)

WALLACE, EDGAR. (*Cont.*)
Maker of Spears. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '30. (64)
Nine Terrible Men. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (44.)
People of the River. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (24.)
WALPOLE, HUGH.
**Carnation for an Old Man. L. H. J. Sept., '29. (20.)
***Tarnhelm. Ly. Dec. 28, '29. (18.)
WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND.
***"Stay, Corydon, Thou Swain." Atl. Jul., '29. (144:63.)
WAUGH, ALEC.
Happily Married. Harp. B. Dec., '29. (100.)
WELLS, H. G.
***Door in the Wall. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (65.)
***Mr. Brisher's Treasure. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '29. (43.)
WEST, REBECCA.
*Lucky Boy. Red Bk. Aug., '29. (46.)
WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.
*Checkmate. Adv. Jul. 15, '29. (63.)
*Death on Deck. Sh. St. Jul. 25, '29. (94.)
**Fortitude. S. E. P. Jan. 18, '30. (10.)
**Heresy. Frontier. Nov., '29. (10:23.)
*Mutiny in the Mid-Watch. Sh. St. Apr. 10, '30. (96.)
*Nothing but a Ghost. Col. Sept. 14, '29. (30.)
WILLIAMSON, HENRY.
***Swagdagger Crosses a Field. Atl. Jul., '29. (144:11.)
WILSON, P. W.
Problem in Æsthetics. N. A. Rev. Jan., '30. (229:97.)
WODEHOUSE, LEONORA.
Where I Mean to Spend My Honeymoon. Harp. B. Jan., '30. (102.)
WODEHOUSE, P. G.
Borrowed Dog. Cos. Oct., '29. (82.)
Franklin's Favourite Daughter. Cos. Jul., '29. (42.)
Indian Summer of an Uncle. Cos. Mar., '30. (36.)
Jeeves and the Kid Clementina. Cos. Jan., '30. (40.)
Jeeves and the Love that Purifies. Cos. Nov., '29. (58.)
Jeeves and the Old School Chum. Cos. Feb., '30. (64.)
Jeeves and the Spot of Art. Cos. Dec., '29. (54.)
Song of Songs. Cos. Sept., '29. (36.)
Tuppy Changes His Mind. Cos. Apr., '30. (48.)
WOODWARD, EDWARD.
Last Word. Chat. Feb., '30. (4.)
Manbane. MacL. Jul. 1, '29. (4.)
WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
***Lady in the Looking-Glass. Harp. M. Dec., '29. (160:46.)
WRIGHT, S. FOWLER.
*Love in the Year 93 E.E. Red Bk. Jun., '29. (66.)
WYLIE, I. A. R.
Plumber in Paradise. S. E. P. Jan. 4, '30. (3.)
We All Know It. S. E. P. Apr. 12, '30. (12.)

Y

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT.
*Devil on the Deep Sea. S. E. P. Sept. 14, '29. (20.)
*Mr. Walcot Goes Home. Harp. B. Nov., '29. (84.)
YOUNG, MARGARET E. M.
What Price—Culture? Cath. W. Jan., '30. (130:393.)

IV. TRANSLATIONS

A

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN. (*Danish.*)
***Emperor's New Clothes. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (76.)
ANDREYEV, LEONID. (*Russian.*)
***Lazarus. (*R.*) Strat. Oct., '29. (3.)
ANET, CLAUDE. (*French.*)
*Carnival. V. F. Sept., '29. (87.)
*Enchanted Coffer. V. F. Apr., '30. (61.)
Love, and the Gentleman with the Monocle. V. F. Oct., '29. (86.)
Ola. V. F. Nov., '29. (60.)
Silence that Told a Tale. V. F. Jan., '30. (61.)
Sonia. V. F. Aug., '29. (66.)
ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE D'. (*Italian.*)
***Hero. (*R.*) Atlan. Oct., '29. (8:108.)

ASCH, SHOLOM. (*Yiddish.*)
***Heirloom. T. Q. Oct.-Dec., '29. (2:234.)

B

BAHR, HERMANN. (*Austrian.*)
**His Beautiful Wife. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '30. (90.)
BALZAC, HONORE DE. (*French.*)
***Passion in the Desert. (*R.*) Strat. Dec., '29. (3.)
BERGELSON, DAVID. (*Yiddish.*)
*Revolution and the Zussmans. Men. J. Dec., '29. (17:239.)
BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI. (*Italian.*)
***Falcon. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '29. (37.)
BOJER, JOHAN. (*Norwegian.*)
**Promised Land. Scan. Aug., '29. (17:474.)
BONAPARTE, NAPOLEON. (*French.*)
Clisson and Eugénie. Scr. Aug., '29. (86:197.)
BONTEMPELLI, MASSIMO. (*Italian.*)
***Simple Cure. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '29. (72.)
BOUTET, FREDERIC. (*French.*)
Dance of Disillusion. V. F. Apr., '30. (53.)
Nightmare. V. F. Jun., '29. (60.)
Rival. V. F. Aug., '29. (30.)
She Knew What He Wanted. V. F. Mar., '30. (60.)
Usual Thing. V. F. Jul., '29. (54.)
BRACCO, ROBERTO. (*Italian.*)
**What Has Honor to Do With It? Atlan. Aug., '29. (34.)
BROCHES, RACHEL. (*Yiddish.*)
**Fatal Destiny. Ref. Sept., '29. (64.)

C

CHEKHOV, ANTON. (*Russian.*)
***Kiss. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '29. (27.)
**Oh! So Sleepy! (*R.*) Strat. Nov., '29. (35.)
CHEVEL, RENE. (*French.*)
**Mr. Knife, Miss Fork. Transit. Fall, '29. (242.)
CHRUZ, ISRAEL CHARLES DE. (*Spanish.*)
**Job. Men. J. Feb., '30. (18:159.)
CORDAY, MICHEL. (*French.*)
Ashes. V. F. Aug., '29. (45.)
Discovery. V. F. Sept., '29. (57.)
Next to Nothing. V. F. Jun., '29. (66.) [(46.)
*Perfect Mask. V. F. Jul., '29.

D

DAUDET, ALPHONSE. (*French.*)
***Death of the Dauphin. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '29. (63.)
DIXELIUS, HILDUR. (*Swedish.*)
***Mother Karin at Southcourt Farm. Scan. Dec., '29. (17:754.)
DUVERNOIS, HENRI. (*French.*)
***Adelaide. Harp. M. Jun., '29. (159:83.)
Because He Loved Her. V. F. Jan., '30. (50.)
Cabaret Singer. P. T. Nov., '29. (5:615.)
*Chabichou's Example. For. Feb., '30. (83:101.)
Domestic Mystery. V. F. Dec., '29. (70.)
Enemy of Novels. V. F. Mar., '30. (55.)
Facts of Life. V. F. Jun., '29. (72.)
False Note. V. F. Oct., '29. (77.)
Friend of the Police. P. T. Sept., '29. (5:333.)
Her Husband. V. F. Sept., '29. (82.)
Inseparable. V. F. Nov., '29. (56.)
Invitations. V. F. Jul., '29. (37.)
Quest for Love. V. F. Aug., '29. (37.)
Wastebasket. P. T. Feb., '30. (6:174.)

E

EHRENCRON-KIDDE, ASTRID. (*Danish.*)
***Tragedy at Herrhult Station. Scan. Aug., '29. (17:484.)
EINSTEIN, CARL. (*German.*)
Bebuquin. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (298.)

F

FINZGAR, F. S. (*Jugo-Slav.*)
*Cow. Cath. W. Apr., '30. (131:71.)
FLEURON, SVEND. (*Danish.*)
*Visitor. Scab. Jul., '29. (17:422.)

G

GIDE, ANDRE. (*French.*)
***Return of the Prodigal Son. Yale. Jul., '29. (18:684.)
GORKY, MAXIM. (*Russian.*)
***Makar Chudra. (*R.*) Strat. Nov., '29. (5.)

GREEN, JULIAN. (*French.*)
***Christine. T. Q. Jan.-Mar., '30. (2:463.)
GUGLIELMINETTI, AMALIA. (*Italian.*)
*Gypsy. Atlan. Dec., '29. (8:207.)

K

KINCK, HANS E. (*Norwegian.*)
***Sea Troll. Scan. Nov., '29. (17:673.)
KOTSYUBINSKY, MICHAEL. (*Russian.*)
***By the Sea. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (95.)

L

LEIRIS, MICHEL. (*French.*)
**From the Heart to the Absolute. Transit. Spring-Summer, '29. (277.)
LIE, JONAS. (*Norwegian.*)
***Elias and the Draug. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '29. (69.)

M

MAUPASSANT, GUY DE. (*French.*)
***Adopted Son. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '30. (87.)
***Fake Gems. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '29. (59.)
***Ghost. (*R.*) W. T. Feb., '30. (15:283.)
MERIMEE, PROSPER. (*French.*)
***Blue Chamber. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '29. (81.)
"MULTATULI." (*Dutch.*)
***Saidjah. (*R.*) Strat. Aug., '29. (31.)
MUSSET, ALFRED DE. (*French.*)
***Mimi Pinson. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '30. (77.)

N

NAUMBERG, H. D. (*Yiddish.*)
*Fliegelman. Ref. Feb., '30. (6:63.)
*Prophet. Ref. Oct., '29. (46.)

P

PERETZ, ISAAC LEIB. (*Yiddish.*)
**Miracles of the Sea. Ref. Jan., '30. (64.)
**Three Gifts. Ref. Dec., '29. (66.)
PITIGRILLI. (*Italian.*)
*My French Teacher. Atlan. Mar., '30. (24.)
PONTOPPIDAN, HENDRIK. (*Danish.*)
*Eagle's Flight. Scan. Sept., '29. (17:556.)

R

REMARQUE, ERICH MARIA. (*German.*)
***Enemy. Col. Mar. 29, '30. (7.)

S

SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR. (*Austrian.*)
***Blind Geronimo and His Brother. Pict. R. Dec., '29. (25.)
SERGEEV-TZENSKY, S. (*Russian.*)
***Living Water. Dial. Jul., '29. (86:610.)
SKJOLDBORG, JOHAN. (*Danish.*)
**In Life and Death. Scan. Jan., '30. (18:34.)
SODERBERG, HJALMAR. (*Swedish.*)
***Parson's Cows. For. Oct., '29. (82:214.)
STAVSKY, MOSES. (*Hebrew.*)
*Year of Abundance. Men. J. Apr., '30. (18:316.)
SUDERMANN, HERMANN. (*German.*)
***New Year's Eve Confession. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '30. (42.)

U

UNGER, MANASSEH. (*Yiddish.*)
*Rochele. Men. J. Jun., '29. (16:527.)

V

VERONA, GUIDO DA. (*Italian.*)
Commercial Short Story. Atlan. Apr., '30. (26.)
VOROS, SANDOR. (*Hungarian.*)
Love in an Armory. V. F. Jun., '29. (56.)
Swords and Poses. V. F. Jul., '29. (44.)

W

WAGNER, ELIN. (*Swedish.*)
***Circle. Scan. Aug., '29. (17:479.)

Y

"YEHOASH." (*Yiddish.*)
*Story of a Picture. Ref. Aug., '29. (44.)

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